Shakespeare Old Quartos, Malone volume III THE BODLEIAN LIB

Shakespeare Old Quartos, Malone volume III THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41) Octavo

This edition not the same with our other copy (Mal. Arch. 886) see 1st line of 3rd stanza on B. 2 where it reads "When it Colatia this false Lord arrived"

Malone 34.
(kept as Arch. G. d. 41)

The title page of the Sonnets also differs from Malone 886 where they are "stable by "John Wright"

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LVCRECE.

BIBLIOTECA·BODLEIANA

LONDON.
Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Harriſon, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the white Greyhound in Paules Churh-yard. 1594.

TO THE RIGHT
HONOVRABLE, HENRY VVriothesley, Earle of Southhampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

THE loue I dedicate to your Lordship is without end: wherof this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous Moity. The warrant I haue of your Honourable disposition, not the worth of my vntutord Lines makes it assured of acceptance. VVhat I haue done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being part in all I haue, deuoted yours. VVere my worth greater, my duety would shew greater, meane time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish long life still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duety.

William Shakespeare.

THE ARGVMENT.

LVcius Tarquinius *(for his excessiue pride surnamed* Superbus*) after hee had caused his owne father in law* Seruius Tullius *to be cruelly murdred, and contrarie to the Romaine lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanyed with his sonnes and other Noble men of Rome, to besiege* Ardea, *during which siege, the principall men of the Army meeting one euening at the Tent of* Sextus Tarquinius *the Kings sonne, in their discourses after supper euery one commended the vertues of his owne wife: among whom* Colatinus *extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife* Lucretia. *In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome, and intending by theyr secret and sodaine arriuall to make triall of that which euery one had before auouched, onely* Colatinus *finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongest her maides, the other Ladies were all found dauncing and reuelling, or in seuerall disports: whereupon the Noble men yeelded* Colatinus *the victory, and his wife the Fame. At that time* Sextus Tarquinius *being enflamed with* Lucrece *beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Campe: from whence he shortly after priuily withdrew himselfe, and was (according to his estate) royally entertayned and lodged by* Lucrece *at* Colatium. *The same night he tretcherously stealeth into her Chamber, violently rauisht her, and early in the morning speedeth away.* Lucrece *in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth Messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the Campe for* Colatine. *They came, the one accompanyed with* Iunius Brutus, *the other with* Publius Valerius: *and finding* Lucrece *attired in mourning habite, demanded the cause of her sorrow. Shee first taking an oath of them for her reuenge, reuealed the Actor, and whole maner of his dealing, and withall sodainely stabbed her selfe. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to roote out the whole hated family of the* Tarquins: *and bearing the dead body to Rome,* Brutus *acquainted the people with the deed and manner of the vile deede: with a bitter inuectiue against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so moued, that with one consent and a generall acclamation, the* Tarquins *were all exiled, and the state gouernment changed from Kings to Consuls.*

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

FRom the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed TARQVIN, leaues the Roman host,
And to Colatium beares the lightlesse fire,
VVhich in pale embers hid, lurkes to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames, the wast
Of COLATINES fair loue, LVCRECE the chast.

Hap'ly that name of chast, vnhap'ly set
This bateleſſe edge on his keene appetite:
VVhen COLATINE vnwisely did not let,
To praise the cleare vnmatched red and white,
VVhich triumpht in that skie of his delight:
VVhere mortal stars as bright as heauēs Beauties,
VVith pure aspects did him peculiar dueties.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

For he the night before in Tarquins Tent,
Vnlockt the treaſure of his happie ſtate:
VVhat priſeleſſe wealth the heauens had him lent,
In the poſſeſſion of his beauteous mate.
Reckning his fortune at ſuch high proud rate,
That Kings might be eſpowſed to more fame,
But King nor Peere to ſuch a peereleſſe dame.

O happineſſe enioy'd but of a few,
And if poſſeſt as ſoone decayed and done:
As is the morning ſiluer melting dew,
Againſt the golden ſplendour of the Sunne.
An expir'd date canceld ere well begunne.
Honour and Beautie in the owners armes,
Are weakelie fortreſt from a world of harmes.

Beautie it ſelfe doth of it ſelfe perſwade,
The eies of men without an Orator,
VVhat needeth then Appologie be made
To ſet forth that which is ſo ſinguler?
Or why is Colatine the publiſher
Of that rich iewell he ſhould keepe vnknown,
From theeuiſh eares becauſe it is his owne?

Perchance

Perchance his boſt of Lucrece Sou'raigntie,
Suggeſted this proud iſſue of a King:
For by our eares our hearts oft taynted be:
Perchance that enuie of ſo rich a thing
Brauing compare, diſdainefully did ſting (vant,
His high picht thoughts that meaner men ſhould
That golden hap which their ſuperiors want.

But ſome vntimelie thought did inſtigate,
His all too timeleſſe ſpeede if none of thoſe,
His honor, his affaires, his friends, his ſtate,
Neglected all, with ſwift intent he goes,
To quench the coale which in his liuer glowes.
O raſh falſe heate, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy haſtie ſpring ſtill blaſts and nere growes old.

Sex: Tar. arriueth

VVhen at Colatium this falſe Lord ariued,
VVell was he welcom'd by the Romaine dame,
VVithin whoſe face Beautie and Vertue ſtriued,
VVhich of them both ſhould vnderprop her fame.
VVhē Vertue brag'd, Beautie wold bluſh for ſhame,
VVhen Beautie boſted bluſhes, in deſpight
Vertue would ſtaine that ore with ſiluer white.

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But Beautie in that white entituled,
From Venus doues doth challenge that faire field,
Then Vertue claimes from Beautie, Beauties red,
VVhich Vertue gaue the golden age, to guild
Their ſiluer cheekes, and cald it then their ſhield,
Teaching them thus to vſe it in the fight,
VVhē ſhame aſſaild, the red ſhould fēce the white.

This Herauldry in LVCRECE face was ſeene,
Argued by Beauties red and Vertues white,
Of eithers colour was the other Queene:
Prouing from worlds minority their right,
Yet their ambition makes them ſtill to fight:
The ſoueraignty of either being ſo great,
That oft they interchange ech others ſeat.

This ſilent warre of Lillies and of Roſes,
VVhich TARQVIN vew'd in her faire faces field,
In their pure rankes his traytor eye encloſes,
VVhere leaſt betweene them both it ſhould be kild.
The coward captiue vanquiſhed, doth yeeld
To thoſe two Armies that would let him goe,
Rather then triumph in ſo falſe a foe.

Now

Now thinkes he that her husbands ſhallow tongue,
The niggard prodigall that praiſde her ſo:
In that high taske hath done her Beauty wrong.
VVhich farre exceedes his barren skill to ſhow.
Therefore that praiſe which COLATINE doth owe,
Inchaunted TARQVIN aunſwers with ſurmiſe,
In ſilent wonder of ſtill gazing eyes.

This earthly ſainct adored by this deuill,
Little ſuſpecteth the falſe worſhipper:
"For vnſtaind thoughts do ſeldom dream on euill.
"Birds neuer lim'd, no ſecret buſhes feare:
So guiltleſſe ſhee ſecurely giues good cheare,
And reuerend welcome to her princely gueſt,
VVhoſe inward ill no outward harme expreſt.

For that he colourd with his high eſtate,
Hiding baſe ſin in pleats of Maieſtie:
That nothing in him ſeemd inordinate,
Saue ſometime too much wonder of his eye,
VVhich hauing all, all could not ſatisfie;
But poorly rich ſo wanteth in his ſtore,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth ſtill for more.

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But ſhe that neuer cop't with ſtraunger eies,
Could picke no meaning from their parling lookes,
Nor read the ſubtle ſhining ſecrecies,
VVrit in the glaſſie margents of ſuch bookes,
Shee toucht no vnknown baits, nor feard no hooks,
Nor could ſhee moralize his wanton ſight,
More then his eies were opend to the light.

He ſtories to her eares her husbands fame,
VVonne in the fields of fruitfull Italie:
And decks with praiſes Colatines high name,
Made glorious by his manlie chiualrie,
VVith bruiſed armes and wreathes of victorie,
Her ioie with heaued-vp hand ſhe doth expreſſe,
And wordleſſe ſo greetes heauen for his ſucceſſe.

Far from the purpoſe of his comming thither,
He makes excuſes for his being there,
No clowdie ſhow of ſtormie bluſtring wether,
Doth yet in his faire welkin once appeare,
Till ſable Night mother of dread and feare,
Vppon the world dim darkneſſe doth diſplaie,
And in her vaultie priſon, ſtowes the daie.

For

For then is Tarquine brought vnto his bed,
Intending wearineſſe with heauie ſprite:
For after ſupper long he queſtioned,
VVith modeſt Lucrece, and wore out the night,
Now leaden ſlumber with liues ſtrength doth fight,
And euerie one to reſt himſelfe betakes,
Saue theeues, and cares, and troubled minds that wakes.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie reuoluing
The ſundrie dangers of his wils obtaining:
Yet euer to obtaine his will reſoluing.
Though weake-built hopes perſwade him to abſtaining
Diſpaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaining,
And when great treaſure is the meede propoſed,
Though death be adiūct, ther's no death ſuppoſed.

Thoſe that much couet are with gaine ſō fond,
That what they haue not, that which they poſſeſſe
They ſcatter and vnlooſe it from their bond,
And ſo by hoping more they haue but leſſe,
Or gaining more, the profite of exceſſe
Is but to ſurfet, and ſuch griefes ſuſtaine,
That they proue bāckrout in this poore rich gain.

The ayme of all is but to nourſe the life,
With honor, wealth, and eaſe in wainyng age:
And in this ayme there is ſuch thwarting ſtrife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth coſt
The death of all, and altogether loſt.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be
The things we are, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foule infirmitie,
In hauing much torments vs with defect
Of that we haue: ſo then we doe neglect
The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now muſt doting TARQVIN make,
Pawning his honor to obtaine his luſt,
And for himſelfe, himſelfe he muſt forſake.
Then where is truth if there be no ſelfe-truſt?
When ſhall he thinke to find a ſtranger iuſt,
When he himſelfe, himſelfe confounds, betraies,
To ſclandrous tongues & wretched hateful daies?

Now

Now ſtole vppon the time the dead of night,
When heauie ſleeep had cloſd vp mortall eyes,
No comfortable ſtarre did lend his light,
No noiſe but Owles, & wolues death-boding cries:
Now ſerues the ſeaſon that they may ſurpriſe
The ſillie Lambes, pure thoughts are dead & ſtill,
While Luſt and Murder wakes to ſtaine and kill.

And now this luſtfull Lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arme,
Is madly toſt betweene deſire and dred;
Th'one ſweetely flatters, th'other feareth harme,
But honeſt feare, bewicht with luſtes foule charme,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by braineſicke rude deſire.

His Faulchon on a flint he ſoftly ſmiteth,
That from the could ſtone ſparkes of fire doe flie,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which muſt be lodeſtarre to his luſtfull eye.
And to the flame thus ſpeakes aduiſedlie;
As from this cold flint I enforſt this fire,
So LVCRECE muſt I force to my deſire.

Here pale with feare he doth premeditate,
The daungers of his lothſome enterpriſe:
And in his inward mind he doth debate,
VVhat following ſorrow may on this ariſe.
Then looking ſcornfully, he doth deſpiſe
His naked armour of ſtill ſlaughtered luſt,
And iuſtly thus controlls his thoughts vniuſt.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whoſe light excelleth thine:
And die vnhallowed thoughts, before you blot
VVith your vncleanneſſe, that which is deuine:
Offer pure incenſe to ſo pure a ſhrine:
Let faire humanitie abhor the deede,
That ſpots & ſtains loues modeſt ſnow-white weed.

O ſhame to knighthood, and to ſhining Armes,
O foule diſhonor to my houſhoulds graue:
O impious act including all foule harmes.
A martiall man to be ſoft fancies ſlaue,
True valour ſtill a true reſpect ſhould haue,
Then my digreſſion is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
That it will liue engrauen in my face.

Yea

Yea though I die the ſcandale will ſuruiue,
And be an eie-ſore in my golden coate:
Some lothſome daſh the Herrald will contriue,
To cipher me how fondlie I did dote:
That my poſteritie ſham'd with the note
Shall curſe my bones, and hold it for no ſinne,
To wiſh that I their father had not beene.

VVhat win I if I gaine the thing I ſeeke?
A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting ioy,
VVho buies a minutes mirth to waile a weeke?
Or ſels eternitie to get a toy?
For one ſweete grape who will the vine deſtroy?
Or what fond begger, but to touch the crowne,
VVould with the ſcepter ſtraight be ſtrokē down?

If COLATINVS dreame of my intent,
VVill he not wake, and in a deſp'rate rage
Poſt hither, this vile purpoſe to preuent?
This ſiege that hath ingirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this ſorrow to the ſage,
This dying vertue, this ſuruiuing ſhame,
VVhoſe crime will beare an euer-during blame.

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O what excuſe can my inuention make
VVhen thou ſhalt charge me with ſo blacke a deed?
VVil not my tongue be mute, my fraile ioints ſhake?
Mine eies forgo their light, my falſe hart bleede?
The guilt beeing great, the feare doth ſtill exceede;
And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie,
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had COLATINVS kild my ſonne or ſire,
Or laine in ambuſh to betray my life,
Or were he not my deare friend, this deſire
Might haue excuſe to worke vppon his wife:
As in reuenge or quittall of ſuch ſtrife.
But as he is my kinſman, my deare friend,
The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe nor end.

Shamefull it is: I, if the fact be knowne,
Hatefull it is: there is no hate in louing,
Ile beg her loue: but ſhe is not her owne:
The worſt is but deniall and reproouing.
My will is ſtrong paſt reaſons weake remooving:
VVho feares a ſentence or an old mans ſaw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus

Thus graceleſſe holds he diſputation,
Tweene frozen conſcience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes diſpenſation,
Vrging the worſer ſence for vantage ſtill.
VVhich in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth ſo farre proceede,
That what is vile, ſhewes like a vertuous deede.

Quoth he, ſhee tooke me kindlie by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing ſome hard newes from the warlike band,
VVhere her beloued COLATINVS lies.
O how her feare did make her colour riſe!
Firſt red as Roſes that on Lawne we laie,
Then white as Lawne the Roſes tooke awaie.

And how her hand in my hand being lockt,
Forſt it to tremble with her loyall feare:
VVhich ſtrooke her ſad, and then it faſter rockt,
Vntill her husbands welfare ſhee did heare.
VVhereat ſhee ſmiled with ſo ſweete a cheare,
That had NARCISSVS ſeene her as ſhee ſtood,
Selfe-loue had neuer drown'd him in the flood.

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VVhy hunt I then for colour or excuſes?
All Orators are dumbe when Beautie pleadeth,
Poore wretches haue remorſe in poore abuſes,
Loue thriues not in the hart that ſhadows dreadeth,
Affection is my Captaine and he leadeth.
And when his gaudie banner is diſplaide,
The coward fights, and will not be diſmaide.

Then childiſh feare auaunt, debating die,
Reſpect and reaſon waite on wrinckled age:
My heart ſhall neuer countermand mine eie;
Sad pauſe, and deepe regard beſeemes the ſage,
My part is youth and beates theſe from the ſtage.
Deſire my Pilot is, Beautie my priſe,
Then who feares ſinking where ſuch treaſure lies?

As corne ore-growne by weedes: ſo heedfull feare
Is almoſt choakt by vnreſiſted luſt:
Away he ſteales with open liſtning eare,
Full of foule hope, and full of fond miſtruſt:
Both which as ſeruitors to the vniuſt,
So croſſe him with their oppoſit perſwaſion,
That now he vowes a league, and now inuaſion.

VVith-

VVithin his thought her heauenly image ſits,
And in the ſelfe ſame ſeat ſits COLATINE,
That eye which lookes on her confounds his wits,
That eye which him beholdes, as more deuine,
Vnto a view ſo falſe will not incline;
But with a pure appeale ſeekes to the heart,
VVhich once corrupted takes the worſer part.

And therein heartens vp his ſeruile powers,
VVho flattred by their leaders iocound ſhow,
Stuffe vp his luſt: as minutes fill vp howres.
And as their Captaine: ſo their pride doth grow,
Paying more ſlauiſh tribute then they owe.
By reprobate deſire thus madly led,
The Romane Lord marcheth to LVCRECE bed.

The lockes betweene her chamber and his will,
Ech one by him inforſt retires his ward:
But as they open they all rate his ill,
VVhich driues the creeping theefe to ſome regard,
The threſhold grates the doore to haue him heard,
Night-wandring weezels ſhreek to ſee him there,
They fright him, yet he ſtill purſues his feare.

As each vnwilling portall yeelds him way,
Through little vents and cranies of the place,
The wind warres with his torch, to make him ſtaie,
And blowes the ſmoake of it into his face,
Extinguiſhing his conduct in this caſe.
But his hot heart, which fond deſire doth ſcorch,
Puffes forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he ſpies
Lvcrecias gloue, wherein her needle ſticks,
He takes it from the ruſhes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks.
As who ſhould ſay, this gloue to wanton trickes
Is not inur'd; returne againe in haſt,
Thou ſeeſt our miſtreſſe ornaments are chaſt.

But all theſe poore forbiddings could not ſtay him,
He in the worſt ſence conſters their deniall:
The dores, the wind, the gloue that did delay him,
He takes for accidentall things of triall.
Or as thoſe bars which ſtop the hourely diall,
Who with a lingring ſtaie his courſe doth let,
Till euerie minute payes the howre his debt.

So

So ſo, quoth he, theſe lets attend the time,
Like little froſts that ſometime threat the ſpring,
To add a more reioyſing to the prime,
And giue the ſneaped birds more cauſe to ſing.
Pain payes the income of ech precious thing, (ſands
Huge rocks, high winds, ſtrong pirats, ſhelues and
The marchant feares, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come vnto the chamber dore,
That ſhuts him from the Heauen of his thought,
Which with a yeelding latch, and with no more,
Hath bard him from the bleſſed thing he ſought.
So from himſelfe impiety hath wrought,
That for his pray to pray he doth begin,
As if the Heauens ſhould countenance his ſin.

But in the midſt of his vnfruitfull prayer,
Hauing ſolicited th'eternall power,
That his foule thoughts might cõpaſſe his fair faire,
And they would ſtand auſpicious to the howre.
Euen there he ſtarts, quoth he, I muſt deflowre;
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then aſſiſt me in the act?

D

Then Loue and Fortune be my Gods, my guide,
My will is backt with reſolution:
Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,
The blackeſt ſinne is clear'd with abſolution.
Againſt loues fire, feares froſt hath diſſolution.
The eye of Heauen is out, and miſtie night
Couers the ſhame that followes ſweet delight.

This ſaid, his guiltie hand pluckt vp the latch,
And with his knee the dore he opens wide,
The doue ſleeps faſt that this night Owle will catch.
Thus treaſon workes ere traitors be eſpied.
VVho ſees the lurking ſerpent ſteppes aſide;
But ſhee ſound ſleeping fearing no ſuch thing,
Lies at the mercie of his mortall ſting.

Into the chamber wickedlie he ſtalkes,
And gazeth on her yet vnſtained bed:
The curtaines being cloſe, about he walkes,
Rowling his greedie eye-bals in his head.
By their high treaſon is his heart miſled,
VVhich giues the watch-word to his hand ful ſoon,
To draw the clowd that hides the ſiluer Moon.

Looke

Looke as the faire and fierie pointed Sunne,
Ruſhing from forth a cloud, bereaues our ſight:
Euen ſo the Curtaine drawne, his eyes begun
To winke, being blinded with a greater light.
VVhether it is that ſhee reflects ſo bright,
That dazleth them, or elſe ſome ſhame ſuppoſed,
But blind they are, and keep themſelues incloſed.

O had they in that darkeſome priſon died,
Then had they ſeene the period of their ill:
Then COLATINE againe by LVCRECE ſide,
In his cleare bed might haue repoſed ſtill.
But they muſt ope this bleſſed league to kill,
And holie-thoughted LVCRECE to their ſight,
Muſt ſell her ioy, her life, her worlds delight.

Her lillie hand, her roſie cheeke lies vnder,
Cooſning the pillow of a lawfull kiſſe:
VVho therefore angrie ſeemes to part in ſunder,
Swelling on either ſide to want his bliſſe.
Betweene whoſe hils her head intombed is;
VVhere like a vertuous Monument ſhee lies,
To be admir'd of lewd vnhallowed eyes.

VVithout the bed her other faire hand was,
On the greene couerlet whoſe perfect white
Showed like an Aprill dazie on the graſſe,
VVith pearlie ſwet reſembling dew of night.
Her eyes like Marigolds had ſheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkeneſſe ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like goldē threeds playd with her breath,
O modeſt wantons, wanton modeſtie!
Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.
Ech in her ſleepe themſelues ſo beautifie,
As if betweene them twaine there were no ſtrife,
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.

Her breaſts like Iuory globes circled with blew,
A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,
Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truely honored.
Theſe worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,
VVho like a fowle vſurper went about,
From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

VVhat

VVhat could he ſee but mightily he noted?
VVhat did he note, but ſtrongly he deſired?
VVhat he beheld, on that he firmely doted,
And in his will his wilfull eye he tyred.
VVith more then admiration he admired
Her azure vaines, her alablaſter skinne,
Her corall lips, her ſnow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his pray,
Sharpe hunger by the conqueſt ſatisfied:
So ore this ſleeping ſoule doth TARQVIN ſtay,
His rage of luſt by gazing qualified;
Slakt, not ſuppreſt, for ſtanding by her ſide,
His eye which late this mutiny reſtraines,
Vnto a greater vprore tempts his vaines.

And they like ſtragling ſlaues for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vaſſals fell exploits effecting,
In bloudy death and rauiſhment delighting;
Nor childrens tears nor mothers grones reſpecting,
Swell in their pride, the onſet ſtill expecting:
Anon his beating heart allarum ſtriking,
Giues the hot charge, & bids thē do their liking.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

His drumming heart cheares vp his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand as proud of ſuch a dignitie,
Smoaking with pride, marcht on, to make his ſtand
On her bare breſt, the heart of all her land;
VVhoſe ranks of blew vains as his hand did ſcale.
Left their round turrets deſtitute and pale.

They muſtring to the quiet Cabinet,
VVhere their deare gouerneſſe and ladie lies,
Do tell her ſhee is dreadfullie beſet,
And fright her with confuſion of their cries.
Shee much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp eyes,
VVho peeping foorth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull ſleepe by dreadfull fancie waking,
That thinkes ſhee hath beheld ſome gaſtlie ſprite,
VVhoſe grim aſpect ſets euerie ioint a ſhaking,
VVhat terror tis: but ſhee in worſer taking,
From ſleepe diſturbed, heedfullie doth view
The ſight which makes ſuppoſed terror trew.

VVrapt

VVrapt and confounded in a thouſand feares,
Like to a new kild bird ſhee trembling lies:
Shee dares not looke, yet winking there appeares
Quicke-ſhifting Antiques vglie in her eyes.
"Such ſhadowes are the weake-brains forgeries,
VVho angrie that the eyes flie from their lights,
In darknes daunts thē with more dreadfull ſights.

His hand that yet remaines vppon her breſt,
(Rude Ram to batter ſuch an iuorie wall:)
May feele her heart (poore Cittizen) diſtreſt,
VVounding it ſelfe to death, riſe vp and fall;
Beating her bulke, that his hand ſhakes withall.
This moues in him more rage and leſſer pittie,
To make the breach and enter this ſweet Citty.

Firſt like a Trompet doth his tongue begin,
To ſound a parlie to his heartleſſe foe,
VVho ore the white ſheet peers her whiter chin,
The reaſon of this raſh allarme to know,
VVhich he by dum demeanor ſeekes to ſhow.
But ſhee with vehement prayers vrgeth ſtill,
Vnder what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies, the colour in thy face,
That euen for anger makes the Lilly pale,
And the red roſe bluſh at her owne diſgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my louing tale.
Vnder that colour am I come to ſcale
Thy neuer conquered Fort, the fault is thine,
For thoſe thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I foreſtall thee, if thou meane to chide,
Thy beauty hath enſnar'd thee to this night,
VVhere thou with patience muſt my will abide,
My will that markes thee for my earths delight,
VVhich I to conquer ſought with all my might.
But as reproofe and reaſon beat it dead,
By thy bright beautie was it newlie bred.

I ſee what croſſes my attempt will bring,
I know what thornes the growing roſe defends,
I thinke the honie garded with a ſting,
All this before-hand counſell comprehends.
But VVill is deafe, and hears no heedfull friends,
Onely he hath an eye to gaze on Beautie,
And dotes on what he looks, gainſt law or duety.

I haue debated euen in my ſoule,
VVhat wrong, what ſhame, what ſorrow I ſhal breed,
But nothing can affections courſe controull,
Or ſtop the headlong furie of his ſpeed.
I know repentant teares inſewe the deed,
Reproch, diſdaine, and deadly enmity,
Yet ſtriue I to embrace mine infamy.

This ſaid, hee ſhakes aloft his Romaine blade,
VVhich like a Faulcon towring in the skies,
Cowcheth the fowle below with his wings ſhade,
VVhoſe crooked beake threats, if he mount he dies.
So vnder his inſulting Fauchion lies
Harmeleſſe LVCRETIA marking what he tels,
VVith trembling feare: as fowl hear Faulcõs bels.

LVCRECE, quoth he, this night I muſt enioy thee,
If thou deny, then force muſt worke my way:
For in thy bed I purpoſe to deſtroie thee.
That done, ſome worthleſſe ſlaue of thine ile ſlay.
To kill thine Honour with thy liues decaie.
And in thy dead armes do I meane to place him,
Swearing I ſlue him ſeeing thee imbrace him.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

So thy ſuruiuing husband ſhall remaine
The ſcornefull marke of euerie open eye,
Thy kinſmen hang their heads at this diſdaine,
Thy iſſue blur'd with nameleſſe baſtardie;
And thou the author of their obloquie,
Shalt haue thy treſpaſſe cited vp in rimes,
And ſung by children in ſucceeding times.

But if thou yeeld, I reſt thy ſecret friend,
The fault vnknowne, is as a thought vnacted,
"A little harme done to a great good end,
For lawfull pollicie remaines enacted.
"The poyſonous ſimple ſometime is compacted
In a pure compound; being ſo applied,
His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens ſake,
Tender my ſuite, bequeath not to their lot
The ſhame that from them no deuiſe can take,
The blemiſh that will neuer be forgot:
VVorſe then a ſlauiſh wipe, or birth-howrs blot,
For markes diſcried in mens natiuitie,
Are natures faultes, not their owne infamie.

Here

Here with a Cockeatrice dead killing eye,
He rowſeth vp himſelfe, and makes a pauſe,
VVhile ſhee the picture of pure pietie,
Like a white Hinde vnder the grypes ſharpe clawes,
Pleades in a wilderneſſe where are no lawes,
To the rough beaſt, that knowes no gentle right,
Nor ought obayes but his fowle appetite.

But when a black-fac'd clowd the world doth thret,
In his dim miſt th'aſpiring mountaines hiding:
From earths dark-womb, ſome gentle guſt doth get,
VVhich blow theſe pitchie vapours frō their biding:
Hindring their preſent fall by this deuiding.
So his vnhallowed haſt her words delayes,
And moodie PLVTO winks while Orpheus playes.

Yet fowle night-waking Cat he doth but dallie,
VVhile in his hold-faſt foot the weak mouſe pāteth,
Her ſad behauiour feedes his vulture follie,
A ſwallowing gulfe that euen in plentie wanteth.
His eare her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her playning,
"Tears harden luſt, though marble were with ray-

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

Her pittie-pleading eyes are ſadlie fixed
In the remorſeleſſe wrinckles of his face.
Her modeſt eloquence with ſighes is mixed,
VVhich to her Oratorie addes more grace.
Shee puts the period often from his place,
And midſt the ſentence ſo her accent breakes,
That twiſe ſhe doth begin ere once ſhe ſpeakes.

She coniures him by high Almightie Ioue,
By knighthood, gentrie, and ſweete friendſhips oth,
By her vntimely teares, her husbands loue,
By holie humaine law, and common troth,
By Heauen and Earth, and all the power of both:
That to his borrowed bed he make retire,
And ſtoope to Honor, not to fowle deſire.

Quoth ſhee, reward not Hoſpitalitie,
VVith ſuch black payment, as thou haſt pretended,
Mudde not the fountaine that gaue drinke to thee,
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended.
End thy ill ayme, before thy ſhoote be ended.
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,
To ſtrike a poore vnſeaſonable Doe.

My

My husband is thy friend, for his ſake ſpare me,
Thy ſelfe art mightie, for thine own ſake leaue me:
My ſelfe a weakling, do not then inſnare me.
Thou look'ſt not like deceipt, do not deceiue me.
My ſighes like whirlewindes labor hence to heaue
If euer man were mou'd with womās mones, (thee.
Be moued with my teares, my ſighes, my grones.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,
Beat at thy rockie, and wracke-threatning heart,
To ſoften it with their continuall motion:
For ſtones diſſolu'd to water do conuert.
O if no harder then a ſtone thou art,
Melt at my teares and be compaſſionate,
Soft pittie enters at an iron gate.

In TARQVINS likeneſſe I did entertaine thee,
Haſt thou put on his ſhape, to do him ſhame?
To all the Hoſt of Heauen I complaine me.
Thou wrongſt his honor, woūdſt his princely name:
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt, and if the ſame,
Thou ſeem'ſt not what thou art, a God, a King;
For kings like Gods ſhould gouerne euery thing.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

How will thy ſhame be ſeeded in thine age
VVhen thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring?
If in thy hope thou darſt do ſuch outrage,
VVhat darſt thou not when once thou art a King?
O be remembred, no outragious thing
From vaſſall actors can be wipt away,
Then Kings miſdeedes cannot be hid in clay.

This deede will make thee only lou'd for feare,
But happie Monarchs ſtill are feard for loue:
VVith fowle offendors thou perforce muſt beare,
VVhen they in thee the like offences proue;
If but for feare of this, thy will remoue.
For Princes are the glaſſe, the ſchoole, the booke,
VVhere ſubiects eies do learn, do read, do looke.

And wilt thou be the ſchoole where luſt ſhall learne?
Muſt he in thee read lectures of ſuch ſhame?
VVilt thou be glaſſe wherein it ſhall diſcerne
Authoritie for ſinne, warrant for blame?
To priuiledge diſhonor in thy name.
Thou backſt reproch againſt long-liuing lawd,
And mak'ſt faire reputation but a bawd.

Haſt

Haſt thou commaund? by him that gaue it thee
From a pure heart commaund thy rebell will:
Draw not thy ſword to gard iniquitie,
For it was lent thee all that broode to kill.
Thy Princelie office how canſt thou fulfill?
VVhen patternd by thy fault fowle ſin may ſay,
He learnd to ſin, and thou didſt teach the way.

Thinke but how vile a ſpectacle it were,
To view thy preſent treſpaſſe in another:
Mens faults do ſeldome to themſelues appeare,
Their own tranſgreſſions partiallie they ſmother,
This guilt would ſeem death-worthie in thy brother.
O how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That frō their own miſdeeds askaunce their eyes?

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp hands appeale,
Not to ſeducing luſt thy raſh relier:
I ſue for exil'd maieſties repeale,
Let him returne, and flattring thoughts retire.
His true reſpect will priſon falſe deſire,
And wipe the dim miſt from thy doting eien,
That thou ſhalt ſee thy ſtate, and pittie mine.

Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled tide
Turnes not, but ſwels the higher by this let.
Small lightes are ſoone blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the winde in greater furie fret:
The petty ſtreames that paie a dailie det
To their ſalt ſoueraigne with their freſh fals haſt,
Adde to his flowe, but alter not his taſt.

Thou art, quoth ſhee, a ſea, a ſoueraigne King,
And loe there fals into thy boundleſſe flood,
Blacke luſt, diſhonor, ſhame, miſ-gouerning,
VVho ſeeke to ſtaine the Ocean of thy blood.
If all theſe pettie ils ſhall change thy good,
Thy ſea within a puddels wombe is herſed,
And not the puddle in thy ſea diſperſed.

So ſhall theſe ſlaues be King, and thou their ſlaue,
Thou noblie baſe, they baſelie dignified:
Thou their faire life, and they thy fowler graue:
Thou lothed in their ſhame, they in thy pride,
The leſſer thing ſhould not the greater hide.
The Cedar ſtoopes not to the baſe ſhrubs foote,
But low-ſhrubs wither at the Cedars roote.

So

So let thy thoughts low vaſſals to thy ſtate,
No more quoth he, by Heauen I will not heare thee.
Yeeld to my loue, if not inforced hate,
In ſteed of loues coy tutch ſhall rudelie teare thee.
That done, deſpitefullie I meane to beare thee
Vnto the baſe bed of ſome raſcall groome,
To be thy partner in this ſhamefull doome.

This ſaid, he ſets his foote vppon the light,
For light and luſt are deadlie enemies,
Shame folded vp in blind concealing night,
VVhen moſt vnſeene, then moſt doth tyrannize.
The wolfe hath ceazd his pray, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece her voice controld,
Intombes her outcrie in her lips ſweet fold.

For with the nightlie linnen that ſhee weares,
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chaſteſt teares,
That euer modeſt eyes with ſorrow ſhed.
O that prone luſt ſhould ſtaine ſo pure a bed,
The ſpots whereof could weeping purifie,
Her tears ſhould drop on them perpetuallie.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

But ſhee hath loſt a dearer thing then life,
And he hath wonne what he would looſe againe,
This forced league doth force a further ſtrife,
This momentarie ioy breeds months of paine,
This hot deſire conuerts to colde diſdaine;
Pure chaſtitie is rifled of her ſtore,
And luſt the theefe farre poorer then before.

Looke as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawke,
Vnapt for tender ſmell, or ſpeedie flight,
Make ſlow purſuite, or altogether bauk,
The praie wherein by nature they delight:
So ſurfet-taking TARQVIN fares this night:
His taſt delicious, in digeſtion ſowring,
Deuoures his will that liu'd by fowle deuouring.

O deeper ſinne then bottomleſſe conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination!
Drunken Deſire muſt vomite his receipt
Ere he can ſee his owne abhomination.
While Luſt is in his pride no exclamation
Can curbe his heat, or reine his raſh deſire,
Till like a Iade, ſelf-will himſelfe doth tire.

And then with lanke, and leane diſcolour'd cheeke,
VVith heauie eye, knit-brow, and ſtrengthleſſe pace,
Feeble deſire all recreant, poore and meeke,
Like to a bankrout begger wailes his cace:
The fleſh being proud, Deſire doth fight with grace;
For there it reuels, and when that decaies,
The guiltie rebell for remiſſion praies.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
VVho this accompliſhment ſo hotly chaſed,
For now againſt himſelfe he ſounds this doome,
That through the length of times he ſtãds diſgraced:
Beſides his ſoules faire temple is defaced,
To whoſe weake ruines muſter troopes of cares,
To aske the ſpotted Princeſſe how ſhe fares.

Shee ſayes her ſubiects with fowle inſurrection,
Haue batterd downe her conſecrated wall,
And by their mortall fault brought in ſubiection
Her immortalitie, and made her thrall,
To liuing death and payne perpetuall.
VVhich in her preſcience ſhee controlled ſtill,
But her foreſight could not foreſtall their will.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

Eu'n in this thought through the dark-night he ſtea-
A captiue victor that hath loſt in gaine; (leth,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The ſcarre that will diſpight of Cure remaine,
Leauing his ſpoile perplext in greater paine.
  Shee beares the lode of luſt he left behinde,
  And he the burthen of a guiltie minde.

Hee like a theeuiſh dog creeps ſadly thence,
Shee like a wearied Lambe lies panting there,
He ſcowles and hates himſelfe for his offence,
Shee deſperat with her nailes her fleſh doth teare.
He faintly flies ſweating with guiltie feare;
  Shee ſtaies exclayming on the direfull night,
  He runnes and chides his vaniſht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauy conuertite,
Shee there remaines a hopeleſſe caſt-away,
He in his ſpeed lookes for the morning light:
Shee prayes ſhee neuer may behold the day.
  For daie, quoth ſhee, nights ſcapes doth open lay,
  And my true eyes haue neuer practiz'd how
  To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They

They thinke not but that euerie eye can ſee,
The ſame diſgrace which they themſelues behold:
And therefore would they ſtill in darkeneſſe be,
To haue their vnſeene ſinne remaine vntold.
For they their guilt with weeping will vnfold,
  And graue like water that doth eate in ſteele,
  Vppon my cheeks, what helpeleſſe ſhame I feele.

Here ſhee exclaimes againſt repoſe and reſt,
And bids her eyes hereafter ſtill be blinde,
Shee wakes her heart by beating on her breſt,
And bids it leape from thence, where it maie finde
Some purer cheſt, to cloſe ſo pure a minde.
  Franticke with griefe thus breaths ſhee forth her
  Againſt the vnſeene ſecrecie of night. (ſpite,

O comfort-killing night, image of Hell,
Dim regiſter, and notarie of ſhame,
Blacke ſtage for tragedies, and murthers fell,
Vaſt ſin-concealing Chaos, nourſe of blame.
Blinde muffled bawd, darke harber for defame,
  Grim caue of death, whiſpring conſpirator,
  With cloſe-tong'd treaſon & the rauiſher.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

O hatefull,vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureleſſe crime:
Muſter thy miſts to meete the Eaſterne light,
Make war againſt proportion'd courſe of time.
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poyſonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps rauiſh the morning aire,
Let their exhald vnholdſome breaths make ſicke
The life of puritie, the ſupreme faire,
Ere he arriue his wearie noone-tide pricke,
And let thy muſtie vapours march ſo thicke,
That in their ſmoakie rankes,his ſmothred light
May ſet at noone,and make perpetuall night.

Were TARQVIN night, as he is but nights child,
The ſiluer ſhining Queene he would diſtaine;
Her twinckling handmaids to(by him defil'd)
Through nights black boſom ſhuld not peep again.
So ſhould I haue copartners in my paine,
And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſwage,
As Palmers chat makes ſhort their pilgrimage.

Where

Where now I haue no one to bluſh with me,
To croſſe their armes & hang their heads with mine,
To maske their browes and hide their infamie,
But I alone, alone muſt ſit and pine,
Seaſoning the earth with ſhowres of ſiluer brine;
Mingling my talk with tears,my greef with grones,
Poore waſting monuments of laſting mones.

O night thou furnace of fowle reeking ſmoke!
Let not the iealous daie behold that face,
Which vnderneath thy blacke all-hiding cloke
Immodeſtly lies martird with diſgrace.
Keepe ſtill poſſeſſion of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,
May likewiſe be ſepulcherd in thy ſhade.

Make me not obiect to the tell-tale day,
The light will ſhew characterd in my brow,
The ſtorie of ſweete chaſtities decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlocke vowe.
Yea the illiterate that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,
Will cote my lothſome treſpaſſe in my lookes.

The nourſe to ſtill her child will tell my ſtorie,
And fright her crying babe with TARQVINS name.
The Orator to decke his oratorie,
VVill couple my reproch to TARQVINS ſhame.
Feaſt-finding minſtrels tuning my defame,
VVill tie the hearers to attend each line,
How TARQVIN wronged me, I COLATINE.

Let my good name, that ſenceleſſe reputation,
For COLATINES deare loue be kept vnſpotted:
If that be made a theame for diſputation,
The branches of another roote are rotted;
And vndeſeru'd reproch to him alotted,
That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,
As I ere this was pure to COLATINE.

O vnſeene ſhame, inuiſible diſgrace,
O vnfelt ſore, creſt-wounding priuat ſcarre!
Reproch is ſtampt in COLATINVS face,
And TARQVINS eye maie read the mot a farre,
How he in peace is wounded not in warre.
Alas how manie beare ſuch ſhamefull blowes,
VVhich not thẽſelues but he that giues thẽ knowes.

If

If COLATINE, thine honor laie in me,
From me by ſtrong aſſault it is bereft:
My Honnie loſt, and I a Drone-like Bee,
Haue no perfection of my ſommer left,
But rob'd and ranſak't by iniurious theft.
In thy weake Hiue a wandring waſpe hath crept,
And ſuck't the Honnie which thy chaſt Bee kept.

Yet am I guiltie of thy Honors wracke,
Yet for thy Honor did I entertaine him,
Comming from thee I could not put him backe:
For it had beene diſhonor to diſdaine him,
Beſides of wearineſſe he did complaine him,
And talk't of Vertue (O vnlook't for euill,)
VVhen Vertue is prophan'd in ſuch a Deuill.

VVhy ſhould the worme intrude the maiden bud?
Or hatefull Kuckcowes hatch in Sparrows neſts?
Or Todes infect faire founts with venome mud?
Or tyrant follie lurke in gentle breſts?
Or Kings be breakers of their owne beheſtes?
But no perfection is ſo abſolute,
That ſome impuritie doth not pollute.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

The aged man that coffers vp his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painefull fits,
And ſcarce hath eyes his treaſure to behold,
But like ſtill pining TANTALVS he ſits,
And vſeleſſe barnes the harueſt of his wits:
Hauing no other pleaſure of his gaine,
But torment that it cannot cure his paine.

So then he hath it when he cannot vſe it,
And leaues it to be maiſtred by his yong:
VVho in their pride do preſently abuſe it,
Their father was too weake, and they too ſtrong
To hold their curſed-bleſſed Fortune long.
"The ſweets we wiſh for, turne to lothed ſowrs,
"Euen in the moment that we call them ours.

Vnruly blaſts wait on the tender ſpring,
Vnholſome weeds take roote with precious flowrs,
The Adder hiſſes where the ſweete birds ſing,
VVhat Vertue breedes Iniquity deuours:
VVe haue no good that we can ſay is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity
Or kils his life, or elſe his quality.

O

O opportunity thy guilt is great,
Tis thou that execut'ſt the traytors treaſon:
Thou ſets the wolfe where he the lambe may get,
VVho euer plots the ſinne thou poinſt the ſeaſon.
Tis thou that ſpurn'ſt at right, at law, at reaſon,
And in thy ſhadie Cell where none may ſpie him,
Sits ſin to ceaze the ſoules that wander by him.

Thou makeſt the veſtall violate her oath,
Thou bloweſt the fire when temperance is thawd,
Thou ſmotherſt honeſtie, thou murthreſt troth,
Thou fowle abbettor, thou notorious bawd,
Thou planteſt ſcandall, and diſplaceſt lawd.
Thou rauiſher, thou traytor, thou falſe theefe,
Thy honie turnes to gall, thy ioy to greefe.

Thy ſecret pleaſure turnes to open ſhame,
Thy priuate feaſting to a publicke faſt,
Thy ſmoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy ſugred tongue to bitter wormwood taſt,
Thy violent vanities can neuer laſt.
How comes it then, vile opportunity
Being ſo bad, ſuch numbers ſeeke for thee?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

VVhen wilt thou be the humble ſuppliants friend
And bring him where his ſuit may be obtained?
VVhen wilt thou ſort an howre great ſtrifes to end?
Or free that ſoule which wretchednes hath chained?
Giue phiſicke to the ſicke, eaſe to the pained?
The poore, lame, blind, hault, creepe, cry out for thee,
But they nere meet with oportunitie.

The patient dies while the Phiſitian ſleepes,
The Orphane pines while the oppreſſor feedes.
Iuſtice is feaſting while the widow weepes.
Aduiſe is ſporting while infection breeds.
Thou graunt'ſt no time for charitable deeds.
VVrath, enuy, treaſon, rape, and murthers rages,
Thy heinous houres wait on them as their Pages.

VVhen Trueth and Vertue haue to do with thee,
A thouſand croſſes keepe them from thy aide:
They buie thy helpe, but ſinne nere giues a fee,
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaide,
As well to heare, as graunt what he hath ſaide.
My COLATINE would elſe haue come to me,
VVhen TARQVIN did, but he was ſtaied by thee.

Guilty

Guilty thou art of murther, and of theft,
Guilty of periurie, and ſubornation,
Guilty of treaſon, forgerie, and ſhift,
Guilty of inceſt that abhomination,
An acceſſarie by thine inclination.
To all ſinnes paſt and all that are to come,
From the creation to the generall doome.

Miſshapen time, copeſmate of vgly night, *Against Ti*
Swift ſubtle poſt, carrier of grieſlie care,
Eater of youth, falſe ſlaue to falſe delight:
Baſe watch of woes, ſins packhorſe, vertues ſnare.
Thou nourſeſt all, and murthreſt all that are.
O heare me then, iniurious ſhifting time,
Be guiltie of my death ſince of my crime.

VVhy hath thy ſeruant opportunity
Betraide the howres thou gau'ſt me to repoſe?
Canceld my fortunes, and inchained me
To endleſſe date of neuer-ending woes?
Times office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eate vp errours by opinion bred,
Not ſpend the dowrie of a lawfull bed.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

Times glorie is to calme contending Kings,
To vnmaske falſhood, and bring truth to light,
To ſtampe the ſeale of time in aged things,
To wake the morne, and Centinell the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy howres,
And ſmeare with duſt their glitring golden towrs.

To fill with worme-holes ſtately monuments,
To feede obliuion with decay of things,
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,
To plucke the quils from auncient rauens wings,
To drie the old oakes ſappe, and cheriſh ſprings:
To ſpoile Antiquities of hammerd ſteele,
And turne the giddy round of Fortunes wheele.

To ſhew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a childe,
To ſlay the tygre that doth liue by ſlaughter,
To tame the Vnicorne, and Lion wild,
To mocke the ſubtle in themſelues beguild,
To cheare the Plowman with increaſefull crops,
And waſt huge ſtones with little water drops.

VVhy

VVhy work'ſt thou miſchiefe in thy Pilgrimage,
Vnleſſe thou could'ſt return to make amends?
One poore retyring minute in an age
VVould purchaſe thee a thouſand thouſand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends,
O this dread night, would'ſt thou one howr come back
I could preuent this ſtorme, and ſhun thy wracke.

Thou ceaſeleſſe lackie to Eternitie,
VVith ſome miſchance croſſe TARQVIN in his flight. Tarquin matter
Deuiſe extreames beyond extremitie,
To make him curſe this curſed crimefull night:
Let gaſtly ſhadowes his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed euill,
Shape euery buſh a hideous ſhapeleſſe deuill.

Diſturbe his howres of reſt with reſtleſſe trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedred grones,
Let there bechaunce him pitifull miſchances,
To make him mone, but pitie not his mones:
Stone him with hardned hearts harder then ſtones,
And let milde women to him looſe their mildneſſe,
VVilder to him then Tygers in their wildneſſe.

Let him haue time to teare his curled haire,
Let him haue time against himselfe to raue,
Let him haue time of times helpe to dispaire,
Let him haue time to liue a lothed slaue,
Let him haue time a beggers orts to craue,
And time to see one that by almes doth liue,
Disdaine to him disdained scraps to giue.

Let him haue time to see his friends his foes,
And merrie fooles to mocke at him resort:
Let him haue time to marke how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of follie, and his time of sport.
And euer let his vnrecalling crime
Haue time to waile th'abusing of his time.

O time thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill:
At his owne shadow let the theefe runne mad,
Himselfe, himselfe seeke euerie howre to kill,
Such wretched hãds such wretched blood shuld spill.
For who so base would such an office haue,
As sclandrous deaths-man to so base a slaue.

The baser is he comming from a King,
To shame his hope with deedes degenerate,
The mightier man the mightier is the thing
That makes him honord, or begets him hate:
For greatest scandall waits on greatest state.
The Moone being clouded, presently is mist,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The Crow may bath his coaleblacke wings in mire,
And vnperceau'd flie with the filth away,
But if the like the snow-white Swan desire,
The staine vppon his siluer Downe will stay.
Poore grooms are sightles night, kings glorious day,
Gnats are vnnoted whereso ere they flie,
But Eagles gaz'd vppon with euerie eye.

Out idle wordes, seruants to shallow fooles,
Vnprofitable sounds, weake arbitrators,
Busie your selues in skill contending schooles,
Debate where leysure serues with dull debators:
To trembling Clients be you mediators,
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the helpe of law.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

In vaine I raile at oportunitie,
At time, at TARQVIN, and vncheárfull night,
In vaine I cauill with mine infamie,
In vaine I ſpurne at my confirm'd deſpight,
This helpeleſſe ſmoake of words doth me no right:
The remedie indeede to do me good,
Is to let forth my fowle defiled blood.

Poore hand why quiuerſt thou at this decree?
Honor thy ſelfe to rid me of this ſhame,
For if I die, my Honor liues in thee,
But if I liue thou liu'ſt in my defame;
Since thou couldſt not defend thy loyall Dame,
And waſt affeard to ſcratch her wicked Fo,
Kill both thy ſelfe, and her for yeelding ſo.

This ſaid, from her betombled couch ſhee ſtarteth,
To finde ſome deſp'rat Inſtrument of death,
But this no ſlaughter houſe no toole imparteth,
To make more vent for paſſage of her breath,
VVhich thronging through her lips ſo vaniſheth,
As ſmoake from ÆTNA, that in aire conſumes,
Or that which from diſcharged Cannon fumes.

In

In vaine (quoth ſhee) I liue, and ſeeke in vaine
Some happie meane to end a hapleſſe life.
I fear'd by TARQVINS Fauchion to be ſlaine,
Yet for the ſelfe ſame purpoſe ſeeke a knife;
But when I fear'd I was a loyall wife,
So am I now, ô no that cannot be,
Of that true tipe hath TARQVIN rifled me.

O that is gone for which I ſought to liue,
And therefore now I need not feare to die,
To cleare this ſpot by death (at leaſt) I giue
A badge of Fame to ſclanders liuerie,
A dying life, to liuing infamie:
Poore helpleſſe helpe, the treaſure ſtolne away,
To burne the guiltleſſe caſket where it lay.

VVell well deare COLATINE, thou ſhalt not know
The ſtained taſt of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection ſo,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This baſtard graffe ſhall neuer come to growth,
He ſhall not boaſt who did thy ſtocke pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruite.

H 2

Nor ſhall he ſmile at thee in ſecret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy ſtate,
But thou ſhalt know thy intreſt was not bought
Baſely with gold, but ſtolne from foorth thy gate.
For me I am the miſtreſſe of my fate,
And with my treſpaſſe neuer will diſpence,
Till life to death acquit my forſt offence.

I will not poyſon thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuſes,
My ſable ground of ſinne I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this falſe nights abuſes.
My tongue ſhall vtter all, mine eyes like ſluces,
As from a mountaine ſpring that feeds a dale,
Shal guſh pure ſtreams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting Philomele had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly ſorrow,
And ſolemne night with ſlow ſad gate deſcended
To ouglie Hell, when loe the bluſhing morrow
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.
But cloudie LVCRECE ſhames her ſelfe to ſee,
And therefore ſtill in night would cloiſtred be.

Reuealing

Reuealing day through euery crannie ſpies,
And ſeems to point her out where ſhe ſits weeping,
To whom ſhee ſobbing ſpeakes, ô eye of eyes, (ping,
VVhy pry'ſt thou throgh my window? leaue thy pee-
Mock with thy tickling beams, eies that are ſleeping;
Brand not my forehead with thy percing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cauils ſhee with euerie thing ſhee ſees,
True griefe is fond and teſtie as a childe,
VVho wayward once, his mood with naught agrees,
Old woes, not infant ſorrowes beare them milde,
Continuance tames the one, the other wilde,
Like an vnpractiz'd ſwimmer plunging ſtill,
VVith too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So ſhee deepe drenched in a Sea of care,
Holds diſputation with ech thing ſhee vewes,
And to her ſelfe all ſorrow doth compare,
No obiect but her paſſions ſtrength renewes:
And as one ſhiftes another ſtraight inſewes,
Somtime her griefe is dumbe and hath no words,
Sometime tis mad and too much talke affords.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

The little birds that tune their mornings ioy,
Make her mones mad, with their ſweet melodie,
"For mirth doth ſearch the bottome of annoy,
"Sad ſoules are ſlaine in merrie companie,
"Griefe beſt is pleaſ'd with griefes ſocietie;
"True ſorrow then is feelinglie ſuffiz'd,
"VVhen with like ſemblance it is ſimpathiz'd.

"Tis double death to drowne in ken of ſhore,
"He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,
"To ſee the ſalue doth make the wound ake more:
"Great griefe greeues moſt at that would do it good;
"Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
VVho being ſtopt, the bouding banks oreflowes,
Griefe dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowes.

You mocking Birds (quoth ſhe) your tunes intombe
VVithin your hollow ſwelling feathered breaſts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,
My reſtleſſe diſcord loues no ſtops nor reſts:
"A woefull Hoſteſſe brookes not merrie gueſts.
Raliſh your nimble notes to pleaſing eares,
"Diſtres likes dūps whē time is kept with teares.

Come

Come Philomele that ſing'ſt of rauiſhment,
Make thy ſad groue in my diſheueld heare,
As the danke earth weepes at thy languiſhment:
So I at each ſad ſtraine, will ſtraine a teare,
And with deepe grones the Diapaſon beare:
For burthen-wiſe ile hum on TARQVIN ſtill,
VVhile thou on TEREVS deſcants better skill.

And whiles againſt a thorne thou bear'ſt thy part,
To keepe thy ſharpe woes waking, wretched I
To imitate thee well, againſt my heart
VVill fixe a ſharpe knife to affright mine eye,
VVho if it winke ſhall thereon fall and die.
Theſe meanes as frets vpon an inſtrument,
Shal tune our heart-ſtrings to true languiſhment.

And for poore bird thou ſing'ſt not in the day,
As ſhaming anie eye ſhould thee behold:
Some darke deepe deſert ſeated from the way,
That knowes not parching heat, nor freezing cold
VVill wee find out: and there we will vnfold
To creatures ſtern, ſad tunes to change their kinds,
Since mē proue beaſts, let beaſts bear gētle minds.

As the poore frighted Deare that ſtands at gaze,
VVildly determining which way to flie,
Or one incompaſt with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readilie:
So with her ſelfe is ſhee in mutinie,
To liue or die which of the twaine were better,
VVhen life is ſham'd and death reproches detter.

To kill my ſelfe, quoth ſhee, alacke what were it,
But with my body my poore ſoules polluſion?
They that looſe halfe with greater patience beare it,
Then they whoſe whole is ſwallowed in confuſion.
That mother tries a mercileſſe concluſion,
VVho hauing two ſweet babes, when death takes
VVill ſlay the other, and be nurſe to none. (one,

My bodie or my ſoule which was the dearer?
VVhen the one pure, the other made deuine,
VVhoſe loue of eyther to my ſelfe was nearer?
VVhen both were kept for Heauen and COLATINE:
Ay me, the Barke pild from the loftie Pine,
His leaues will wither, and his ſap decay,
So muſt my ſoule her barke being pild away.

Her

Her houſe is ſackt, her quiet interrupted,
Her manſion batterd by the enemie,
Her ſacred temple ſpotted, ſpoild, corrupted,
Groſſie ingirt with daring infamie.
Then let it not be cald impietie,
If in this blemiſht fort I make ſome hole,
Through which I may conuay this troubled ſoule.

Yet die I will not, till my COLATINE
Haue heard the cauſe of my vntimelie death,
That he may vow in that ſad houre of mine,
Reuenge on him that made me ſtop my breath,
My ſtained bloud to TARQVIN ile bequeath,
VVhich for him tainted, ſhall for him be ſpent,
And as his due writ in my teſtament.

My Honor ile bequeath vnto the knife
That wounds my bodie ſo diſhonored,
Tis Honor to depriue diſhonord life,
The one will liue, the other being dead.
So of ſhames aſhes ſhall my Fame be bred,
For in my death I murther ſhamefull ſcorne,
My ſhame ſo dead, mine honor is new borne.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

Deare Lord of that deare iewell I haue loſt,
VVhat legacie ſhall I bequeath to thee?
My reſolution loue ſhall be thy boſt,
By whoſe example thou reueng'd mayſt be.
How TARQVIN muſt be vſ'd, read it in me,
My ſelfe thy friend will kill my ſelfe thy foe,
And for my ſake ſerue thou falſe TARQVIN ſo.

This briefe abridgement of my will I make,
My ſoule and bodie to the skies and ground:
My reſolution Husband doe thou take,
Mine Honor be the knifes that makes my wound,
My ſhame be his that did my Fame confound;
And all my Fame that liues diſburſed be,
To thoſe that liue and thinke no ſhame of me.

Thou COLATINE ſhalt ouerſee this will,
How was I ouerſeene that thou ſhalt ſee it?
My bloud ſhall waſh the ſclander of mine ill,
My liues foule deed my lifes faire end ſhall free it.
Faint not faint heart, but ſtoutlie ſay ſo be it,
Yeeld to my hand, my hand ſhall conquer thee,
Thou dead, both die, and both ſhall victors be.

This

This plot of death when ſadlie ſhee had layd,
And wip't the briniſh pearle from her bright eies,
VVith vntun'd tongue ſhee hoarſlie cals her mayd,
VVhoſe ſwift obedience to her miſtreſſe hies.
"For fleet-wing'd duetie with thoghts feathers flies,
Poore LVCRECE cheeks vnto her maid ſeem ſo,
As winter meads when ſun doth melt their ſnow.

Her miſtreſſe ſhee doth giue demure good morrow,
VVith ſoft ſlow-tongue, true marke of modeſtie,
And ſorts a ſad looke to her Ladies ſorrow,
(For why her face wore ſorrowes liuerie.)
But durſt not aske of her audaciouſlie,
VVhy her two ſuns were clowd eclipſed ſo,
Nor why her faire cheeks ouer-waſht with woe.

But as the earth doth weepe the Sun being ſet,
Each flowre moiſtned like a melting eye:
Euen ſo the maid with ſwelling drops gan wet
Her circled eien inforſt, by ſimpathie
Of thoſe faire Suns ſet in her miſtreſſe skie,
VVho in a ſalt wau'd Ocean quench their light,
VVhich makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

A prettie while theſe prettie creatures ſtand,
Like Iuorie conduits corall ceſterns filling:
One iuſtlie weepes, the other takes in hand
No cauſe, but companie of her drops ſpilling.
Their gentle ſex to weepe are often willing,
Greeuing themſelues to geſſe at others ſmarts,
And thē they drown their eies, or break their harts.

For men haue marble, women waxen mindes,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
The weake oppreſt, th'impreſſion of ſtrange kindes
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,
No more then waxe ſhall be accounted euill,
VVherein is ſtampt the ſemblance of a Deuill.

Their ſmoothneſſe, like a goodly champaine plaine,
Laies open all the little wormes that creepe,
In men as in a rough-growne groue remaine.
Caue-keeping euils that obſcurely ſleepe.
Through chriſtall wals ech little mote will peepe;
Though mē cā couer crimes with bold ſtern looks,
Poore womens faces are their owne faults books.

No man inueigh againſt the withered flowre,
But chide rough winter that the flowre hath kild,
Not that deuour'd, but that which doth deuour
Is worthie blame, ô let it not be hild
Poore womens faults, that they are ſo fulfild
VVith mens abuſes, thoſe proud Lords to blame,
Make weak-made womē tenants to their ſhame.

The preſident whereof in LVCRECE view,
Aſſail'd by night with circumſtances ſtrong
Of preſent death, and ſhame that might inſue.
By that her death to do her husband wrong,
Such danger to reſiſtance did belong:
That dying feare through all her bodie ſpred,
And who cannot abuſe a bodie dead?

By this milde patience bid faire LVCRECE ſpeake,
To the poore counterfaite of her complayning,
My girle, quoth ſhee, on what occaſion breake
Thoſe tears frō thee, that downe thy cheeks are raig-
If thou doſt weepe for griefe of my ſuſtaining: (ning?
Know gentle wench it ſmall auailes my mood,
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

But tell me girle, when went (and there ſhee ſtaide,
Till after a deepe grone) TARQVIN from hence,
Madame ere I was vp (repli'd the maide,)
The more to blame my ſluggard negligence.
Yet with the fault I thus farre can diſpence:
My ſelfe was ſtirring ere the breake of day,
And ere I roſe was TARQVIN gone away.

But Lady, if your maide may be ſo bold,
Shee would requeſt to know your heauineſſe:
(O peace quoth LVCRECE) if it ſhould be told,
The repetition cannot make it leſſe:
For more it is, then I can well expreſſe,
And that deepe torture may be cal'd a Hell,
VVhen more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get mee hither paper, inke, and pen,
Yet ſaue that labour, for I haue them heare,
(VVhat ſhould I ſay) one of my husbands men
Bid thou be readie, by and by, to beare
A letter to my Lord, my Loue, my Deare,
Bid him with ſpeede prepare to carrie it,
The cauſe craues haſt, and it will ſoone be writ.

Her

Her maide is gone, and ſhee prepares to write,
Firſt houering ore the paper with her quill:
Conceipt and griefe an eager combat fight,
VVhat wit ſets downe is blotted ſtraight with will.
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill,
Much like a preſſe of people at a dore,
Throng her inuentions which ſhall go before.

The letter Lucrece to Colatine.

At laſt ſhee thus begins: thou worthie Lord,
Of that vnworthie wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy perſon, next, vouchſafe t'afford
(If euer loue, thy LVCRECE thou wilt ſee,)
Some preſent ſpeed, to come and viſite me:
So I commend me, from our houſe in griefe,
My woes are tedious, though my words are briefe.

Here folds ſhee vp the tenure of her woe,
Her certaine ſorrow writ vncertainely,
By this ſhort Cedule COLATINE may know
Her griefe, but not her griefes true quality,
Shee dares not thereof make diſcouery,
Leſt he ſhould hold it her own groſſe abuſe,
Ere ſhe with bloud had ſtain'd her ſtain'd excuſe.

Beſides the life and feeling of her paſſion,
Shee hoords to ſpend, when he is by to heare her,
VVhen ſighs, & grones, & teares may grace the faſhiõ
Of her diſgrace, the better ſo to cleare her
From that ſuſpiciõ which the world might bear her.
To ſhun this blot, ſhee would not blot the letter
VVith words, till action might becom thẽ better.

To ſee ſad ſights, moues more then heare them told,
For then the eye interpretes to the eare.
The heauie motion that it doth behold,
VVhen querie part, a part of woe doth beare.
Tis but a part of ſorrow that we heare,
Deep ſounds make leſſer noiſe thẽ ſhallow foords,
And ſorrow ebs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is ſeal'd, and on it writ
At ARDEA to my Lord with more then haſt,
The Poſt attends, and ſhee deliuers it,
Charging the ſowr-fac'd groome, to high as faſt
As lagging fowles before the Northerne blaſts,
Speed more then ſpeed, but dul & ſlow ſhe deems,
Extremity ſtill vrgeth ſuch extremes.

The

The homelie villaine curſies to her low,
And bluſhing on her with a ſtedfaſt eye,
Receaues the ſcroll without or yea or no,
And forth with baſhfull innocence doth hie.
But they whoſe guilt within their boſomes lie,
Imagine euerie eye beholds their blame,
For LVCRECE thought, he bluſht to ſee her ſhame.

VVhen ſeelie Groome (God wot) it was defect
Of ſpirite, life, and bold audacitie,
Such harmleſſe creatures haue a true reſpect
To talke in deeds, while others faucilie
Promiſe more ſpeed, but do it leyſurelie.
Euen ſo this patterne of the worne-out age,
Pawn'd honeſt looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duetie kindled her miſtruſt,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed,
Shee thought he bluſht, as knowing TARQVINS luſt,
And bluſhing with him, wiſtlie on him gazed,
Her earneſt eye did make him more amazed.
The more ſhee ſaw the bloud his cheeks repleniſh,
The more ſhe thought he ſpied in her ſom blemiſh.

But long ſhee thinkes till he returne againe,
And yet the dutious vaſſall ſcarce is gone,
The wearie time ſhee cannot entertaine,
For now tis ſtale to ſigh, to weepe, and grone,
So woe hath wearied woe, mone tired mone,
That ſhee her plaints a little while doth ſtay,
Pawſing for means to mourne ſome newer way.

At laſt ſhee cals to mind where hangs a peece
Of skilfull painting, made for PRIAMS Troy,
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For HELENS rape, the Cittie to deſtroy,
Threatning cloud-kiſſing ILLION with annoy,
VVhich the conceipted Painter drew ſo prowd,
As Heauen (it ſeem'd) to kiſſe the turrets bow'd.

A thouſand lamentable obiects there,
In ſcorne of Nature, Art gaue liueleſſe life,
Many a dry drop ſeem'd a weeping teare,
Shed for the ſlaughtred husband by the wife.
The red bloud reek'd to ſhew the Painters ſtrife,
And dying eyes gleem'd forth their aſhie lights,
Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.

There

There might you ſee the labouring Pyoner
Begrim'd with ſweat, and ſmeared all with duſt,
And from the towres of Troy, there would appeare
The verie eyes of men through loop-holes thruſt,
Gazing vppon the Greekes with little luſt,
Such ſweet obſeruance in this worke was had,
That one might ſee thoſe farre of eyes looke ſad.

In great commaunders, Grace, and Maieſtie,
You might behold triumphing in their faces;
In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie,
And here and there the Painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces.
VVhich hartleſſe peaſaunts did ſo wel reſemble,
That one would ſwear he ſaw them quake & trẽble.

In AIAX and VLYSSES, ô what Art
Of Phiſiognomy might one behold!
The face of eyther cypher'd eythers heart,
Their face, their manners moſt expreſſie told,
In AIAX eyes blunt rage and rigour rold,
But the mild glance that ſlie VLYSSES lent,
Shewed deepe regard and ſmiling gouernment.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

There pleading might you ſee graue NESTOR ſtand,
As'twere incouraging the Greekes to fight,
Making ſuch ſober action with his hand,
That it beguild attention, charm'd the ſight,
In ſpeech it ſeemd his beard, all ſiluer white,
VVag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie,
Thin winding breath which purl'd vp to the skie.

About him were a preſſe of gaping faces,
VVhich ſeem'd to ſwallow vp his ſound aduice,
All ioyntlie liſtning, but with ſeuerall graces,
As if ſome Marmaide did their eares intice,
Some high, ſome low, the Painter was ſo nice.
The ſcalpes of manie, almoſt hid behind,
To iump vp higher ſeem'd to mocke the mind.

Here one mans hand leand on anothers head,
His noſe being ſhadowed by his neighbours eare,
Here one being throng'd, bears back all boln, & red,
Another ſmotherd, ſeemes to pelt and ſweare,
And in their rage ſuch ſignes of rage they beare,
As but for loſſe of NESTORS golden words,
It ſeem'd they would debate with angrie ſwords.

For

For much imaginarie worke was there,
Conceipt deceitfull, ſo compact ſo kinde,
That for ACHILLES image ſtood his ſpeare
Grip't in an Armed hand, himſelfe behind
VVas left vnſeene, ſaue to the eye of mind,
A hand, a foote, a face, a leg, a head
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of ſtrong beſieged TROY, (field,
VVhen their braue hope, bold HECTOR march'd to
Stood manie Troian mothers ſharing ioy,
To ſee their youthfull ſons bright weapons wield,
And to their hope they ſuch odde action yeeld,
That through their light ioy ſeemed to appeare,
(Like bright things ſtaind) a kind of heauie feare.

And from the ſtrond of DARDAN where they fought,
To SIMOIS reedie bankes the red bloud ran,
VVhoſe waues to imitate the battaile fought
VVith ſwelling ridges, and their rankes began
To breake vppon the galled ſhore, and than
Retire againe, till meeting greater ranckes
They ioine, & ſhoot their ſome at SIMOIS bancks.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

To this well painted peece is LVCRECE come,
To find a face where all diſtreſſe is ſteld,
Manie ſhee ſees, where cares haue carued ſome,
But none where all diſtreſſe and dolor dweld,
Till ſhee diſpayring HECVBA beheld,
Staring on PRIAMS wounds with her old eyes,
VVhich bleeding vnder PIRRHVS proud foot lies.

In her the Painter had anathomiz'd
Times ruine, beauties wracke, and grim cares raign,
Her cheeks with chops and wrinckles were diſguiz'd,
Of what ſhee was, no ſemblance did remaine:
Her blew bloud chang'd to blacke in euerie vaine,
VVanting the ſpring, that thoſe ſhrunke pipes had
Shew'd life impriſon'd in a bodie dead. (fed,

On this ſad ſhadow LVCRECE ſpends her eyes,
And ſhapes her ſorrow to the Beldames woes,
VVho nothing wants to anſwer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruell Foes.
The Painter was no God to lend her thoſe,
And therefore LVCRECE ſwears he did her wrong,
To giue her ſo much griefe, and not a tong.

Poore

Poore Inſtrument (quoth ſhee) without a ſound,
Ile tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop ſweet Balme in PRIAMS painted wound,
And raile on PIRRHVS that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns ſo long;
And with my knife ſcratch out the angrie eyes,
Of all the Greekes that are thine enemies.

Shew me the ſtrumpet that began this ſtur,
That with my nailes her beautie I may teare:
Thy heat of luſt fond PARIS did incur
This lode of wrath, that burning Troy doth beare;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,
And here in Troy for treſpaſſe of thine eye,
The Sire, the ſonne, the Dame, and daughter die.

VVhy ſhould the priuate pleaſure of ſome one
Become the publicke plague of manie moe?
Let ſinne alone committed, light alone
VVpon his head that hath tranſgreſſed ſo.
Let guiltleſſe ſoules be freed from guilty woe,
For ones offence why ſhould ſo many fall?
To plague a priuate ſinne in generall.

Lo here weeps HECVBA, here PRIAM dies,
Here manly HECTOR faints, here TROYLVS sounds;
Here friend by friend in bloudie channel lies:
And friend to friend giues vnaduised wounds,
And one mans lust these manie liues confounds.
Had doting PRIAM checkt his sons desire,
TROY had bin bright with Fame, & not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps TROYES painted woes,
For sorrow, like a heauie hanging Bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own waight goes,
Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell,
So LVCRECE set a worke, sad tales doth tell
To pencel'd pensiuenes, & colour'd sorrow, (row,
She lends them words, & she their looks doth bor-

Shee throwes her eyes about the painting round,
And who shee finds forlorne, shee doth lament:
At last shee sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous lookes, to Phrygian sheapheards lent,
His face though full of cares, yet shew'd content,
Onward to TROY with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild that patience seem'd to scorne his woes.

In him the Painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceipt, and giue the harmlesse show
An humble gate, calme looks, eyes wayling still,
A brow vnbent that seem'd to welcome wo,
Cheeks neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,
That blushing red, no guiltie instance gaue,
Nor ashie pale, the feare that false hearts haue.

But like a constant and confirmed Deuill,
He entertain'd a show, so seeming iust,
And therein so ensconc't his secret euill,
That Iealousie it selfe could not mistrust,
False creeping Craft, and Periurie should thrust
Into so bright a daie, such blackfac'd storms,
Or blot with Hell-born sin such Saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this milde Image drew
For periur'd SINON, whose inchaunting storie
The credulous old PRIAM after slew.
VVhose words like wild fire burnt the shining glorie
Of rich-built ILLION, that the skies were sorie,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
VVhē their glas fel, wherin they view'd their faces.

This picture ſhee aduiſedly peruſ'd,
And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill:
Saying, ſome ſhape in SINONS was abuſ'd,
So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind ſo ill,
And ſtill on him ſhee gaz'd, and gazing ſtill,
Such ſignes of truth in his plaine face ſhee ſpied,
That ſhee concludes, the Picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth ſhe) that ſo much guile,
(Shee would haue ſaid) can lurke in ſuch a looke:
But TARQVINS ſhape, came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot, tooke
It cannot be, ſhee in that ſence forſooke,
And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
But ſuch a face ſhould beare a wicked mind.

For euen as ſubtill SINON here is painted,
So ſober ſad, ſo wearie, and ſo milde,
(As if with griefe or trauaile he had fainted)
To me came TARQVIN armed to beguild
VVith outward honeſtie, but yet defild
VVith inward vice, as PRIAM him did cheriſh:
So did I TARQVIN, ſo my Troy did periſh.

Looke looke how liſtning PRIAM wets his eyes,
To ſee thoſe borrowed teares that SINON ſheeds,
PRIAM why art thou old, and yet not wiſe?
For euerie teare he fals a Troian bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds,
Thoſe roũd clear pearls of his that moue thy pitty,
Are bals of quenchleſſe fire to burne thy Citty.

Such Deuils ſteale effects from lightleſſe Hell,
For SINON in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,
Theſe contraries ſuch vnitie do hold,
Only to flatter fooles, and make them bold,
So PRIAMS truſt falſe SINONS teares doth flatter,
That he finds means to burne his Troy with water.

Here all inrag'd ſuch paſſion her aſſailes,
That patience is quite beaten from her breaſt,
Shee tears the ſenceleſſe SINON with her nailes,
Comparing him to that vnhappie gueſt,
VVhoſe deede hath made herſelfe, herſelfe deteſt,
At laſt ſhee ſmilingly with this giues ore,
Foole fool, quoth ſhe, his wounds wil not be ſore.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

Thus ebs and flowes the currant of her ſorrow,
And time doth wearie time with her complayning,
Shee looks for night, & then ſhee longs for morrow,
And both ſhee thinks too long with her remayning.
Short time ſeems long, in ſorrowes ſharp ſuſtayning,
Though wo be heauie, yet it ſeldome ſleepes,
And they that watch, ſee time, how ſlow it creeps.

VVhich all this time hath ouerſlipt her thought,
That ſhee with painted Images hath ſpent,
Being from the feeling of her own griefe brought,
By deepe ſurmiſe of others detriment,
Looſing her woes in ſhews of diſcontent:
It eaſeth ſome, though none it euer cured,
To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull Meſſenger come backe,
Brings home his Lord and other companie,
VVho finds his LVCRECE clad in mourning black,
And round about her teare-diſtained eye
Blew circles ſtream'd, like Rain-bows in the skie.
Theſe watergalls in her dim Element,
Foretell new ſtormes to thoſe alreadie ſpent.

VVhich

VVhich when her ſad beholding husband ſaw,
Amazedlie in her ſad face he ſtares:
Her eyes though ſod in tears look'd red and raw,
Her liuelie colour kil'd with deadlie cares,
He hath no power to aske her how ſhee fares,
Both ſtood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At laſt he takes her by the bloudleſſe hand,
And thus begins: what vncouth ill euent
Hath thee befalne, that thou doſt trembling ſtand?
Sweet loue what ſpite hath thy faire colour ſpent?
VVhy art thou thus attir'd in diſcontent?
Vnmaske deare deare, this moodie heauineſſe,
And tell thy griefe, that we may giue redreſſe.

Three times with ſighes ſhee giues her ſorrow fire,
Ere once ſhee can diſcharge one word of woe:
At length addreſt to anſwer his deſire,
Shee modeſtlie prepares, to let them know
Her Honor is tane priſoner by the Foe,
VVhile COLATINE and his conſorted Lords,
VVith ſad attention long to heare her words.

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And now this pale Swan in her watrie neſt,
Begins the ſad Dirge of her certaine ending,
Few words (quoth ſhee) ſhall fit the treſpaſſe beſt,
VVhere no excuſe can giue the fault amending.
In me moe woes then words are now depending,
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poore tired tong.

Then be this all the taske it hath to ſay,
Deare husband in the intereſt of thy bed
A ſtranger came, and on that pillow lay,
VVhere thou waſt wont to reſt thy wearie head,
And what wrong elſe may be imagined,
By foule inforcement might be done to me,
From that (alas) thy LVCRECE is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke midnight,
VVith ſhining Fauchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And ſoftly cried, awake thou Romaine Dame,
And entertaine my loue, elſe laſting ſhame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my loues deſire do contradict.

For

For ſome hard fauour'd Groome of thine, quoth he,
Vnleſſe thou yoke thy liking to my will
Ile murther ſtraight, and then ile ſlaughter thee,
And ſweare I found you where you did fulfill
The lothſome act of Luſt, and ſo did kill
The lechors in their deed, this Act will be
My Fame, and thy perpetuall infamy.

VVith this I did begin to ſtart and cry,
And then againſt my heart he ſet his ſword,
Swearing, vnleſſe I tooke all patiently,
I ſhould not liue to ſpeake another word.
So ſhould my ſhame ſtill reſt vpon record,
And neuer be forgot in mightie Roome
Th'adulterat death of LVCRECE, and her Groome.

Mine enemy was ſtrong, my poore ſelfe weake,
(And farre the weaker with ſo ſtrong a feare)
My bloudie Iudge forbod my tongue to ſpeake,
No rightfull plea might plead for Iuſtice there.
His ſcarlet Luſt came euidence to ſweare
That my poore beautie had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the Iudge is rob'd, the priſoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine owne excuſe,
Or (at the leaſt) this refuge let me finde,
Though my groſſe bloud be ſtaind with this abuſe,
Immaculate, and ſpotleſſe is my mind,
That was not forc'd, that neuer was inclind
To acceſſarie yeeldings, but ſtill pure
Doth in her poyſon'd cloſet yet endure.

Lo heare the hopeleſſe Marchant of this loſſe,
VVith head declin'd, and voice dam'd vp with wo,
VVith ſad ſet eyes and wretched armes acroſſe,
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow
The griefe away, that ſtops his anſwer ſo.
But wretched as he is he ſtriues in vaine,
VVhat he breaths out, his breath drinks vp again.

As through an Arch, the violent roaring tide,
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haſt:
Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride,
Backe to the ſtrait that forſt him on ſo faſt:
In rage ſent out, recald in rage being paſt,
Euen ſo his ſighes, his ſorrowes make a ſaw,
To puſh griefe on, and back the ſame grief draw.

VVhich

VVhich ſpeechleſſe woe of his poore ſhe attendeth,
And his vntimelie frenzie thus awaketh,
Deare Lord, thy ſorrow to my ſorrow lendeth
Another power, no floud by raining ſlaketh,
My woe too ſencible thy paſſion maketh
More feeling painfull, let it than ſuffice
To drowne on woe, one paire of weeping eyes.

And for my ſake when I might charme thee ſo,
For ſhee that was thy LVCRECE, now attend me,
Be ſodainelie reuenged on my Foe.
Thine, mine, his own, ſuppoſe thou doſt defend me
From what is paſt, the helpe that thou ſhalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the Traytor die,
For ſparing Iuſtice feeds iniquitie.

But ere I name him, you faire Lords, quoth ſhee,
(Speaking to thoſe that came with COLATINE)
Shall plight your Honourable faiths to me,
VVith ſwift purſuit to venge this wrong of mine,
For 'tis a meritorious faire deſigne,
To chaſe iniuſtice with reuengefull armes,
Knights by their oaths ſhould right poore Ladies

At this requeſt, with noble diſpoſition,
Each preſent Lord began to promiſe aide,
As bound in Knighthood to her impoſition,
Longing to heare the hatefull Foe bewraide.
But ſhee that yet her ſad taske hath not ſaid,
The proteſtation ſtops, ô ſpeake quoth ſhee,
How may this forced ſtaine be wip'd from me?

VVhat is the qualitie of my offence
Being conſtrayn'd with dreadfull circumſtance?
May my pure mind with the fowle act diſpence
My low declined Honor to aduance?
May anie termes acquit me from this chance?
The poyſoned fountaine cleares it ſelfe againe,
And why not I from this compelled ſtaine?

VVith this they all at once began to ſaie,
Her bodies ſtaine, her mind vntainted cleares,
VVhile with a ioyleſſe ſmile, ſhee turnes awaie
The face, that map which deepe impreſſion beares
Of hard misfortune, caru'd it in with tears.
No no, quoth ſhee, no Dame hereafter liuing,
By my excuſe ſhall claime excuſes giuing.

Here

Here with a ſigh as if her heart would breake,
Shee throwes forth TARQVINS name: he he, ſhe ſaies,
But more then he, her poore tong could not ſpeake,
Till after manie accents and delaies,
Vntimelie breathings, ſicke and ſhort aſſaies,
Shee vtters this, he he faire Lords, tis he
That guides this hand to giue this wound to me.

Euen here ſhe ſheathed in her harmleſſe breaſt
A harmfull knife, that thence her ſoule vnſheathed,
That blow did baile it from the deepe vnreſt
Of that polluted priſon, where it breathed:
Her contrite ſighes vnto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged ſprite, & through her woũds doth flie
Liues laſting date, from cancel'd deſtinie.

Stone ſtill, aſtoniſht with this deadlie deed,
Stood COLATINE, and all his Lordly crew,
Till LVCRECE Father that beholds her bleed,
Himſelfe, on her ſelfe-ſlaughtred bodie threw,
And from the purple fountaine BRVTVS drew
The murdrous knife, and as it left the place,
Her bloud in poore reuenge, held it in chaſe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

And bubling from her breſt, it doth deuide
In two ſlow riuers, that the crimſon bloud
Circles her bodie in on euerie ſide,
VVho like a late ſack't Iland vaſtlie ſtood
Bare and vnpeopled, in this fearfull flood.
Some of her bloud ſtill pure and red remain'd,
And ſom look'd black, & that falſe TARQVIN ſtain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that blacke bloud, a watrie rigoll goes,
VVhich ſeemes to weep vpon the tainted place,
And euer ſince as pitying LVCRECE woes,
Corrupted bloud, ſome waterie token ſhowes,
And bloud vntainted, ſtill doth red abide,
Bluſhing at that which is ſo putrified.

Daughter, deare daughter, old LVCRETIVS cries,
That life was mine which thou haſt here depriued,
If in the childe the fathers image lies,
VVhere ſhall I liue now LVCRECE is vnliued?
Thou waſt not to this end from me deriued.
If children prædeceaſe progenitours,
VVe are their offſpring and they none of ours.

Poore

Poore broken glaſſe, I often did behold
In thy ſweet ſemblance, my old age new borne,
But now that faire freſh mirror dim and old
Shewes me a bare bon'd death by time out-worne,
O from thy cheekes my image thou haſt torne,
And ſhiuerd all the beautie of my glaſſe,
That I no more can ſee what once I was.

O time ceaſe thou thy courſe and laſt no longer,
If they ſurceaſe to be that ſhould ſuruiue:
Shall rotten death make conqueſt of the ſtronger,
And leaue the foultring feeble ſoules aliue?
The old Bees die, the young poſſeſſe their hiue,
Then liue ſweet LVCRECE, liue againe and ſee
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this ſtarts COLATINE as from a dreame,
And bids LVCRECIVS giue his ſorrow place,
And than in key-cold LVCRECE bleeding ſtreame
He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his face,
And counterfaits to die with her a ſpace.
Till manly ſhame bids him poſſeſſe his breath,
And liue to be reuenged on her death.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[1]) Octavo

The deepe vexation of his inward ſoule,
Hath ſeru'd a dumbe arreſt vpon his tongue,
VVho mad that ſorrow ſhould his vſe controll,
Or keepe him from heart-eaſing words ſo long,
Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng
VVeake words, ſo thick come in his poor harts aid,
That no man could diſtinguiſh what he ſaid.

Yet ſometime TARQVIN was pronounced plaine,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,
This windie tempeſt, till it blow vp raine,
Held backe his ſorrowes tide, to make it more.
At laſt it raines, and buſie windes giue ore,
Then ſonne and father weep with equall ſtrife,
VVho ſhuld weep moſt for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may poſſeſſe the claime they lay.
The father ſaies, ſhee's mine, ô mine ſhee is
Replies her husband, do not take away
My ſorrowes intereſt, let no mourner ſay
He weepes for her, for ſhee was onely mine,
And onelie muſt be wayl'd by COLATINE.

O,

O, quoth LVCRETIVS, I did giue that life
VVhich ſhee to earely and too late hath ſpil'd.
VVoe woe, quoth COLATINE, ſhee was my wife,
I owed her, and tis mine that ſhee hath kil'd.
My daughter and my wife with clamors fild
The diſperſt aire, who holding LVCRECE life,
Anſwer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

BRVTVS who pluck't the knife from LVCRECE ſide,
Seeing ſuch emulation in their woe,
Began to cloath his wit in ſtate and pride,
Burying in LVCRECE wound his follies ſhow,
He with the Romains was eſteemed ſo
As ſeelie ieering idiots are with Kings,
For ſportiue words, and vttring fooliſh things.

But now he throwes that ſhallow habit by,
VVherein deepe pollicie did him diſguiſe,
And arm'd his long hid wits aduiſedlie,
To checke the teares in COLATINVS eies.
Thou wronged Lord of Rome, quoth he, ariſe,
Let my vnſounded ſelfe ſuppoſ'd a foole,
Now ſet thy long experienc't wit to ſchoole.

VVhy COLATINE, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds helpe wounds, or griefe helpe greeuous deeds?
Is it reuenge to giue thy ſelfe a blow,
For his fowle Act, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?
Such childiſh humor from weake minds proceeds,
Thy wretched wife miſtooke the matter ſo,
To ſlaie her ſelfe that ſhould haue ſlaine her Foe.

Couragious Romaine, do not ſteepe thy hart
In ſuch relenting dew of Lamentations,
But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part,
To rowſe our Romaine Gods with inuocations,
That they will ſuffer theſe abhominations.
(Since Rome her ſelf in thē doth ſtand diſgraced,)
By our ſtrong arms frō forth her fair ſtreets chaced.

Now by the Capitoll that we adore,
And by this chaſt bloud ſo vniuſtlie ſtained,
By heauens faire ſun that breeds the fat earths ſtore,
By all our countrey rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaſt LVCRECE ſoule that late complained
Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloudie knife,
VVe will reuenge the death of this true wife.

This

This ſayd, he ſtrooke his hand vpon his breaſt,
And kiſt the fatall knife to end his vow:
And to his proteſtation vrg'd the reſt,
VVho wondring at him, did his words allow.
Then ioyntlie to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deepe vow which BRVTVS made before,
He doth againe repeat, and that they ſwore.

VVhen they had ſworne to this aduiſed doome,
They did conclude to beare dead LVCRECE thence,
To ſhew her bleeding bodie thorough Roome,
And ſo to publiſh TARQVINS fowle offence;
VVhich being done, with ſpeedie diligence,
The Romaines plauſibly did giue conſent,
To TARQVINS euerlaſting baniſhment.

N

FINIS.

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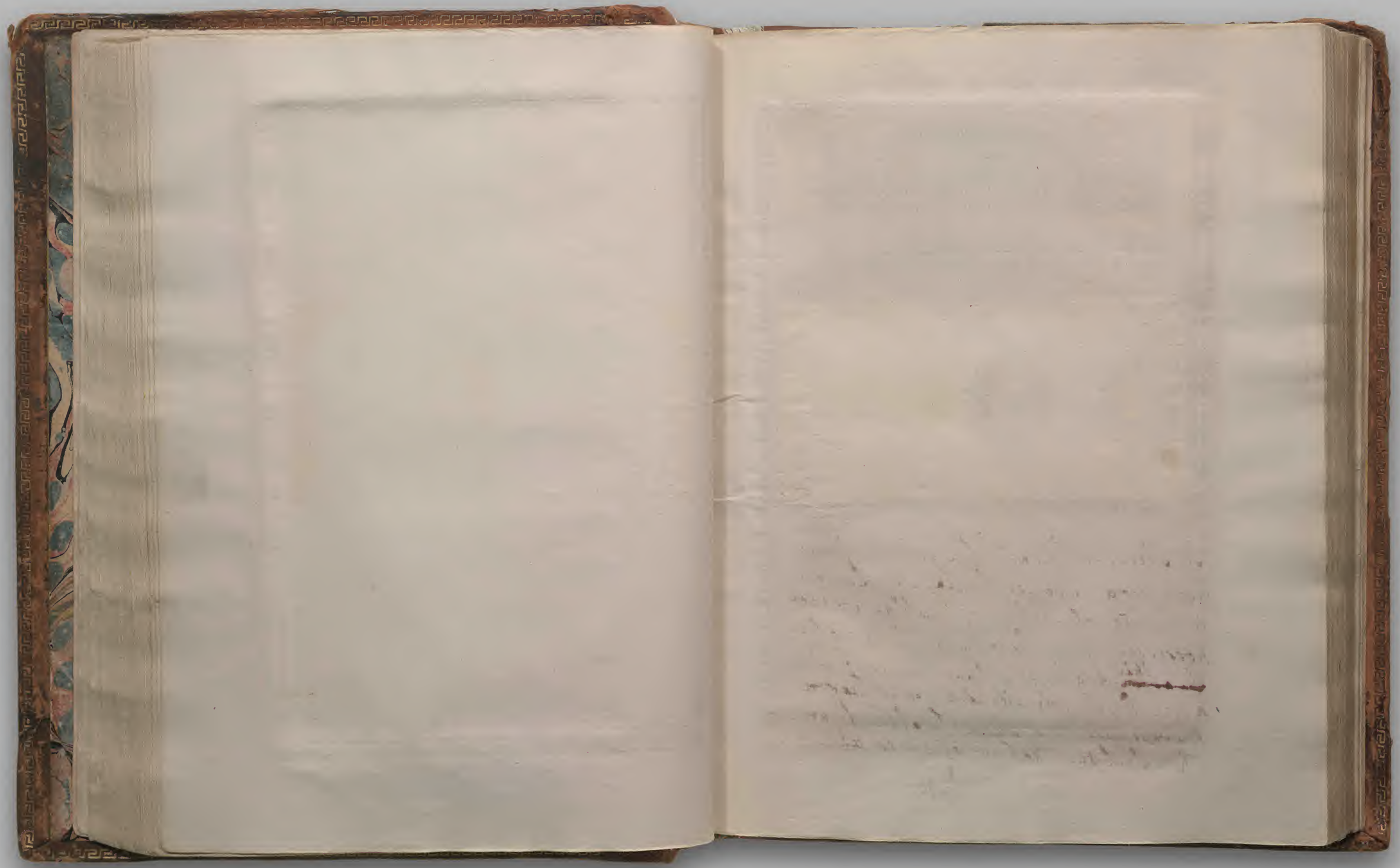

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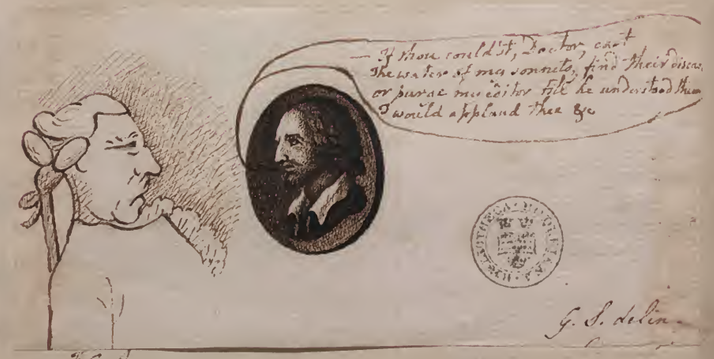

W. A.

Mr Steevens borrowed this volume from me in 1779, to peruse the Rape of Lucrece in the original edition, of which he was not possessed. When he returned it, he made this drawing. I was then confined by a sore throat, and attended by Mr Atkinson the Apothecary, whom the above figure whom Shakspeare addresses, is a caricature.

E. M.

SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are
to be solde by *William Aspley.*
1609. 24

TO.THE.ONLIE.BEGETTER.OF.
THESE.INSVING.SONNETS.
Mr.W.H. ALL.HAPPINESSE.
AND.THAT.ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR.EVER-LIVING.POET.

WISHETH.

THE.WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTVRER.IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.

SHAKE-SPEARES,
SONNETS.

FRom faireſt creatures we deſire increaſe,
That thereby beauties *Roſe* might neuer die,
But as the riper ſhould by time deceaſe,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'ſt thy lights flame with ſelfe ſubſtantiall fewell,
Making a famine where aboundance lies,
Thy ſelfe thy foe,to thy ſweet ſelfe too cruell:
Thou that art now the worlds freſh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy ſpring,
Within thine owne bud buriеſt thy content,
And tender chorle makſt waſt in niggarding:
Pitty the world,or elſe this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due,by the graue and thee.

2

VVHen fortie Winters ſhall beſeige thy brow,
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud liuery ſo gaz'd on now,
Wil be a totter'd weed of ſmal worth held:
Then being askt,where all thy beautie lies,
Where all the treaſure of thy luſty daies;
To ſay within thine owne deepe ſunken eyes,
Were an all-eating ſhame,and thriftleſſe praiſe.
How much more praiſe deſeru'd thy beauties vſe,
If thou couldſt anſwere this faire child of mine
Shall ſum my count,and make my old excuſe
Proouing his beautie by ſucceſſion thine.

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This were to be new made when thou art ould,
And see thy blood warme when thou feel'st it could,

3

LOoke in thy glasse and tell the face thou vewest,
Now is the time that face should forme an other,
Whose fresh repaire if now thou not renewest,
Thou do'st beguile the world, vnblesse some mother.
For where is she so faire whose vn-eard wombe
Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tombe,
Of his selfe loue to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee
Calls backe the louely Aprill of her prime,
So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,
Despight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.
But if thou liue remembred not to be,
Die single and thine Image dies with thee.

4

VNthrifty loueliness why dost thou spend,
Vpon thy selfe thy beauties legacy?
Natures bequest giues nothing but doth lend,
And being franck she lends to those are free:
Then beautious nigard why doost thou abuse,
The bountious largesse giuen thee to giue?
Profitles vserer why do'st thou vse
So great a summe of summes yet can'st not liue?
For hauing traffike with thy selfe alone,
Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe dost deceaue,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable *Audit* can'st thou leaue?
Thy vnus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which vsed liues th'executor to be.

5

THose howers that with gentle worke did frame,
The louely gaze where euery eye doth dwell
Will play the tirants to the very same,

And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell:
For neuer resting time leads Summer on,
To hidious winter and confounds him there,
Sap checkt with frost and lustie leau's quite gon,
Beauty ore-snow'd and barenes euery where,
Then were not summers distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse,
Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.
But flowers distil'd though they with winter meete,
Leese but their show, their substance still liues sweet.

6

THen let not winters wragged hand deface,
In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd:
Make sweet some viall; treasure thou some place,
With beautits treasure ere it be selfe kil'd:
That vse is not forbidden vsery,
Which happies those that pay the willing lone;
That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,
Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,
Then what could death doe if thou should'st depart,
Leauing thee liuing in posterity?
Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,
To be deaths conquest and make wormes thine heire.

7

LOe in the Orient when the gracious light,
Lifts vp his burning head, each vnder eye
Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
Seruing with lookes his sacred maiesty,
And hauing climb'd the steepe vp heauenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,
Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:
But when from high-most pich with wery car,

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Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes(fore dutious)now conuerted are
From his low tract and looke an other way:
So thou,thy selfe out-going in thy noon:
Vniok'd on diest vnlesse thou get a sonne.

8

MVsick to heare,why hear'st thou musick sadly,
Sweets with sweets warre not, ioy delights in ioy:
Why lou'st thou that which thou receaust not gladly,
Or else receau'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By vnions married do offend thine eare,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singlenesse the parts that thou should'st beare:
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Resembling sier,and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one,one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechlesse song being many,seeming one,
Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none.

9.

IS it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,
That thou consum'st thy selfe in single life?
Ah;if thou issulesse shalt hap to die,
The world will waile thee like a makelesse wife,
The world wilbe thy widdow and still weepe,
That thou no forme of thee hast left behind,
When euery priuat widdow well may keepe,
By childrens eyes,her husbands shape in minde:
Looke what an vnthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place,for still the world inioyes it
But beauties waste, hath in the world an end,
And kept vnvsde the vser so destroyes it:
No loue toward others in that bosome sits
That on himselfe such murdrous shame commits.

10.

10

FOr shame deny that thou bear'st loue to any
Who for thy selfe art so vnprouident
Graunt if thou wilt,thou art belou'd of many,
But that thou none lou'st is most euident:
For thou art so possest with murdrous hate,
That gainst thy selfe thou stickst not to conspire,
Seeking that beautious roofe to ruinate
Which to repaire should be thy chiefe desire:
O change thy thought,that I may change my minde,
Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle loue?
Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,
Or to thy selfe at least kind harted proue,
Make thee an other selfe for loue of me,
That beauty still may liue in thine or thee.

11

AS fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'st,
In one of thine,from that which thou departest,
And that fresh bloud which yongly thou bestow'st,
Thou maist call thine,when thou from youth conuertest,
Herein liues wisdome,beauty,and increase,
Without this follie,age,and could decay,
If all were minded so,the times should cease,
And threescoore yeare would make the world away:
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh,featureless,and rude, barrenly perrish,
Looke whom she best indow'd,she gaue the more;
Which bountious guift thou shouldst in bounty cherrish,
She caru'd thee for her seale,and ment therby,
Thou shouldst print more,not let that coppy die.

12

VVHen I doe count the clock that tels the time,
And see the braue day sunck in hidious night,
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls or silüer'd ore with white:
When lofty trees I see barren of leaues,
Which erst from heat did canopie the herd

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Sonnets* LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[2]) Octavo

And Sommers greene all girded vp in sheaues
Borne on the beare with white and bristly beard:
Then of thy beauty do I question make
That thou among the wastes of time must goe,
Since sweets and beauties do them-selues forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow,
And nothing gainst Times sieth can make defence
Saue breed to braue him,when he takes thee hence.

13

O That you were your selfe,but loue you are
No longer yours,then you your selfe here liue,
Against this cumming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other giue.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination,then you were
You selfe again after your selfes decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet forme should beare.
Who lets so faire a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might vphold,
Against the stormy gusts of winters day
And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?
O none but vnthrifts,deare my loue you know,
You had a Father,let your Son say so.

14

NOt from the stars do I my iudgement plucke,
And yet me thinkes I haue Astronomy,
But not to tell of good,or euil lucke,
Of plagues,of dearths,or seasons quallity,
Nor can I fortune to breefe mynuits tell;
Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
Or say with Princes if it shal go wel
By oft predict that I in heauen finde.
But from thine eies my knowledge I deriue,
And constant stars in them I read such art
As truth and beautie shal together thriue
If from thy selfe,to store thou wouldst conuert:

Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is Truthes and Beauties doome and date.

15

WHen I consider euery thing that growes
Holds in perfection but a little moment.
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shewes
Whereon the Stars in secret influence comment.
When I perceiue that men as plants increase,
Cheared and checkt euen by the selfe-same skie:
Vaunt in their youthfull sap,at height decrease,
And were their braue state out of memory.
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wastfull time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to sullied night,
And all in war with Time for loue of you
As he takes from you,I ingraft you new.

16

BVt wherefore do not you a mightier waie
Make warre vppon this bloudie tirant time?
And fortifie your selfe in your decay
With meanes more blessed then my barren rime?
Now stand you on the top of happie houres,
And many maiden gardens yet vnset,
With vertuous wish would beare your liuing flowers,
Much liker then your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repaire
Which this (Times pensel or my pupill pen)
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
Can make you liue your selfe in eies of men,
To giue away your selfe,keeps your selfe still,
And you must liue drawne by your owne sweet skill.

17

WHo will beleeue my verse in time to come
If it were fild with your most high deserts?

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Though yet heauen knowes it is but as a tombe
Which hides your life, and ſhewes not halfe your parts:
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in freſh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would ſay this Poet lies,
Such heauenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.
So ſhould my papers (yellowed with their age)
Be ſcorn'd,like old men of leſſe truth then tongue,
And your true rights be termd a Poets rage,
And ſtretched miter of an Antique ſong.
But were ſome childe of yours aliue that time,
You ſhould liue twiſe in it,and in my rime.

18.

SHall I compare thee to a Summers day?
Thou art more louely and more temperate:
Rough windes do ſhake the darling buds of Maie,
And Sommers leaſe hath all too ſhort a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heauen ſhines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And euery faire from faire ſome-time declines,
By chance,or natures changing courſe vntrim'd:
But thy eternall Sommer ſhall not fade,
Nor looſe poſſeſſion of that faire thou ow'ſt,
Nor ſhall death brag thou wandr'ſt in his ſhade,
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'ſt,
So long as men can breath or eyes can ſee,
So long liues this,and this giues life to thee,

19

DEuouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,
And make the earth deuoure her owne ſweet brood,
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,
And burne the long liu'd Phœnix in her blood,
Make glad and ſorry ſeaſons as thou fleet'ſt,
And do what ere thou wilt ſwift-footed time
To the wide world and all her fading ſweets:
But I forbid thee one moſt hainous crime,

O carue not with thy howers my loues faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen,
Him in thy courſe vntainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to ſucceding men.
Yet doe thy worſt ould Time diſpight thy wrong,
My loue ſhall in my verſe euer liue young.

20

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
Haſte thou the Maſter Miſtris of my paſſion,
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
With ſhifting change as is falſe womens faſhion,
An eye more bright then theirs,leſſe falſe in rowling:
Gilding the obiect where-vpon it gazeth,
A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling,
Which ſteales mens eyes and womens ſoules amaſeth.
And for a woman wert thou firſt created,
Till nature as ſhe wrought thee fell a dotinge,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpoſe nothing.
But ſince ſhe prickt thee out for womens pleaſure,
Mine be thy loue and thy loues vſe their treaſure.

21

SO is it not with me as with that Muſe,
Stird by a painted beauty to his verſe,
Who heauen it ſelfe for ornament doth vſe,
And euery faire with his faire doth reherſe,
Making a coopelment of proud compare
With Sunne and Moone,with earth and ſeas rich gems:
With Aprills firſt borne flowers and all things rare,
That heauens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
O let me true in loue but truly write,
And then beleeue me,my loue is as faire,
As any mothers childe,though not ſo bright
As thoſe gould candells fixt in heauens ayer:
Let them ſay more that like of heare-ſay well,
I will not prayſe that purpoſe not to ſell.

22

MY glasse shall not perswade me I am ould,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee times forrwes I behould,
Then look I death my daies should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth couer thee,
Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,
Which in thy brest doth liue,as thine in me,
How can I then be elder then thou art?
O therefore loue be of thy selfe so wary,
As I not for my selfe,but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slaine,
Thou gau'st me thine not to giue backe againe.

23

AS an vnperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his feare is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage,
Whose strengths abondance weakens his owne heart;
So I for feare of trust,forget to say,
The perfect ceremony of loues right,
And in mine owne loues strength seeme to decay,
Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might:
O let my books be then the eloquence,
And dumb presagers of my speaking brest,
Who pleade for loue,and look for recompence,
More then that tonge that more hath more exprest.
O learne to read what silent loue hath writ,
To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wit.

24

MIne eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeld,
Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,
My body is the frame wherein ti's held,
And perspectiue it is best Painters art.
For through the Painter must you see his skill,

To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil,
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eies haue done,
Mine eyes haue drawne thy shape,and thine for me
Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun
Delights to peepe,to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
They draw but what they see,know not the hart.

25

LEt those who are in fauor with their stars,
Of publike honour and proud titles bost,
Whilst I whome fortune of such tryumph bars
Vnlookt for ioy in that I honour most;
Great Princes fauorites their faire leaues spread,
But as the Marygold at the suns eye,
And in them-selues their pride lies buried,
For at a frowne they in their glory die.
The painefull warrier famosed for worth,
After a thousand victories once foild,
Is from the booke of honour rased quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toild:
Then happy I that loue and am beloued
Where I may not remoue,nor be remoued.

26

LOrd of my loue,to whome in vassalage
Thy merrit hath my dutie strongly knit;
To thee I send this written ambassage
To witnesse duty, not to shew my wit.
Duty so great,which wit so poore as mine
May make seeme bare,in wanting words to shew it;
But that I hope some good conceipt of thine
In thy soules thought(all naked) will bestow it:
Til whatsoeuer star that guides my mouing,
Points on me gratiously with faire aspect,
And puts apparrell on my tottered louing,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Sonnets* LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[2]) Octavo

To ſhow me worthy of their ſweet reſpect,
Then may I dare to boaſt how I doe loue thee,
Til then,not ſhow my head where thou maiſt proue me

27

WEary with toyle,I haſt me to my bed,
The deare repoſe for lims with trauaill tired,
But then begins a iourny in my head
To worke my mind,when boddies work's expired.
For then my thoughts(from far where I abide)
Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee,
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darknes which the blind doe ſee.
Saue that my ſoules imaginary ſight
Preſents their ſhaddoe to my ſightles view,
Which like a iewell(hunge in gaſtly night)
Makes blacke night beautious,and her old face new.
Loe thus by day my lims,by night my mind,
For thee,and for my ſelfe,noe quiet finde.

28

HOw can I then returne in happy plight
That am debard the benifit of reſt?
When daies oppreſſion is not eazd by night,
But day by night and night by day opreſt.
And each(though enimes to ethers raigne)
Doe in conſent ſhake hands to torture me,
The one by toyle,the other to complaine
How far I toyle,ſtill farther off from thee.
I tell the Day to pleaſe him thou art bright,
And do'ſt him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen:
So flatter I the ſwart complexiond night,
When ſparkling ſtars twire not thou guil'ſt th' eauen.
But day doth daily draw my ſorrowes longer,(ſtronger
And night doth nightly make greefes length ſeeme

29

VVHen in diſgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-caſt ſtate,

And trouble deafe heauen with my bootleſſe cries,
And looke vpon my ſelfe and curſe my fate.
Wiſhing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him,like him with friends poſſeſt,
Deſiring this mans art,and that mans skope,
With what I moſt inioy contented leaſt,
Yet in theſe thoughts my ſelfe almoſt deſpiſing,
Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my ſtate,
(Like to the Larke at breake of daye ariſing)
From ſullen earth ſings himns at Heauens gate,
For thy ſweet loue remembred ſuch welth brings,
That then I skorne to change my ſtate with Kings.

30

VVHen to the Seſſions of ſweet ſilent thought,
I ſommon vp remembrance of things paſt,
I ſigh the lacke of many a thing I ſought,
And with old woes new waile my deare times waſte:
Then can I drowne an eye(vn-vſ'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And weepe a freſh loues long ſince canceld woe,
And mone th'expence of many a vanniſht ſight.
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
The ſad account of fore-bemoned mone,
Which I new pay as if not payd before.
But if the while I thinke on thee,(deare friend)
All loſſes are reſtord,and ſorrowes end.

31

THy boſome is indeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking haue ſuppoſed dead,
And there raignes Loue and all Loues louing parts,
And all thoſe friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obſequious teare
Hath deare religious loue ſtolne from mine eye,
As intereſt of the dead,which now appeare,
But things remou'd that hidden in there lie.

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Thou art the graue where buried loue doth liue,
Hung with the tropheis of my louers gon,
Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,
That due of many, now is thine alone.
Their images I lou'd, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

32

IF thou suruiue my well contented daie,
When that churle death my bones with dust shall couer
And shalt by fortune once more re-suruay:
These poore rude lines of thy deceased Louer:
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And though they be out-stript by euery pen,
Reserue them for my loue, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the hight of happier men.
Oh then vouchsafe me but this louing thought,
Had my friends Muse growne with this growing age,
A dearer birth then this his loue had brought
To march in ranckes of better equipage:
But since he died and Poets better proue,
Theirs for their stile ile read, his for his loue.

33

FVll many a glorious morning haue I seene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with soueraine eie,
Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;
Guilding pale streames with heauenly alcumy:
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride,
With ougly rack on his celestiall face,
And from the for-lorne world his visage hide
Stealing vnseene to west with this disgrace:
Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow,
But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth,
Suns of the world may staine, when heauens sun staineth.

34

WHy didst thou promise such a beautious day,
And make me trauaile forth without my cloake,
To let base cloudes ore-take me in my way,
Hiding thy brau'ry in their rotten smoke.
Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salue can speake,
That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame giue physicke to my griefe,
Though thou repent, yet I haue still the losse,
Th'offenders sorrow lends but weake releefe
To him that beares the strong offenses losse.
Ah but those teares are pearle which thy loue sheeds,
And they are ritch, and ransome all ill deeds.

35

NO more bee greeu'd at that which thou hast done,
Roses haue thornes, and siluer fountaines mud,
Cloudes and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne,
And loathsome canker liues in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and euen I in this,
Authorizing thy trespas with compare,
My selfe corrupting saluing thy amisse,
Excusing their sins more then their sins are:
For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence,
Thy aduerse party is thy Aduocate,
And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,
Such ciuill war is in my loue and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be,
To that sweet theefe which sourely robs from me.

36

LEt me confesse that we two must be twaine,
Although our vndeuided loues are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remaine,
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.
In our two loues there is but one respect,

Though

Though in our liues a ſeperable ſpight,
Which though it alter not loues ſole effect,
Yet doth it ſteale ſweet houres from loues delight,
I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,
Leaſt my bewailed guilt ſhould do thee ſhame,
Nor thou with publike kindneſſe honour me,
Vnleſſe thou take that honour from thy name:
But doe not ſo,I loue thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine,mine is thy good report.

37

AS a decrepit father takes delight,
To ſee his actiue childe do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortunes dearеſt ſpight
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty,birth,or wealth,or wit,
Or any of theſe all,or all,or more
Intitled in their parts,do crowned ſit,
I make my loue ingrafted to this ſtore:
So then I am not lame,poore, nor diſpiſ'd,
Whilſt that this ſhadow doth ſuch ſubſtance giue,
That I in thy abundance am ſuffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory liue:
Looke what is beſt,that beſt I wiſh in thee,
This wiſh I haue,then ten times happy me.

38

HOw can my Muſe want ſubiect to inuent
While thou doſt breath that poor'ſt into my verſe,
Thine owne ſweet argument,to excellent,
For euery vulgar paper to rehearſe:
Oh giue thy ſelfe the thankes if ought in me,
Worthy perуſal ſtand againſt thy ſight,
For who's ſo dumbe that cannot write to thee,
When thou thy ſelfe doſt giue inuention light?
Be thou the tenth Muſe,ten times more in worth
Then thoſe old nine which rimers inuocate,
And he that calls on thee,let him bring forth

Eternal numbers to out-liue long date.
If my ſlight Muſe doe pleaſe theſe curious daies,
The paine be mine,but thine ſhal be the praiſe.

39

OH how thy worth with manners may I ſinge,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine owne praiſe to mine owne ſelfe bring:
And what is't but mine owne when I praiſe thee,
Euen for this,let vs deuided liue,
And our deare loue looſe name of ſingle one,
That by this ſeperation I may giue:
That due to thee which thou deſeru'ſt alone:
Oh abſence what a torment wouldſt thou proue,
Were it not thy ſoure leiſure gaue ſweet leaue,
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,
VVhich time and thoughts ſo ſweetly doſt deceiue,
And that thou teacheſt how to make one twaine,
By praiſing him here who doth hence remaine.

40

TAke all my loues,my loue,yea take them all,
What haſt thou then more then thou hadſt before?
No loue,my loue,that thou maiſt true loue call,
All mine was thine,before thou hadſt this more:
Then if for my loue,thou my loue receiueſt,
I cannot blame thee,for my loue thou vſeſt,
But yet be blam'd,if thou this ſelfe deceaueſt
By wilfull taſte of what thy ſelfe refuſeſt.
I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle theefe
Although thou ſteale thee all my pouerty:
And yet loue knowes it is a greater griefe
To beare loues wrong,then hates knowne iniury.
Laſciuious grace,in whom all il wel ſhowes,
Kill me with ſpights yet we muſt not be foes.

41

THoſe pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am ſome-time abſent from thy heart,

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Thy beautie,and thy yeares full well befits,
For ſtill temptation followes where thou art.
Gentle thou art,and therefore to be wonne,
Beautious thou art,therefore to be aſſailed.
And when a woman woes,what womans ſonne,
Will ſowrely leaue her till he haue preuailed.
Ayme,but yet thou mighſt my ſeate forbeare,
And chide thy beauty,and thy ſtraying youth,
Who lead thee in their ryot euen there
Where thou art forſt to breake a two-fold truth:
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beautie beeing falſe to me.

42

THat thou haſt her it is not all my griefe,
And yet it may be ſaid I lou'd her deerely,
That ſhe hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,
A loſſe in loue that touches me more neerely.
Louing offendors thus I will excuſe yee,
Thou dooſt loue her,becauſe thou knowſt I loue her,
And for my ſake euen ſo doth ſhe abuſe me,
Suffring my friend for my ſake to approoue her,
If I looſe thee,my loſſe is my loues gaine,
And looſing her,my friend hath found that loſſe,
Both finde each other,and I looſe both twaine,
And both for my ſake lay on me this croſſe,
But here's the ioy,my friend and I are one,
Sweete flattery,then ſhe loues but me alone.

43

WHen moſt I winke then doe mine eyes beſt ſee,
For all the day they view things vnreſpected,
But when I ſleepe,in dreames they looke on thee,
And darkely bright,are bright in darke directed.
Then thou whoſe ſhaddow ſhaddowes doth make bright,
How would thy ſhadowes forme,forme happy ſhow,
To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,
When to vn-ſeeing eyes thy ſhade ſhines ſo?

How

How would (I ſay)mine eyes be bleſſed made,
By looking on thee in the liuing day?
When in dead night their faire imperfect ſhade,
Through heauy ſleepe on ſightleſſe eyes doth ſtay?
All dayes are nights to ſee till I ſee thee,
And nights bright daies when dreams do ſhew thee me.

44

IF the dull ſubſtance of my fleſh were thought,
Iniurious diſtance ſhould not ſtop my way,
For then diſpight of ſpace I would be brought,
From limits farre remote,where thou dooſt ſtay,
No matter then although my foote did ſtand
Vpon the farthеſt earth remoou'd from thee,
For nimble thought can iumpe both ſea and land,
As ſoone as thinke the place where he would be.
But ah,thought kills me that I am not thought
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that ſo much of earth and water wrought,
I muſt attend,times leaſure with my mone.
Receiuing naughts by elements ſo ſloe,
But heauie teares,badges of eithers woe.

45

THe other two,ſlight ayre,and purging fire,
Are both with thee,where euer I abide,
The firſt my thought,the other my deſire,
Theſe preſent abſent with ſwift motion ſlide.
For when theſe quicker Elements are gone
In tender Embaſſie of loue to thee,
My life being made of foure,with two alone,
Sinkes downe to death,oppreſt with melancholie.
Vntill liues compoſition be recured,
By thoſe ſwift meſſengers return'd from thee,
Who euen but now come back againe aſſured,
Of their faire health,recounting it to me.
This told,I ioy,but then no longer glad,
I ſend them back againe and ſtraight grow ſad.

Mine

46

Mine eye and heart are at a mortall warre,
How to deuide the conqueſt of thy ſight,
Mine eye,my heart their pictures ſight would barre,
My heart,mine eye the freedome of that right,
My heart doth plead that thou in him dooſt lye,
(A cloſet neuer pearſt with chriſtall eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And ſayes in him their faire appearance lyes.
To ſide this title is impannelled
A queſt of thoughts,all tennants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The cleere eyes moyitie,and the deare hearts part.
As thus,mine eyes due is their outward part,
And my hearts right,their inward loue of heart.

47

BEtwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
When that mine eye is famiſht for a looke,
Or heart in loue with ſighes himſelfe doth ſmother;
With my loues picture then my eye doth feaſt,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
An other time mine eye is my hearts gueſt,
And in his thoughts of loue doth ſhare a part.
So either by thy picture or my loue,
Thy ſelfe away,are preſent ſtill with me,
For thou nor farther then my thoughts canſt moue,
And I am ſtill with them,and they with thee.
Or if they ſleepe, thy picture in my ſight
Awakes my heart,to hearts and eyes delight.

48

HOw careſull was I when I tooke my way,
Each trifle vnder trueſt barres to thruſt,
That to my vſe it might vn-vſed ſtay
From hands of falſehood,in ſure wards of truſt?
But thou,to whom my iewels trifles are,

Moſt worthy comfort,now my greateſt griefe,
Thou beſt of deereſt,and mine onely care,
Art left the prey of euery vulgar theefe.
Thee haue I not lockt vp in any cheſt,
Saue where thou art not,though I feele thou art,
Within the gentle cloſure of my breſt,
From whence at pleaſure thou maiſt come and part,
And euen thence thou wilt be ſtolne I feare,
For truth prooues theeuiſh for a prize ſo deare.

49

AGainſt that time (if euer that time come)
When I ſhall ſee thee frowne on my defects,
When as thy loue hath caſt his vtmoſt ſumme,
Cauld to that audite by aduiſ'd reſpects,
Againſt that time when thou ſhalt ſtrangely paſſe,
And ſcarcely greete me with that ſunne thine eye,
When loue conuerted from the thing it was
Shall reaſons finde of ſetled grauitie.
Againſt that time do I inſconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine owne deſart,
And this my hand,againſt my ſelfe vpreare,
To guard the lawfull reaſons on thy part,
To leaue poore me,thou haſt the ſtrength of lawes,
Since why to loue,I can alledge no cauſe.

50

HOw heauie doe I iourney on the way,
When what I ſeeke (my wearie trauels end)
Doth teach that eaſe and that repoſe to ſay
Thus farre the miles are meaſurde from thy friend.
The beaſt that beares me,tired with my woe,
Plods duly on,to beare that waight in me,
As if by ſome inſtinct the wretch did know
His rider lou'd not ſpeed being made from thee:
The bloody ſpurre cannot prouoke him on,
That ſome-times anger thruſts into his hide,
Which heauily he anſwers with a grone,

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More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,
For that same grone doth put this in my mind,
My greefe lies onward and my ioy behind.

51

THus can my loue excuse the slow offence,
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed,
From where thou art, why shoulld I haste me thence,
Till I returne of posting is noe need.
O what excuse will my poore beast then find,
When swift extremity can seeme but slow,
Then should I spurre though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know,
Then can no horse with my desire keepe pace,
Therefore desire (of perfects loue being made)
Shall naigh noe dull flesh in his fiery race,
But loue, for loue, thus shall excuse my iade,
Since from thee going, he went wilfull slow,
Towards thee ile run, and giue him leaue to goe.

52

SO am I as the rich whose blessed key,
Can bring him to his sweet vp-locked treasure,
The which he will not eu'ry hower suruay,
For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,
Since sildom comming in the long yeare set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captaine Iewells in the carconet.
So is the time that keepes you as my chest,
Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,
To make some speciall instant speciall blest,
By new vnfoulding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you whose worthinesse giues skope,
Being had to tryumph, being lackt to hope.

53

WHat is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend?

Since

Since euery one, hath euery one, one shade,
And you but one, can euery shaddow lend:
Describe *Adonis* and the counterfet,
Is poorely immitated after you,
On *Hellens* cheeke all art of beautie set,
And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new:
Speake of the spring, and foyzon of the yeare,
The one doth shaddow of your beautie show,
The other as your bountie doth appeare,
And you in euery blessed shape we know.
In all externall grace you haue some part,
But you like none, none you for constant heart.

54

OH how much more doth beautie beautious seeme,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue,
The Rose lookes faire, but fairer we it deeme
For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue:
The Canker bloomes haue full as deepe a die,
As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,
Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
When sommers breath their masked buds discloses:
But for their virtue only is their show,
They liue vnwoo'd, and vnrespected fade,
Die to themselues. Sweet Roses doe not so,
Of their sweet deathes, are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beautious and louely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

55

NOt marble, nor the guilded monument,
Of Princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Then vnswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-turne,
And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne:
The liuing record of your memory.

Gainst

Gainſt death,and all obliuious emnity
Shall you pace forth, your praiſe ſhall ſtil finde roome,
Euen in the eyes of all poſterity
That weare this world out to the ending doome.
So til the iudgement that your ſelfe ariſe,
You liue in this,and dwell in louers eies.

56

Sweet loue renew thy force, be it not ſaid
Thy edge ſhould blunter be then apetite,
Which but too daie by feeding is alaied,
To morrow ſharpned in his former might.
So loue be thou,although too daie thou fill
Thy hungrie eies,euen till they winck with fulneſſe,
Too morrow ſee againe,and doe not kill
The ſpirit of Loue,with a perpetual dulneſſe:
Let this ſad *Intrim* like the Ocean be
Which parts the ſhore,where two contracted new,
Come daily to the banckes,that when they ſee:
Returne of loue,more bleſt may be the view.
As cal it Winter,which being ful of care,
Makes Sõmers welcome,thrice more wiſh'd,more rare.

57

BEing your ſlaue what ſhould I doe but tend,
Vpon the houres,and times of your deſire?
I haue no precious time at al to ſpend;
Nor ſeruices to doe til you require.
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
Whilſt I(my ſoueraine)watch the clock for you,
Nor thinke the bitterneſſe of abſence ſowre,
When you haue bid your ſeruant once adieue.
Nor dare I queſtion with my iealious thought,
Where you may be,or your affaires ſuppoſe,
But like a ſad ſlaue ſtay and thinke of nought
Saue where you are, how happy you make thoſe.
So true a foole is loue,that in your Will,
(Though you doe any thing)he thinkes no ill.

58

THat God forbid,that made me firſt your ſlaue,
I ſhould in thought controule your times of pleaſure,
Or at your hand th' account of houres to craue,
Being your vaſſail bound to ſtaie your leiſure.
Oh let me ſuffer(being at your beck)
Th' impriſon'd abſence of your libertie,
And patience tame,to ſufferance bide each check,
Without accuſing you of iniury.
Be where you liſt,your charter is ſo ſtrong,
That you your ſelfe may priuiledge your time
To what you will,to you it doth belong,
Your ſelfe to pardon of ſelfe-doing crime.
I am to waite,though waiting ſo be hell,
Not blame your pleaſure be it ill or well.

59

IF their bee nothing new,but that which is,
Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,
Which laboring for inuention beare amiſſe
The ſecond burthen of a former child?
Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
Euen of fiue hundreth courſes of the Sunne,
Show me your image in ſome antique booke,
Since minde at firſt in carre&ter was done.
That I might ſee what the old world could ſay,
To this compoſed wonder of your frame,
Whether we are mended,or where better they,
Or whether reuolution be the ſame.
Oh ſure I am the wits of former daies,
To ſubiects worſe haue giuen admiring praiſe.

60

LIke as the waues make towards the pibled ſhore,
So do our minuites haſten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goës before,
In ſequent toile all forwards do contend.
Natiuity once in the maine of light,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Sonnets* LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[2]) Octavo

Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
And time that gaue, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,
And delues the parales in beauties brow,
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
And nothing stands but for his scieth to mow.
And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth, dispight his cruell hand.

61

IS it thy wil, thy Image should keepe open
My heauy eielids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So farre from home into my deeds to prye,
To find out shames and idle houres in me,
The skope and tenure of thy Ielousie?
O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,
It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,
Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,
To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake.
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me farre off, with others all to neere.

62

SInne of selfe-loue possesseth al mine eie,
And all my soule, and al my euery part;
And for this sinne there is no remedie,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Me thinkes no face so gratious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,
Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read

Selfe

Selfe, so selfe louing were iniquity,
T'is thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies.

63

AGainst my loue shall be as I am now
With times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,
When houres haue dreind his blood and fild his brow
With lines and wrincles, when his youthfull morne
Hath trauaild on to Ages steepie night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's King
Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.
For such a time do I now fortifie
Against confounding Ages cruell knife,
That he shall neuer cut from memory
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life.
His beautie shall in these blacke lines be seene,
And they shall liue, and he in them still greene.

64

WHen I haue seene by times fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworne buried age,
When sometime lostie towers I see downe rased,
And brasse eternall slaue to mortall rage.
When I haue seene the hungry Ocean gaine
Aduantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,
And the firme soile win of the watry maine,
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store.
When I haue seene such interchange of state,
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminate
That Time will come and take my loue away.
This thought is as a death which cannot choose
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loose.

65

SInce brasse, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,
But sad mortallity ore-swaies their power,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Sonnets* LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[2]) Octavo

How with this rage ſhall beautie hold a plea,
Whoſe action is no ſtronger then a flower?
O how ſhall ſummers hunny breath hold out,
Againſt the wrackfull ſiedge of battring dayes,
When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtoute,
Nor gates of ſteele ſo ſtrong but time decayes?
O fearefull meditation, where alack,
Shall times beſt Iewell from times cheſt lie hid?
Or what ſtrong hand can hold his ſwift foote back,
Or who his ſpoile or beautie can forbid?
O none, vnleſſe this miracle haue might,
That in black inck my loue may ſtill ſhine bright.

66

TYr'd with all theſe for reſtfull death I cry,
As to behold deſert a begger borne,
And needie Nothing trimd in iollitie,
And pureſt faith vnhappily forſworne,
And gilded honor ſhamefully miſplaſt,
And maiden vertue rudely ſtrumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully diſgrac'd,
And ſtrength by limping ſway diſabled,
And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill,
And ſimple-Truth miſcalde Simplicitie,
And captiue-good attending Captaine ill.
Tyr'd with all theſe, from theſe would I be gone,
Saue that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

67

AH wherefore with infection ſhould he liue,
And with his preſence grace impietie,
That ſinne by him aduantage ſhould atchiue,
And lace it ſelfe with his ſocietie?
Why ſhould falſe painting immitate his cheeke,
And ſteale dead ſeeing of his liuing hew?
Why ſhould poore beautie indirectly ſeeke,
Roſes of ſhaddow, ſince his Roſe is true?

Why

Why ſhould he liue, now nature bankrout is,
Beggerd of blood to bluſh through liuely vaines,
For ſhe hath no exchecker now but his,
And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?
O him ſhe ſtores, to ſhow what welth ſhe had,
In daies long ſince, before theſe laſt ſo bad.

68

THus is his cheeke the map of daies out-worne,
When beauty liu'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,
Before theſe baſtard ſignes of faire were borne,
Or durſt inhabit on a liuing brow:
Before the goulden treſſes of the dead,
The right of ſepulchers, were ſhorne away,
To liue a ſcond life on ſecond head,
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:
In him thoſe holy antique howers are ſeene,
Without all ornament, it ſelfe and true,
Making no ſummer of an others greene,
Robbing no ould to dreſſe his beauty new,
And him as for a map doth Nature ſtore,
To ſhew faulſe Art what beauty was of yore.

69

THoſe parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All toungs (the voice of ſoules) giue thee that end,
Vttring bare truth, euen ſo as foes Commend.
Their outward thus with outward praiſe is crownd,
But thoſe ſame toungs that giue thee ſo thine owne,
In other accents doe this praiſe confound
By ſeeing farther then the eye hath ſhowne.
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in gueſſe they meaſure by thy deeds,
Then churls their thoughts (although their eies were kind)
To thy faire flower ad the rancke ſmell of weeds,
But why thy odor matcheth not thy ſhow,
The ſolye is this, that thou doeſt common grow.

That

70

THat thou are blam'd ſhall not be thy defect,
For ſlanders marke was euer yet the faire,
The ornament of beauty is ſuſpect,
A Crow that flies in heauens ſweeteſt ayre.
So thou be good,ſlander doth but approue,
Their worth the greater beeing woo'd of time,
For Canker vice the ſweeteſt buds doth loue,
And thou preſent'ſt a pure vnſtayined prime.
Thou haſt paſt by the ambuſh of young daies,
Either not aſſayld,or victor beeing charg'd,
Yet this thy praiſe cannot be ſoe thy praiſe,
To tye vp enuy,euermore inlarged,
If ſome ſuſpect of ill maskt not thy ſhow,
Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts ſhouldſt owe.

71

NOe Longer mourne for me when I am dead,
Then you ſhall heare the ſurly ſullen bell
Giue warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vildeſt wormes to dwell:
Nay if you read this line,remember not,
The hand that writ it,for I loue you ſo,
That I in your ſweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then ſhould make you woe.
O if(I ſay)you looke vpon this verſe,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not ſo much as my poore name reherſe;
But let your loue euen with my life decay.
Leaſt the wiſe world ſhould looke into your mone,
And mocke you with me after I am gon.

72

OLeaſt the world ſhould taske you to recite,
What merit liu'd in me that you ſhould loue
After my death(deare loue)for get me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy proue.
Vnleſſe you would deuiſe ſome vertuous lye,

To doe more for me then mine owne deſert,
And hang more praiſe vpon deceaſed I,
Then nigard truth would willingly impart:
O leaſt your true loue may ſeeme falce in this,
That you for loue ſpeake well of me vntrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And liue no more to ſhame nor me,nor you.
For I am ſhamd by that which I bring forth,
And ſo ſhould you,to loue things nothing worth.

73

THat time of yeeare thou maiſt in me behold,
When yellow leaues,or none,or few doe hange
Vpon thoſe boughes which ſhake againſt the could,
Bare rn'wd quiers,where late the ſweet birds ſang.
In me thou ſeeſt the twi-light of ſuch day,
As after Sun-ſet fadeth in the Weſt,
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
Deaths ſecond ſelfe that ſeals vp all in reſt.
In me thou ſeeſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
That on the aſhes of his youth doth lye,
As the death bed,whereon it muſt expire,
Conſum'd with that which it was nurriſht by.
This thou perceu'ſt,which makes thy loue more ſtrong,
To loue that well,which thou muſt leaue ere long.

74

BVt be contented when that fell areſt,
With out all bayle ſhall carry me away,
My life hath in this line ſome intereſt,
Which for memoriall ſtill with thee ſhall ſtay.
When thou reueweſt this,thou doeſt reuew,
The very part was conſecrate to thee,
The earth can haue but earth,which is his due,
My ſpirit is thine the better part of me,
So then thou haſt but loſt the dregs of life,
The pray of wormes,my body being dead,
The coward conqueſt of a wretches knife,

To baſe of thee to be remembred,
The worth of that,is that which it containes,
And that is this, and this with thee remaines.

75

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as ſweet ſeaſon'd ſhewers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold ſuch ſtrife,
As twixt a miſer and his wealth is found.
Now proud as an inioyer,and anon
Doubting the filching age will ſteale his treaſure,
Now counting beſt to be with you alone,
Then beſtard that the world may ſee my pleaſure,
Some-time all ful with feaſting on your ſight,
And by and by cleane ſtarued for a looke,
Poſſeſſing or purſuing no delight
Saue what is had,or muſt from you be tooke.
Thus do I pine and ſurfet day by day,
Or gluttoning on all,or all away,

76

WHy is my verſe ſo barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quicke change?
Why with the time do I not glance aſide
To new found methods,and to compounds ſtrange?
Why write I ſtill all one,euer the ſame,
And keepe inuention in a noted weed,
That euery word doth almoſt fel my name,
Shewing their birth,and where they did proceed?
O know ſweet loue I alwaies write of you,
And you and loue are ſtill my argument:
So all my beſt is dreſſing old words new,
Spending againe what is already ſpent:
For as the Sun is daily new and old,
So is my loue ſtill telling what is told,

77

THy glaſſe will ſhew thee how thy beauties were,
Thy dyall how thy pretious mynuits waſte,

The vacant leaues thy mindes imprint will beare,
And of this booke,this learning maiſt thou taſte.
The wrinckles which thy glaſſe will truly ſhow,
Of mouthed graues will giue thee memorie,
Thou by thy dyals ſhady ſtealth maiſt know,
Times theeuiſh progreſſe to eternitie.
Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,
Commit to theſe waſte blacks,and thou ſhalt finde
Thoſe children nurſt,deliuerd from thy braine,
To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
These offices,ſo oft as thou wilt looke,
Shall profit thee,and much inrich thy booke.

78

SO oft haue I inuok'd thee for my Muſe,
And found ſuch faire aſſiſtance in my verſe,
As euery *Alien* pen hath got my vſe,
And vnder thee their poeſie diſperſe.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to ſing,
And heauie ignorance aloft to flie,
Haue added feathers to the learneds wing,
And giuen grace a double Maieſtie.
Yet be moſt proud of that which I compile,
Whoſe influence is thine,and borne of thee,
In others workes thou dooſt but mend the ſtile,
And Arts with thy ſweete graces graced be.
But thou art all my art,and dooſt aduance
As high as learning,my rude ignorance.

79

WHilſt I alone did call vpon thy ayde,
My verſe alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decayde,
And my ſick Muſe doth giue an other place.
I grant (ſweet loue)thy louely argument
Deſerues the trauaile of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy Poet doth inuent,
He robs thee of,and payes it thee againe,

He lends thee vertue, and he ſtole that word,
From thy behauiour, beautie doth he giue
And found it in thy cheeke: he can affoord
No praiſe to thee, but what in thee doth liue.
Then thanke him not for that which he doth ſay,
Since what he owes thee, thou thy ſelfe dooſt pay.

80

O How I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better ſpirit doth vſe your name,
And in the praiſe thereof ſpends all his might,
To make me toung-tide ſpeaking of your fame.
But ſince your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
The humble as the proudeſt ſaile doth beare,
My ſawſie barke (inferior farre to his)
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.
Your ſhalloweſt helpe will hold me vp a floate,
Whilſt he vpon your ſoundleſſe deepe doth ride,
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthleſſe bote,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.
Then If he thriue and I be caſt away,
The worſt was this, my loue was my decay.

81

OR I ſhall liue your Epitaph to make,
Or you ſuruiue when I in earth am rotten,
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortall life ſhall haue,
Though I (once gone) to all the world muſt dye,
The earth can yeeld me but a common graue,
When you intombed in mens eyes ſhall lye,
Your monument ſhall be my gentle verſe,
Which eyes not yet created ſhall ore-read,
And toungs to be, your beeing ſhall rehearſe,
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You ſtill ſhall liue (ſuch vertue hath my Pen)
Where breath moſt breaths, euen in the mouths of men.

I grant

82

I Grant thou wert not married to my Muſe,
And therefore maieſt without attaint ore-looke
The dedicated words which writers vſe
Of their faire ſubiect, bleſſing euery booke.
Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,
Finding thy worth a limmit paſt my praiſe,
And therefore art inforc'd to ſeeke anew,
Some freſher ſtampe of the time bettering dayes.
And do ſo loue, yet when they haue deuiſde,
What ſtrained touches Rhethorick can lend,
Thou truly faire, wert truly ſimpathizde,
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
And their groſſe painting might be better vſ'd,
Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abuſ'd.

83

I Neuer ſaw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your faire no painting ſet,
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,
The barren tender of a Poets debt:
And therefore haue I ſlept in your report,
That you your ſelfe being extant well might ſhow,
How farre a moderne quill doth come to ſhort,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
This ſilence for my ſinne you did impute,
Which ſhall be moſt my glory being dombe,
For I impaire not beautie being mute,
When others would giue life, and bring a tombe.
There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,
Then both your Poets can in praiſe deuiſe.

84

WHo is it that ſayes moſt, which can ſay more,
Then this rich praiſe, that you alone, are you,
In whoſe confine immured is the ſtore,
Which ſhould example where your equall grew,
Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Sonnets* LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[2]) Octavo

That to his ſubiect lends not ſome ſmall glory,
But he that writes of you,if he can tell,
That you are you,ſo dignifies his ſtory.
Let him but coppy what in you is writ,
Not making worſe what nature made ſo cleere,
And ſuch a counter-part ſhall fame his wit;
Making his ſtile admired euery where.
You to your beautious bleſſings adde a curſe,
Being fond on praiſe,which makes your praiſes worſe.

85

MY toung-tide Muſe in manners holds her ſtill,
While comments of your praiſe richly compil'd,
Reſerue their Character with goulden quill,
And precious phraſe by all the Muſes fil'd.
I thinke good thoughts,whilſt other write good wordes,
And like vnlettered clarke ſtill crie Amen,
To euery Himne that able ſpirit affords,
In poliſht forme of well refined pen.
Hearing you praiſd,I ſay 'tis ſo, 'tis true,
And to the moſt of praiſe adde ſome-thing more,
But that is in my thought,whoſe loue to you
(Though words come hind-moſt)holds his ranke before,
Then others,for the breath of words reſpect,
Me for my dombe thoughts,ſpeaking in effect.

86

WAs it the proud full ſaile of his great verſe,
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearce,
Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?
Was it his ſpirit,by ſpirits taught to write,
Aboue a mortall pitch,that ſtruck me dead?
No,neither he,nor his compiers by night
Giuing him ayde,my verſe aſtoniſhed.
He nor that affable familiar ghoſt
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my ſilence cannot boaſt,

I was

I was not ſick of any feare from thence.
But when your countinance fild vp his line,
Then lackt I matter,that infeebled mine.

87

FArewell thou art too deare for my poſſeſſing,
And like enough thou knowſt thy eſtimate,
The Charter of thy worth giues thee releaſing:
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
And for that ritches where is my deſeruing?
The cauſe of this faire guift in me is wanting,
And ſo my patent back againe is ſweruing.
Thy ſelfe thou gau'ſt,thy owne worth then not knowing,
Or mee to whom thou gau'ſt it,elſe miſtaking,
So thy great guift vpon miſpriſion growing,
Comes home againe,on better iudgement making.
Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
In ſleepe a King,but waking no ſuch matter.

88

WHen thou ſhalt be diſpode to ſet me light,
And place my merrit in the eie of skorne,
Vpon thy ſide,againſt my ſelfe ile fight,
And proue thee virtuous,though thou art forſworne:
With mine owne weakeneſſe being beſt acquainted,
Vpon thy part I can ſet downe a ſtory
Of faults conceald,wherein I am attainted:
That thou in looſing me,ſhall win much glory:
And I by this wil be a gainer too,
For bending all my louing thoughts on thee,
The iniuries that to my ſelfe I doe,
Doing thee vantage,duble vantage me.
Such is my loue,to thee I ſo belong,
That for thy right,my ſelfe will beare all wrong.

89

SAy that thou didſt forſake mee for ſome falt,
And I will comment vpon that offence,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Sonnets* LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[2]) Octavo

Speake of my lameneſſe, and I ſtraight will halt:
Againſt thy reaſons making no defence.
Thou canſt not(loue)diſgrace me halfe ſo ill,
To ſet a forme vpon deſired change,
As ile my ſelfe diſgrace,knowing thy wil,
I will acquaintance ſtrangle and looke ſtrange:
Be abſent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
Thy ſweet beloued name no more ſhall dwell,
Leaſt I(too much prophane)ſhould do it wronge:
And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee,againſt my ſelfe ile vow debate,
For I muſt nere loue him whom thou doſt hate.

90

THen hate me when thou wilt, if euer,now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to croſſe,
Ioyne with the ſpight of fortune,make me bow,
And doe not drop in for an after loſſe:
Ah doe not,when my heart hath ſcapte this ſorrow,
Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,
Giue not a windy night a rainie morrow,
To linger out a purpoſd ouer-throw.
If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me laſt,
When other pettie griefes haue done their ſpight,
But in the onſet come,ſo ſhall I taſte
At firſt the very worſt of fortunes might.
And other ſtraines of woe, which now ſeeme woe,
Compar'd with loſſe of thee,will not ſeeme ſo.

91

SOme glory in their birth,ſome in their skill,
Some in their wealth, ſome in their bodies force,
Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:
Some in their Hawkes and Hounds,ſome in their Horſe.
And euery humor hath his adiunct pleaſure,
Wherein it findes a ioy aboue the reſt,
But theſe perticulers are not my meaſure,
All theſe I better in one generall beſt.

Thy

Thy loue is better then high birth to me,
Richer then wealth,prouder then garments coſt,
Of more delight then Hawkes or Horſes bee:
And hauing thee,of all mens pride I boaſt.
Wretched in this alone,that thou maiſt take,
All this away,and me moſt wretched make.

92

BVt doe thy worſt to ſteale thy ſelfe away,
For tearme of life thou art aſſured mine,
And life no longer then thy loue will ſtay,
For it depends vpon that loue of thine.
Then need I not to feare the worſt of wrongs,
When in the leaſt of them my life hath end,
I ſee,a better ſtate to me belongs
Then that,which on thy humor doth depend.
Thou canſt not vex me with inconſtant minde,
Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie,
Oh what a happy title do I finde,
Happy to haue thy loue, happy to die!
But whats ſo bleſſed faire that feares no blot,
Thou maiſt be falſe, and yet I know it not.

93

SO ſhall I liue,ſuppoſing thou art true,
Like a deceiued husband,ſo loues face,
May ſtill ſeeme loue to me,though alter'd new:
Thy lookes with me,thy heart in other place.
For their can liue no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In manies lookes,the falſe hearts hiſtory
Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinckles ſtrange.
But heauen in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face ſweet loue ſhould euer dwell,
What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes ſhould nothing thence; but ſweetneſſe tell.
How like *Eaues* apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy ſweet vertue anſwere not thy ſhow.

94

94

THey that haue powre to hurt,and will doe none,
That doe not do the thing,they most do showe,
Who mouing others,are themselues as stone,
Vnmooued,cold,and to temptation slow:
They rightly do inherrit heauens graces,
And husband natures ritches from expence,
They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
Others,but stewards of their excellence:
The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,
Though to it selfe,it onely liue and die,
But if that flowre with base infection meete,
The basest weed out-braues his dignity:
For sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes,
Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

95

HOw sweet and louely dost thou make the shame,
Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,
Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?
Oh in what sweets doest thou thy sinnes inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
(Making lasciuious comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise,but in a kinde of praise,
Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauties vaile doth couer euery blot,
And all things turnes to faire, that eies can see!
Take heed(deare heart)of this large priuiledge,
The hardest knife ill vs'd doth loose his edge.

96

SOme say thy fault is youth,some wantonesse,
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,
Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and lesse:
Thou makst faults graces,that to thee resort:
As on the finger of a throned Queene,

The basest Iewell wil be well esteem'd:
So are those errors that in thee are seene,
To truths translated,and for true things deem'd.
How many Lambs might the sterne Wolfe betray,
If like a Lambe he could his lookes translate.
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst vse the strength of all thy state?
But doe not so,I loue thee in such sort,
As thou being mine,mine is thy good report.

97

HOw like a Winter hath my absence beene
From thee,the pleasure of the fleeting yeare?
What freezings haue I felt,what darke daies seene?
What old Decembers bareneſſe euery where?
And yet this time remou'd was sommers time,
The teeming Autumne big with ritch increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widdowed wombes after their Lords decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,
But hope of Orphans,and vn-fathered fruite,
For Sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,
And thou away,the very birds are mute.
Or if they sing,tis with so dull a cheere,
That leaues looke pale,dreading the Winters neere.

98

FRom you haue I beene absent in the spring,
When proud pide Aprill (dreſt in all his trim)
Hath put a spirit of youth in euery thing:
That heauie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him.
Yet nor the laies of birds,nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
Could make me any summers story tell:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
Nor praise the deepe vermillion in the Rose,
They weare but sweet,but figures of delight:

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Drawne after you, you patterne of all those.
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,
As with your shaddow I with these did play.

99

THe forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet theefe whence didst thou steale thy sweet that
If not from my loues breath, the purple pride, (smels
Which on thy soft cheeke for complexion dwells?
In my loues veines thou hast too grosely died,
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marierom had stolne thy haire,
The Roses fearefully on thornes did stand,
Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire:
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both,
And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee.

100

VVHere art thou Muse that thou forgetst so long,
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might?
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse songe,
Darkning thy powre to lend base subiects light.
Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time so idely spent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies esteeme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise resty Muse, my loues sweet face survay,
If time haue any wrincle grauen there,
If any, be a *Satire* to decay,
And make times spoiles dispised euery where.
Giue my loue fame faster then time wasts life,
So thou preuenst his sieth, and crooked knife.

101

OH truant Muse what shalbe thy amends,

For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?
Both truth and beauty on my loue depends:
So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
Make answere Muse, wilt thou not haply saie,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
But best is best, if neuer intermixt.
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
To make him much out-liue a gilded tombe:
And to be praisd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office Muse, I teach thee how,
To make him seeme long hence, as he showes now.

102

MY loue is strengthned though more weake in see-
I loue not lesse, though lesse the show appeare, (ming
That loue is marchandiz'd, whose ritch esteeming,
The owners tongue doth publish euery where.
Our loue was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
As *Philomell* in summers front doth singe,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies:
Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now
Then when her mournefull himns did hush the night,
But that wild musick burthens euery bow,
And sweets growne common loose their deare delight.
Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue:
Because I would not dull you with my songe.

103

ALack what pouerty my Muse brings forth,
That hauing such a skope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Then when it hath my added praise beside.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
Looke in your glasse and there appeares a face,
That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.

Were it not ſinfull then ſtriuing to mend,
To marre the ſubiect that before was well,
For to no other paſſe my verſes tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
And more,much more then in my verſe can ſit,
Your owne glaſſe ſhowes you,when you looke in it.

104

TO me faire friend you neuer can be old,
For as you were when firſt your eye I eyde,
Such ſeemes your beautie ſtill:Three Winters colde,
Haue from the forreſts ſhooke three ſummers pride,
Three beautious ſprings to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
In proceſſe of the ſeaſons haue I ſeene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since firſt I ſaw you freſh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
Steale from his figure,and no pace perceiu'd,
So your ſweete hew,which me thinkes ſtill doth ſtand,
Hath motion,and mine eye may be deceaued.
For feare of which,heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties ſummer dead.

105

LEt not my loue be cal'd Idolatrie,
Nor my beloued as an Idoll ſhow,
Since all alike my ſongs and praiſes be
To one,of one,ſtill ſuch,and euer ſo.
Kinde is my loue to day,to morrow kinde,
Still conſtant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verſe to conſtancie confin'de,
One thing expreſſing,leaues out difference.
Faire,kinde,and true,is all my argument,
Faire,kinde and true,varrying to other words,
And in this change is my inuention ſpent,
Three theams in one,which wondrous ſcope affords.
Faire,kinde,and true,haue often liu'd alone.
Which three till now,neuer kept ſeate in one.

When

106

WHen in the Chronicle of waſted time,
I ſee diſcriptions of the faireſt wights,
And beautie making beautifull old rime,
In praiſe of Ladies dead,and louely Knights,
Then in the blazon of ſweet beauties beſt,
Of hand,of foote,of lip,of eye,of brow,
I ſee their antique Pen would haue expreſt,
Euen ſuch a beauty as you maiſter now.
So all their praiſes are but propheſies
Of this our time,all you prefiguring,
And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,
They had not ſtill enough your worth to ſing:
For we which now behold theſe preſent dayes,
Haue eyes to wonder,but lack toungs to praiſe.

107

NOt mine owne feares,nor the prophetick ſoule,
Of the wide world,dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the leaſe of my true loue controule,
Suppoſde as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
The mortall Moone hath her eclipſe indur'de,
And the ſad Augurs mock their owne preſage,
Incertenties now crowne them-ſelues aſſur'de,
And peace proclaimes Oliues of endleſſe age:
Now with the drops of this moſt balmie time,
My loue lookes freſh,and death to me ſubſcribes,
Since ſpight of him Ile liue in this poore rime,
While he inſults ore dull and ſpeachleſſe tribes.
And thou in this ſhalt finde thy monument,
When tyrants creſts and tombs of braſſe are ſpent.

108

WHat's in the braine that Inck may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true ſpirit,
What's new to ſpeake,what now to regiſter,
That may expreſſe my loue,or thy deare merit?
Nothing ſweet boy,but yet like prayers diuine,

 Imuſt

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I muſt each day ſay ore the very ſame,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Euen as when firſt I hallowed thy faire name.
So that eternall loue in loues freſh caſe,
Waighes not the duſt and iniury of age,
Nor giues to neceſſary wrinckles place,
But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
Finding the firſt conceit of loue there bred,
Where time and outward forme would ſhew it dead.

109

O Neuer ſay that I was falſe of heart,
Though abſence ſeem'd my flame to qualliſie,
As eaſie might I from my ſelfe depart,
As from my ſoule which in thy breſt doth lye:
That is my home of loue, if I haue rang'd,
Like him that trauels I returne againe,
Iuſt to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that my ſelfe bring water for my ſtaine,
Neuer beleeue though in my nature raign'd,
All frailties that beſiege all kindes of blood,
That it could ſo preposterouſlie be ſtain'd,
To leaue for nothing all thy ſumme of good:
For nothing this wide Vniuerſe I call,
Saue thou my Roſe, in it thou art my all.

110

ALas 'tis true, I haue gone here and there,
And made my ſelfe a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, ſold cheap what is moſt deare,
Made old offences of affections new.
Moſt true it is, that I haue lookt on truth
Aſconce and ſtrangely: But by all aboue,
Theſe blenches gaue my heart an other youth,
And worſe eſſaies prou'd thee my beſt of loue,
Now all is done, haue what ſhall haue no end,
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de
On newer proofe, to trie an older friend,
A God in loue, to whom I am confin'd.

Then

Then giue me welcome, next my heauen the beſt,
Euen to thy pure and moſt moſt louing breſt.

111

O For my ſake doe you wiſh fortune chide,
The guiltie goddeſſe of my harmfull deeds,
That did not better for my life prouide,
Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receiues a brand,
And almoſt thence my nature is ſubdu'd
To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,
Pitty me then, and wiſh I were renu'de,
Whilſt like a willing pacient I will drinke,
Potions of Eyſell gainſt my ſtrong infection,
No bitterneſſe that I will bitter thinke,
Nor double pennance to correct correction.
Pittie me then deare friend, and I aſſure yee,
Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

112

YOur loue and pittie doth th'impreſſion fill,
Which vulgar ſcandall ſtampt vpon my brow,
For what care I who calles me well or ill,
So you ore-greene my bad, my good alow?
You are my All the world, and I muſt ſtriue,
To know my ſhames and praiſes from your tounge,
None elſe to me, nor I to none aliue,
That my ſteel'd ſence or changes right or wrong,
In ſo profound *Abiſme* I throw all care
Of others voyces, that my Adders ſence,
To cryttick and to flatterer ſtopped are:
Marke how with my neglect I doe diſpence.
You are ſo ſtrongly in my purpoſe bred,
That all the world beſides me thinkes y'are dead.

113

SInce I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
And that which gouernes me to goe about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,

Seemes

Seemes seeing, but effectually is out:
For it no forme deliuers to the heart
Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,
Of his quick obiects hath the minde no part,
Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch:
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet-fauor or deformedst creature,
The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night:
The Croe, or Doue, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more repleat, with you,
My most true minde thus maketh mine vntrue.

114

OR whether doth my minde being crown'd with you
Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery?
Or whether shall I say mine eie saith true,
And that your loue taught it this *Alcumie*?
To make of monsters, and things indigest,
Such cherubines as your sweet selfe resemble,
Creating euery bad a perfect best
As fast as obiects to his beames assemble:
Oh tis the first, tis flatry in my seeing,
And my great minde most kingly drinkes it vp,
Mine eie well knowes what with his gust is greeing,
And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
If it be poison'd, tis the lesser sinne,
That mine eye loues it and doth first beginne.

115

THose lines that I before haue writ doe lie,
Euen those that said I could not loue you deerer,
Yet then my iudgement knew no reason why,
My most full flame should afterwards burne cleerer.
But reckening time, whose milliond accidents
Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of Kings,
Tan sacred beautie, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Diuert strong mindes to th' course of altring things:
Alas why fearing of times tiranie,

Might

Might I not then say now I loue you best,
When I was certaine ore in-certainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest:
Loue is a Babe, then might I not say so
To giue full growth to that which still doth grow.

119

LEt me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments, loue is not loue
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remouer to remoue.
O no, it is an euer fixed marke
That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken;
It is the star to euery wandring barke,
Whose worths vnknowne, although his higth be taken.
Lou's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickles compasse come,
Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:
If this be error and vpon me proued,
I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

117

ACcuse me thus, that I haue scanted all,
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot vpon your deareft loue to call,
Whereto al bonds do tie me day by day,
That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,
And giuen to time your owne deare purchas'd right,
That I haue hoysted saile to al the windes
Which should transport me fartheft from your sight.
Booke both my wilfulnesse and errors downe,
And on iust proofe surmise, accumilate,
Bring me within the leuel of your frowne,
But shoote not at me in your wakened hate:
Since my appeale saies I did striue to prooue
The constancy and virtue of your loue

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Sonnets* LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[2]) Octavo

118

Like as to make our appetites more keene
With eager compounds we our pallat vrge,
As to preuent our malladies vnſeene,
We ſicken to ſhun ſickneſſe when we purge.
Euen ſo being full of your nere cloying ſweetneſſe,
To bitter ſawces did I frame my feeding;
And ſicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetneſſe,
To be diſeaſ'd ere that there was true needing.
Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate
The ills that were,not grew to faults aſſured,
And brought to medicine a healthfull ſtate
Which rancke of goodneſſe would by ill be cured.
But thence I learne and find the leſſon true,
Drugs poyſon him that ſo fell ſicke of you.

119

What potions haue I drunke of *Syren* teares
Diſtil'd from Lymbecks foule as hell within,
Applying feares to hopes,and hopes to feares,
Still looſing when I ſaw my ſelfe to win?
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilſt it hath thought it ſelfe ſo bleſſed neuer?
How haue mine eies out of their Spheares bene fitted
In the diſtraction of this madding feuer?
O benefit of ill, now I find true
That better is, by euil ſtill made better.
And ruin'd loue when it is built anew
Growes fairer then at firſt,more ſtrong,far greater.
So I returne rebukt to my content,
And gaine by ills thriſe more then I haue ſpent.

120

That you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,
And for that ſorrow , which I then didde feele,
Needes muſt I vnder my tranſgreſſion bow,
Vnleſſe my Nerues were braſſe or hammered ſteele.
For if you were by my vnkindneſſe ſhaken

As I by yours , y'haue paſt a hell of Time,
And I a tyrant haue no leaſure taken
To waigh how once I ſuffered in your crime.
O that our night of wo might haue remembred
My deepeſt ſence,how hard true ſorrow hits,
And ſoone to you,as you to me then tendred
The humble ſalue,which wounded boſomes fits!
But that your treſpaſſe now becomes a fee,
Mine ranſoms yours,and yours muſt ranſome mee.

121

'Tis better to be vile then vile eſteemed,
When not to be,receiues reproach of being,
And the iuſt pleaſure loſt,which is ſo deemed,
Not by our feeling,but by others ſeeing.
For why ſhould others falſe adulterat eyes
Giue ſalutation to my ſportiue blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer ſpies;
Which in their wils count bad what I think good?
Noe, I am that I am,and they that leuell
At my abuſes,reckon vp their owne,
I may be ſtraight though they them-ſelues be beuel
By their rancke thoughtes,my deedes muſt not be ſhown
Vnleſſe this generall euill they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their badneſſe raigne.

122.

Thy guift,,thy tables,are within my braine
Full characterd with laſting memory,
Which ſhall aboue that idle rancke remaine
Beyond all date euen to eternity.
Or at the leaſt,ſo long as braine and heart
Haue facultie by nature to ſubſiſt,
Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part
Of thee,thy record neuer can be miſt:
That poore retention could not ſo much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy deare loue to skore,
Therefore to giue them from me was I bold,

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To truſt thoſe tables that receaue thee more,
To keepe an adiunckt to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulneſſe in mee.

123

NO! Time, thou ſhalt not boſt that I doe change,
Thy pyramyds buylt vp with newer might
To me are nothing nouell, nothing ſtrange;
They are but dreſſings of a former ſight:
Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire,
What thou doſt foyſt vpon vs that is ould,
And rather make them borne to our deſire,
Then thinke that we before haue heard them tould:
Thy regiſters and thee I both defie,
Not wondring at the preſent, nor the paſt,
For thy records, and what we ſee doth lye,
Made more or les by thy continuall haſt:
This I doe vow and this ſhall euer be,
I will be true diſpight thy ſyeth and thee.

124

YF my deare loue were but the childe of ſtate,
It might for fortunes baſterd be vnfathered,
As ſubiect to times loue, or to times hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd.
No it was buylded far from accident,
It ſuffers not in ſmilinge pomp, nor falls
Vnder the blow of thralled diſcontent,
Whereto th'inuiting time our faſhion calls:
It feares not policy that *Heriticke*,
Which workes on leaſes of ſhort numbred howers,
But all alone ſtands hugely pollitick,
That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with ſhowres.
To this I witnes call the foles of time,
Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime.

125

WEr't ought to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,

Or layd great baſes for eternity,
Which proues more ſhort then waſt or ruining?
Haue I not ſeene dwellers on forme and fauor
Loſe all, and more by paying too much rent
For compound ſweet; Forgoing ſimple ſauor,
Pittifull thriuors in their gazing ſpent.
Noe, let me be obſequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblacion, poore but free,
Which is not mixt with ſeconds, knows no art,
But mutuall render, onely me for thee.
Hence, thou ſubborn'd *Informer*, a trew ſoule
When moſt impeacht, ſtands leaſt in thy controule.

126

OThou my louely Boy who in thy power,
Doeſt hould times fickle glaſſe, his ſickle, hower:
Who haſt by wayning growne, and therein ſhou'ſt,
Thy louers withering, as thy ſweet ſelfe grow'ſt.
If Nature (ſoueraine miſteres ouer wrack)
As thou goeſt onwards ſtill will plucke thee backe,
She keepes thee to this purpoſe, that her skill.
May time diſgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.
Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleaſure,
She may detaine, but not ſtill keepe her treſure!
Her *Audite* (though delayd) anſwer'd muſt be,
And her *Quietus* is to render thee.

( )
( )

127

IN the ould age blacke was not counted faire,
Or if it weare it bore not beauties name:
But now is blacke beauties ſucceſſiue heire,
And Beautie ſlanderd with a baſtard ſhame,
For ſince each hand hath put on Natures power,
Fairing the foule with Arts faulſe borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure,
But is prophan'd, if not liues in diſgrace.

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Therefore my Miſterſſe eyes are Rauen blacke,
Her eyes ſo ſuted, and they mourners ſeeme,
At ſuch who not borne faire no beauty lack,
Slandring Creation with a falſe eſteeme,
Yet ſo they mourne becomming of their woe,
That euery toung ſaies beauty ſhould looke ſo.

128

HOw oft when thou my muſike muſike playſt,
Vpon that bleſſed wood whoſe motion ſounds
With thy ſweet fingers when thou gently ſwayſt,
The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,
Do I enuie thoſe Iackes that nimble leape,
To kiſſe the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilſt my poore lips which ſhould that harueſt reape,
At the woods boldnes by thee blushing ſtand.
To be ſo tikled they would change their ſtate,
And ſituation with thoſe dancing chips,
Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more bleſt then liuing lips,
Since ſauſie Iackes ſo happy are in this,
Giue them their fingers, me thy lips to kiſſe.

129

THE expence of Spirit in a waſte of ſhame
Is luſt in action, and till action, luſt
Is periurd, murdrous, blouddy full of blame,
Sauage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to truſt,
Inioyd no ſooner but diſpiſed ſtraight,
Paſt reaſon hunted, and no ſooner had
Paſt reaſon hated as a ſwollowed bayt,
On purpoſe layd to make the taker mad.
Made In purſut and in poſſeſſion ſo,
Had, hauing, and in queſt, to haue extreame,
A bliſſe in proofe and proud and very wo,
Before a ioy propoſd behind a dreame,
All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
To ſhun the heauen that leads men to this hell.

My

130

MY Miſtres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
If ſnow be white, why then her breſts are dun:
If haires be wiers, black wiers grow on her head:
I haue ſeene Roſes damaskt, red and white,
But no ſuch Roſes ſee I in her cheekes,
And in ſome perfumes is there more delight,
Then in the breath that from my Miſtres reekes.
I loue to heare her ſpeake, yet well I know,
That Muſicke hath a farre more pleaſing ſound:
I graunt I neuer ſaw a goddeſſe goe,
My Miſtres when ſhee walkes treads on the ground.
And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,
As any ſhe beli'd with falſe compare.

131

THou art as tiranous, ſo as thou art,
As thoſe whoſe beauties proudly make them cruell;
For well thou know'ſt to my deare doting hart
Thou art the faireſt and moſt precious Iewell.
Yet in good faith ſome ſay that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone;
To ſay they erre, I dare not be ſo bold,
Although I ſweare it to my ſelfe alone.
And to be ſure that is not falſe I ſweare
A thouſand grones but thinking on thy face,
One on anothers necke do witneſſe beare
Thy blacke is faireſt in my iudgements place.
In nothing art thou blacke ſaue in thy deeds,
And thence this ſlaunder as I thinke proceeds.

132

THine eies I loue, and they as pittying me,
Knowing thy heart torment me with diſdaine,
Haue put on black, and louing mourners bee,
Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine.

And

And truly not the morning Sun of Heauen
Better becomes the gray cheeks of th' East,
Nor that full Starre that vshers in the Eauen
Doth halfe that glory to the sober West
As those two morning eyes become thy face:
O let it then as well beseeme thy heart
To mourne for me since mourning doth thee grace,
And suite thy pitty like in euery part.
Then will I sweare beauty her selfe is blacke,
And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

133

BEshrew that heart that makes my heart to groane
For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me;
I'st not ynough to torture me alone,
But slaue to slauery my sweet'st friend must be.
Me from my selfe thy cruell eye hath taken,
And my next selfe thou harder hast ingrossed,
Of him,my selfe,and thee I am forsaken,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed:
Prison my heart in thy steele bosomes warde,
But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,
Who ere keepes me,let my heart be his garde,
Thou canst not then vse rigor in my saile.
And yet thou wilt,for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

134

SO now I haue confest that he is thine,
And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will,
My selfe Ile forfeit,so that other mine,
Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not,nor he will not be free,
For thou art couetous,and he is kinde,
He learnd but suretie-like to write for me,
Vnder that bond that him as fast doth binde.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou vsurer that put'st forth all to vse,

And

And sue a friend,came debter for my sake,
So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse.
Him haue I lost, thou hast both him and me,
He paies the whole,and yet am I not free.

135

WHo euer hath her wish,thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* too boote,and *Will* in ouer-plus,
More then enough am I that vexe thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou whose will is large and spatious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,
Shall will in others seeme right gracious,
And in my will no faire acceptance shine:
The sea all water,yet receiues raine still,
And in aboundance addeth to his store,
So thou beeing rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*,
One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no vnkinde,no faire beseechers kill,
Thinke all but one,and me in that one *Will*.

136

IF thy soule check thee that I come so neere,
Sweare to thy blind soule that I was thy *Will*,
And will thy soule knowes is admitted there,
Thus farre for loue, my loue-suite sweet fullfill.
Will, will fulfill the treasure of thy loue,
I fill it full with wils,and my will one,
In things of great receit with ease we prooue,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me passe vntold,
Though in thy stores account I one must be,
For nothing hold me,so it please thee hold,
That nothing me,a some-thing sweet to thee.
Make but my name thy loue,and loue that still,
And then thou loues me for my name is *Will*.

137

THou blinde foole loue,what doost thou to mine eyes,

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That they behold and see not what they see:
They know what beautie is, see where it lyes,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,
Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,
Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes,
Whereto the iudgement of my heart is tide?
Why should my heart thinke that a seuerall plot,
Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
To put faire truth vpon so foule a face,
In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

138

When my loue sweares that she is made of truth,
I do beleeue her though I know she lyes,
That she might thinke me some vntuterd youth,
Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties.
Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
On both sides thus is simple truth suppresst:
But wherefore sayes she not she is vniust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O loues best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told:
Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

139

O Call not me to iustifie the wrong,
That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy toung,
Vse power with power, and slay me not by Art,
Tell me thou lou'st else-where; but in my sight,
Deare heart forbeare to glance thine eye aside,
What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might

Is

Is more then my ore-prest defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee; ah my loue well knowes,
Her prettie lookes haue beene mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turnes my foes,
That they else-where might dart their iniuries:
Yet do not so, but since I am neere slaine,
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

140

Be wise as thou art cruell, do not presse
My toung-tide patience with too much disdaine:
Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse,
The manner of my pittie wanting paine.
If I might teach thee witte better it weare,
Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me so,
As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere,
No newes but health from their Phisitions know.
For if I should dispaire I should grow madde,
And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee,
Now this ill wresting world is growne so bad,
Madde slanderers by madde eares beleeued be.
That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde, (wide,
Beare thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe

141

In faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But 'tis my heart that loues what they dispise,
Who in dispight of view is pleasd to dote.
Nor are mine eares with thy toungs tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be inuited
To any sensuall feast with thee alone:
But my fiue wits, nor my fiue sences can
Dissuade one foolish heart from seruing thee,
Who leaues vnswai'd the likenesse of a man,
Thy proud hearts slaue and vassall wretch to be:
Only my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.

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142

LOue is my ſinne,and thy deare vertue hate,
Hate of my ſinne,grounded on ſinfull louing,
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne ſtate,
And thou ſhalt finde it merrits not reprooving,
Or if it do, not from thoſe lips of thine,
That haue prophan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
And ſeald falſe bonds of loue as oft as mine,
Robd others beds reuenues of their rents.
Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'ſt thoſe,
Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee,
Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
Thy pitty may deſerue to pittied bee.
If thou dooſt ſeeke to haue what thou dooſt hide,
By ſelfe example mai'ſt thou be denide.

143

LOe as a carefull huſwife runnes to catch,
One of her fethered creatures broake away,
Sets downe her babe and makes all ſwift diſpatch
In purſuit of the thing ſhe would haue ſtay:
Whilſt her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whoſe buſie care is bent,
To follow that which flies before her face:
Not prizing her poore infants diſcontent;
So runſt thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilſt I thy babe chace thee a farre behind,
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
And play the mothers part kiſſe me,be kind.
So will I pray that thou maiſt haue thy *Will*,
If thou turne back and my loude crying ſtill.

144

TWo loues I haue of comfort and diſpaire;
Which like two ſpirits do ſugieſt me ſtill,
The better angell is a man right faire:
The worſer ſpirit a woman collour'd il.
To win me ſoone to hell my femall euill,

Tempteth

Tempteth my better angel from my ſight,
And would corrupt my ſaint to be a diuel:
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,
Suſpect I may,yet not directly tell,
But being both from me both to each friend,
I geſſe one angel in an others hel.
Yet this ſhal I nere know but liue in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

145

THoſe lips that Loues owne hand did make,
Breath'd forth the ſound that ſaid I hate,
To me that languiſht for her ſake:
But when ſhe ſaw my wofull ſtate,
Straight in her heart did mercie come,
Chiding that tongue that euer ſweet,
Was vſde in giuing gentle dome:
And tought it thus a new to greete:
I hate ſhe alterd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day,
Doth follow night who like a fiend
From heauen to hell is flowne away.
I hate,from hate away ſhe threw,
And ſau'd my life ſaying not you.

146

POore ſoule the center of my ſinfull earth,
My ſinfull earth theſe rebbell powres that thee array,
Why doſt thou pine within and ſuffer dearth?
Painting thy outward walls ſo coſtlie gay?
Why ſo large coſt hauing ſo ſhort a leaſe,
Doſt thou vpon thy fading manſion ſpend?
Shall wormes inheritors of this exceſſe,
Eate vp thy charge?is this thy bodies end?
Then ſoule liue thou vpon thy ſeruants loſſe,
And let that pine to aggrauat thy ſtore;
Buy tearmes diuine in ſelling houres of droſſe:

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Within be fed, without be rich no more,
So ſhalt thou feed on death,that feeds on men,
And death once dead,ther's no more dying then.

147

MY loue is as a feauer longing ſtill,
For that which longer nurſeth the diſeaſe,
Feeding on that which doth preſerue the ill,
Th'vncertaine ſicklie appetite to pleaſe:
My reaſon the Phiſition to my loue,
Angry that his preſcriptions are not kept
Hath left me,and I deſperate now approoue,
Deſire is death,which Phiſick did except.
Paſt cure I am,now Reaſon is paſt care,
And frantick madde with euer-more vnreſt,
My thoughts and my diſcourſe as mad mens are,
At random from the truth vainely expreſt.
For I haue ſworne thee faire,and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell,as darke as night.

148

OMe! what eyes hath loue put in my head,
Which haue no correſpondence with true ſight,
Or if they haue,where is my iudgment fled,
That cenſures falſely what they ſee aright?
If that be faire whereon my falſe eyes dote,
What meanes the world to ſay it is not ſo?
If it be not,then loue doth well denote,
Loues eye is not ſo true as all mens: no,
How can it? O how can loues eye be true,
That is ſo vext with watching and with teares?
No maruaile then though I miſtake my view,
The ſunne it ſelfe ſees not, till heauen cleeres.
O cunning loue,with teares thou keepſt me blinde,
Leaſt eyes well ſeeing thy foule faults ſhould finde.

149

CAnſt thou O cruell,ſay I loue thee not,
When I againſt my ſelfe with thee partake:

Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot
Am of my ſelfe, all tirant for thy ſake?
Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
On whom frown'ſt thou that I doe faune vpon,
Nay if thou lowrſt on me doe I not ſpend
Reuenge vpon my ſelfe with preſent mone?
What merrit do I in my ſelfe reſpect,
That is ſo proude thy ſeruice to diſpiſe,
When all my beſt doth worſhip thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,
Thoſe that can ſee thou lou'ſt,and I am blind.

150

OH from what powre haſt thou this powreſull might,
VVith inſufficiency my heart to ſway,
To make me giue the lie to my true ſight,
And ſwere that brightneſſe doth not grace the day?
Whence haſt thou this becomming of things il,
That in the very refuſe of thy deeds,
There is ſuch ſtrength and warranti'e of skill,
That in my minde thy worſt all beſt exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
The more I heare and ſee iuſt cauſe of hate,
Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,
VVith others thou ſhouldſt not abhor my ſtate.
If thy vnworthineſſe raiſd loue in me,
More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

151

LOue is too young to know what conſcience is,
Yet who knowes not conſcience is borne of loue,
Then gentle cheater vrge not my amiſſe,
Leaſt guilty of my faults thy ſweet ſelfe proue.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my groſe bodies treaſon,
My ſoule doth tell my body that he may,
Triumph in loue,fleſh ſtaies no farther reaſon,

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But tyſing at thy name doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize,proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poore drudge to be
To ſtand in thy affaires,fall by thy ſide.
No want of conſcience hold it that I call,
Her loue,for whoſe deare loue I riſe and fall.

152

IN louing thee thou know'ſt I am forſworne,
But thou art twice forſworne to me loue ſwearing,
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
In vowing new hate after new loue bearing:
But why of two othes breach doe I accuſe thee,
When I breake twenty:I am periur'd moſt,
For all my vowes are othes but to miſuſe thee:
And all my honeſt faith in thee is loſt.
For I haue ſworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindneſſe:
Othes of thy loue,thy truth,thy conſtancie,
And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blindneſſe,
Or made them ſwere againſt the thing they ſee.
For I haue ſworne thee faire:more periurde eye,
To ſwere againſt the truth ſo foule a lie.

153

CVpid laid by his brand and fell a ſleepe,
A maide of *Dyans* this aduantage found,
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly ſteepe
In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground:
Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,
A dateleſſe liuely heat ſtill to indure,
And grew a ſeething bath which yet men proue,
Againſt ſtrang malladies a ſoueraigne cure:
But at my miſtres eie loues brand new fired,
The boy for triall needes would touch my breſt,
I ſick withall the helpe of bath deſired,
And thether hied a ſad diſtemperd gueſt.
But found no cure,the bath for my helpe lies,
Where *Cupid* got new fire;my miſtres eye.

154

THe little Loue-God lying once a ſleepe,
Laid by his ſide his heart inflaming brand,
Whilſt many Nymphes that vow'd chaſt life to keep,
Came tripping by,but in her maiden hand,
The fayreſt votary tooke vp that fire,
Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And ſo the Generall of hot deſire,
Was ſleeping by a Virgin hand diſarm'd.
This brand ſhe quenched in a coole Well by,
Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diſeaſd,but I my Miſtriſſe thrall,
Came there for cure and this by that I proue,
Loues fire heates water,water cooles not loue.

FINIS.

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A Louers complaint.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

FRom off a hill whose concaue wombe reworded,
A plaintfull story from a sistring vale
My spirrits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,
And downe I laid to list the sad tun'd tale,
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Storming her world with sorrowes, wind and raine.

Vpon her head a plattid hiue of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the Sunne,
Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw
The carkas of a beauty spent and donne,
Time had not sithed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit, but spight of heauens fell rage,
Some beauty peept, through lettice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heaue her Napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited charecters:
Laundring the silken figures in the brine,
That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares,
And often reading what contents it beares:
As often shriking vndistinguisht wo,
In clamours of all size both high and low.

Some-times her leueld eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battry to the spheres intend:
Sometime diuerted their poore balls are tide,
To th'orbed earth; sometimes they do extend,
Their view right on, anon their gases lend,

To

To euery place at once and no where fixt,
The mind and sight distractedly commixt.

Her haire nor loose nor ti'd in formall plat,
Proclaimd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some vntuck'd descended her sheu'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beside,
Some in her threeden fillet still did bide,
And trew to bondage would not breake from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand fauours from a maund she drew,
Of amber christall and of bedded Iet,
Which one by one she in a riuer threw,
Vpon whose weeping margent she was set,
Like very applying wet to wet,
Or Monarches hands that lets not bounty fall,
Where want cries some; but where excesse begs all.

Of folded schedulls had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sighd, tore and gaue the flud,
Crackt many a ring of Posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud,
Found yet mo letters sadly pend in blood,
With sleided silke, feate and affectedly
Enswath'd and seald to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxiue eies,
And often kist, and often gaue to teare,
Cried O false blood thou registers of lies,
What vnapproued witnes doost thou beare!
Inke would haue seem'd more blacke and damned heare!
This said in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

A reuerend man that graz'd his cattell ny,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Sonnets* LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[2]) Octavo

Sometime a blus'erer that the ruffle knew
Of Court of Cittie, and had let go by
The swiftest houres obserued as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew:
And priuiledg'd by age desires to know
In breefe the grounds and motiues of her wo.

So slides he downe vppon his greyned bat;
And comely distant sits he by her side,
When hee againe desires her, being satte,
Her grecuance with his hearing to deuide:
If that from him there may be ought applied
Which may her suffering extasie asswage
Tis promist in the charitie of age:

Father she saies, though in mee you behold
The iniury of many a blasting houre;
Let it not tell your Iudgement I am old,
Not age, but sorrow, ouer me hath power;
I might as yet haue bene a spreading flower
Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applyed
Loue to my selfe, and to no Loue beside.

But wo is mee, too early I atttended
A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace;
O one by natures outwards so commended,
That maidens eyes stucke ouer all his face,
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.
And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,
Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,
And euery light occasion of the wind
Vpon his lippes their silken parcels hurles,
Whats sweet to do, to do wil aptly find,
Each eye that saw him did inchaunt the minde:

For on his visage was in little drawne,
What largenesse thinkes in parradise was sawne.

Smal shew of man was yet vpon his chinne,
His phenix downe began but to appeare
Like vnshorne veluet, on that termlesse skin
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were.
Yet shewed his visage by that cost more deare,
And nice affections wauering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beautious as his forme,
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free;
Yet if men mou'd him, was he such a storme
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,
When windes breath sweet, vnruly though they bee.
His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did liuery falsenesse in a pride of truth.

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say
That horse his mettell from his rider takes
Proud of subiection, noble by the swaie, (makes
What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he
And controuersie hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his mannad'g, by'th wel doing Steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went,
His reall habitude gaue life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplisht in him-selfe not in his case:
All ayds them-selues made fairer by their place,
Can for addicions, yet their purpos'd trimme
Peec'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue

All kinde of arguments and queſtion deepe,
Al replication prompt,and reaſon ſtrong
For his aduantage ſtill did wake and ſleep,
To make the weeper laugh,the laugher weepe:
He hadthe dialect and different skil,
Catching al paſſions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general boſome raigne
Of young, of old,and ſexes both inchanted,
To dwel with him in thoughts,or to remaine
In perſonal duty,following where he haunted,
Conſent's bewitcht, ere he deſire haue granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would ſay,
Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture gette
To ſerue their eies,and in it put their mind,
Like fooles that in th' imagination ſet
The goodly obiects which abroad they find
Of lands and manſions,theirs in thought aſſign'd,
And labouring in moe pleaſures to beſtow them,
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many haue that neuer toucht his hand
Sweetly ſuppoſ'd them miſtreſſe of his heart:
My wofull ſelfe that did in freedome ſtand,
And was my owne fee ſimple(not in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reſeru'd the ſtalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as ſome my equals did
Demaund of him,nor being deſired yeelded,
Finding my ſelfe in honour ſo forbidde,
With ſafeſt diſtance I mine honour ſheelded,
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded

Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile
Of this falſe Iewell,and his amorous ſpoile.

But ah who euer ſhun'd by precedent,
The deſtin'd ill ſhe muſt her ſelfe aſſay,
Or forc'd examples gainſt her owne content
To put the by-paſt perrils in her way?
Counſaile may ſtop a while what will not ſtay:
For when we rage,aduiſe is often ſeene
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

Nor giues it ſatisfaction to our blood,
That wee muſt curbe it vppon others proofe,
To be forbod the ſweets that ſeemes ſo good,
For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe;
O appetite from iudgement ſtand aloofe!
The one a pallate hath that needs will taſte,
Though reaſon weepe and cry it is thy laſt.

For further I could ſay this mans vntrue,
And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guilded in his ſmiling,
Knew vowes,were euer brokers to defiling,
Thought Characters and words meerly but art,
And baſtards of his foule adulterat heart.

And long vpon theſe termes I held my Citty,
Till thus hee gan beſiege me :Gentle maid
Haue of my ſuffering youth ſome feeling pitty
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,
Thats to ye ſworne to none was euer ſaid,
For feaſts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto
Till now did nere inuite nor neuer vow.

All my offences that abroad you ſee

Are errors of the blood none of the mind:
Loue made them not, with acture they may be,
Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much lesse of shame in me remaines,
By how much of me their reproch containes,

Among the many that mine eyes haue seene,
Not one whose flame my hart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to th, smallest teene,
Or any of my leisures euer Charmed,
Harme haue I done to them but nere was harmed,
Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,
And raignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood:
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of greefe and blushes, aptly vnderstood
In bloodlesse white, and the encrimson'd mood,
Effects of terror and deare modesty,
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And Lo behold these tallents of their heir,
With twisted mettle amorously empleacht
I haue receau'd from many a seueral faire,
Their kind acceptance, wepingly beseecht,
With th'annexions of faire gems inricht,
And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie
Each stones deare Nature, worth and quallity.

The Diamond? why twas beautifull and hard,
Whereto his inuis'd properties did tend,
The deepe greene Emrald in whose fresh regard,
Weake sights their sickly radience do amend.
The heauen hewd Saphir and the Opall blend

With obiects manyfold; each seuerall stone,
With wit well blazond smil'd or made some mone,

Lo all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiu'd and subdew'd desires the tender,
Nature hath chargd me that I hoord them not,
But yeeld them vp where I my selfe must render:
That is to you my origin and ender:
For these of force must your oblations be,
Since I their Aulter, you enpatrone me.

Oh then aduance (of yours) that phraseles hand,
Whose white weighes downe the airy scale of praise,
Take all these similies to your owne command,
Hollowed with sighes that burning lunges did raise:
What me your minister for you obaies
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes
Their distract parcells, in combined summes.

Lo this deuice was sent me from a Nun,
Or Sister sanctified of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest hauings made the blossoms dote,
For she was sought by spirits of ritchest cote,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remoue,
To spend her liuing in eternall loue.

But oh my sweet what labour ist to leaue,
The thing we haue not, mastring what not striues,
Playing the Place which did no forme receiue,
Playing patient sports in vnconstraind giues,
She that her fame so to her selfe contriues,
The scarres of battaile scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Sonnets* LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[2]) Octavo

The accident which brought me to her eie,
Vpon the moment did her force ſubdewe,
And now ſhe would the caged cloiſter flie:
Religious loue put out religions eye:
Not to be tempted would ſhe be enur'd,
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,
The broken boſoms that to me belong,
Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well:
And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge:
I ſtrong ore them and you ore me being ſtrong,
Muſt for your victorie vs all congeſt,
As compound loue to phiſick your cold breſt.

My parts had powre to charme a ſacred Sunne,
Who diſciplin'd I dieted in grace,
Beleeu'd her eies, when they t' aſſaile begun,
All vowes and conſecrations giuing place:
O moſt potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor ſpace
In thee hath neither ſting, knot, nor confine
For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impreſſeſt what are precepts worth
Of ſtale example? when thou wilt inflame,
How coldly thoſe impediments ſtand forth
Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame,
Loues armes are peace, gainſt rule, gainſt ſence, gainſt ſhame
And ſweetens in the ſuffring pangues it beares,
The *Alloes* of all forces, ſhockes and feares.

Now all theſe hearts that doe on mine depend,
Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,
And ſupplicant their ſighes to you extend
To leaue the battrie that you make gainſt mine,
Lending ſoft audience, to my ſweet deſigne,

And credent ſoule, to that ſtrong bonded oth,
That ſhall preferre and vndertake my troth.

This ſaid, his watrie eies he did diſmount,
Whoſe ſightes till then were leaueld on my face,
Each cheeke a riuer running from a fount,
With bryniſh currant downe-ward flowed a pace:
Oh how the channell to the ſtreame gaue grace!
Who glaz'd with Chriſtall gate the glowing Roſes,
That flame through water which their hew incloſes,

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
In the ſmall orb of one perticular teare?
But with the inundation of the eies:
What rocky heart to water will not weare?
What breſt ſo cold that is not warmed heare,
Or cleft effect, cold modeſty hot wrath:
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath.

For loe his paſſion but an art of craft,
Euen there reſolu'd my reaſon into teares,
There my white ſtole of chaſtity I daft,
Shooke off my ſober gardes, and ciuill feares,
Appeare to him as he to me appeares:
All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore,
His poiſon'd me, and mine did him reſtore.

In him a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
Applied to Cautills, all ſtraing formes receiues,
Of burning bluſhes, or of weeping water,
Or ſounding paleneſſe: and he takes and leaues,
In eithers aptneſſe as it beſt deceiues:
To bluſh at ſpeeches ranck, to weepe at woes
Or to turne white and ſound at tragick ſhowes.

That not a heart which in his leuell came,

Could ſcape the haile of his all hurting'ayme,
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maime,
Againſt the thing he ſought,he would exclaime,
When he moſt burnt in hart-wiſht luxurie,
He preacht pure maide,and praiſd cold chaſtitie.

Thus meerely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed feind he couerd,
That th'vnexperient gaue the tempter place,
Which like a Cherubin aboue them houerd,
Who young and ſimple would not be ſo louerd.
Aye me I fell,and yet do queſtion make,
What I ſhould doe againe for ſuch a ſake.

O that infected moyſture of his eye,
O that falſe fire which in his cheeke ſo glowd:
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,
O that ſad breath his ſpungie lungs beſtowed,
O all that borrowed motion ſeeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,
And new peruert a reconciled Maide.

FINIS.

This edition of Hamlet was printed, I believe, in 1607, as was also, I imagine, the undated edition of Romeo & Juliet, for these two plays were entered on the Stationers' books by John Smethwicke, Novr 19, 1607. E.M.

In the edition of 1604 the words following the title are — "Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie."

This undated copy I have collated with the quarto of 1604, and have placed the variations at the bottom of the page.

E.M.

In the Edition of 1604 the play is entitled The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet &c

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

Newly Imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy lastly Printed.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,

Printed by *W. S.* for *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint *Dunstans* Church-yard in Fleetstreet: Vnder the Diall. 6.

The title of the edition of 1604 is as follows.

The
Tragicall Historie of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke.
By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to
+ almost as much againe as it was, ac-
cording to the true and perfect coppie.

At London
Printed by I. R. for N. L and are to be
sold at his shoppe under Saint Dunstons
Church in Fleetstreet, 1604.

+ These words which I have underscored shew
that there was an earlier edition than that
of 1604, though it has hitherto been undis-
covered. It was probably printed in 1602.
See the entries on the Stationers Books.

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
HAMLET
PRINCE
OF
DENMARKE.

Enter BARNARDO, *and* FRANCISCO,
two Sentinels.

Bar. WHose there?
Fran. Nay answer me. Stand and vnfold your
selfe.
Bar. Long liue the King.
Fran. *Barnardo.*
Bar. Hee.

A 2 *Fran.*

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus.*
The riualls of my watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Francisco. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leegemen to the *Dane.*
Fran. Giue you good night.
Marcellus. O, farewell honest Souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*
Mar. Holla, *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say what, is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Hora. What ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. Horatio sayes 'tis but a fantasie,
And will not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approue our eyes and speake to it.
Hora. Tush, Tush, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,

That

1 ~~[illegible] there~~? 26 our fantasie.
2 welfe 4 hart 15 leedgemen 17 farwell.
21 Say, what is ve 30 minuts 31. apparision
32. approove

That are so fortified against our story,
What we haue two nights seene.
Hora. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same star thats Westward from the Pole;
Had made his course t'illumin that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace breake thee off looke where it comes againe,
Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler speake to it *Horatio.*
Hora. Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*
Hora. What art thou that vsurpst this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiesty of buried *Denmarke*
Did somtimes march: by heauen I charge thee speak.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it staukes away.
Hora. Stay, speake, speake I charge thee speake.

Exit Ghost.

Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.
Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble & look pale,
Is not this something more then phantasie?
What thinke you of it?
Hora. Before my God I might not this beleeue,
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.

Mar.

6 weastrard 7 Pillume

13 —— Horatio.
Bar Lookes a not like the king? marke it Horatio.
Hora. Most like &c
28 – think you on't? 30 sencible.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22278) LONDON, [c. 1625] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[3]) Octavo

Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy selfe:
Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownd he once when in an angry parle
He smote the sleaded Pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before and iumpe at this dead houre,
With Martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.
Hora. In what particular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion.
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes.
Why this same strict and most obseruant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the Land,
And with such daily cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine Mart for Implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose sore taske
Does not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweatie haste
Doth make the night ioint labour with the day,
Who ist that can informe me?
Hora. That can I.
At least the whisper goes so, our last King,
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you know by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride.
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seald compact
Well ratified by Law and Heraldrie
Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moity competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,

Had

6 smote 21 labourer.
8 iump. 10 particular 14 shrikt 18 shipwrites
31 heraldry

Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the Articles designe,
His fell to *Hamlet*; now Sir, yong *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprize
That hath a stomake in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post-haste and romeage in the land.
Bar. I thinke it be no other but euen so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.
Hora. A mote it is to trouble the minds eie:
In the most high and palmy state of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
The graues stood tennantlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the *Roman* streets
As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
Disasters in the Sun; and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empire stands,
VVas sick almost to Doomesday with eclipse
And euen the like precurse of fierce euents,
As Harbingers preceding still the fates
And Prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue Heauen and Earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climatures and Countrimen.

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes againe

He

2 article designe 8 which is no other 15 romadge
16 but enso. 20 A moth 23 tenatlesse
29 of feare events 30 preceading

Ile crosse it though it blast me: stay illusion, *It spreads his armes.*
If thou hast any sound or vse of voice,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe ease and grace to me,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy Countries fate
VVhich happily foreknowing may auoid,
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death. *The Cocke crowes.*
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus*.
Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?
Hor. Doe if it will not stand.
Bar. Tis heere.
Hor. Tis heere.
Mar. Tis gone,
VVe doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious mockery.
Bar. It was about to speak when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearfull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his loftie and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
VVhether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Aire,
Th' extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present obiect made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock,
Some say that euer gainst that season comes,
VVherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare stirre abroad
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

So hallowed and so gracious is that time.
Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part beleeue it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eastward hill:
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitring our dutie.
Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conuenient. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Counsaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memory be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe & our whole kingdom,
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th' Imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike State
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in mariage,
In equall scale weighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we herein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now follow es that you know young *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be disioynt, and out of frame
Colleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to pester vs with message

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22278) LONDON, [c. 1625] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[3]) Octavo

Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of Law
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the businesse is, we haue here writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppresse
His further gate herein, in that the leuies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect, and we here dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated Articles allow:
Farewell, and let your hast commend your dutie.
Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we shew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing, hartily farewell.
And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
You told vs of some suite, what is't *Laertes*?
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
And loose your voice; what would'st thou beg *Laertes*?
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more native to the heart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy father,
What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?
Lar. My dread Lord.
Your leaue and fauour to returne to *France*,
From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
To shew my dutie in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confesse, that dutie done
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?
Polo. He hath my Lord wrung from me my slow leaue
By labourSome petition, and at last
Vpon his will I seald my hard consent.

9 hartely farwell. 15 hart 20 Forraine 24
Antepenult. Hath, my lord, wroung—

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.
Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you.
Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.
Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eie looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,
Secke for thy noble father in the dust,
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,
Passing through nature to eternitie.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Quee. If it be,
Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.
Ham. Seemes Madam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my inkie cloke could smother,
Nor customarie Sutes of solemne blacke,
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the eie,
Nor the deiected hauiour of the visage,
Together with all formes, moods, shapes of griefe
That can deuoute me truly, these indeed seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I haue that within which passes shew,
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.
King. Tis sweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your father,
But you must know your father lost a father.
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for some tearme.
To doe obsequious sorrowes, but to perseuer
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornesse, tis vnmanly griefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,
A heart vnfortified, or minde impatient,
An vnderstanding simple and vnschoold,
For what we know must be, and is as common

4 cosin
18 coold mother, 19 solembe 23 chapes of—
24 deuote 33 sorrowe. 35 stubbornes
37 hart

As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peeuiſh oppoſition
Take it to heart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed
From the firſt courſe, till he that died to day
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the World take note
You are the moſt immediate to our throne,
And with no leſſe nobilitie of loue
Then that which deareſt father beares his ſonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going backe to ſchoole to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograd to our deſire,
And we beſeech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eie,
Our chiefeſt Courtier, Couſin, and our ſonne.

Qu. Let not thy mother looſe her praiers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee ſtay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obay you Madame.

King. Why, tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our ſelfe in *Denmarke*, Madame come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that *Denmarke* drinkes to day,
But the great Canon to the cloudes ſhall tell,
And the Kings rowſe the Heauen ſhal bruit againe,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Flouriſh. Exeunt all.*

Ham. O that this too too ſallied fleſh would melt, but *Hamlet*.
Thaw and reſolue it ſelfe into a dew,
Or that the euerlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon gainſt ſeale ſlaughter, O God, God,
How wary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vſes of this World?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded Garden,
That growes to ſeed, things ranke & groſſe in nature,
Poſſeſſe it meerely that it ſhould come thus

3 hart
15 schoole in Wittenberg 16 retrograd
19 cosin 26 hart penult. ranckt & grose

But two moneths dead, nay not ſo much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre, ſo louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of Heauen
Viſit her face too roughly: heauen and earth
Muſt I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him
As if increaſe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a moneth,
Let me not thinke on't; frailtie thy name is woman
A little month. Or ere thoſe ſhooes were old
With which ſhe followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niobe* all teares, why ſhee
O God! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer, maried with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a moneth,
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous teares
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eies
She married Oh! moſt wicked ſpeed; to poſt
With ſuch dexteritie to inceſtious ſheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordſhip. (ſelfe.

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well; *Horatio*, or I doe forget my

Hora. The ſame my Lord, and your poore ſeruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?
Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you (good euen ſir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant diſpoſition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemie ſay ſo,
Nor ſhall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elſonoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

8 Hiperion 5 visite 8 month
12 she 16 month 22 hart

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funeral.
Ham. I prethee doe not mock me fellow student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hora. Indeed my Lord it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funeral bak't meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in Heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
My father me thinkes I see my father.
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eie *Horatio*,
Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hora. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw, who?
Hora. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. The King my father?
Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentiue eare till I may deliuer
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen
This maruaile to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?
Hora. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at point, exactly *Cap apea*
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their oppressed and feare surprized eies,
Within this trnnchions length, whil'st they distill'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me,
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,

20 attent 21 witnes 22 maruile
26 wast 32 his tronchions. ult. apparision

Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watcht,
Ham. Did you not speake to it?
Hora. My Lord, I did,
But answer made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp its head and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
But euen then the morning Cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunke in hast a way
And vanisht from our sight.
Ham. Tis verie strange.
Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?
All. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd say you?
All. Arm'd my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My Lord from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.
Ham. What look't he frowningly?
Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hora. Nay verie pale.
Ham. And fixt his eies vpon you?
Hora. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hora. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Ham. Verie like: staid it long?
Hora. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundreth,
Both. Longer, longer.
Hora. Not when I saw't.
Ham. His beard was grisseld, no.
Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life
A sable siluer'd.

antepenult. grissl'd

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.
Hora. I warn't it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ilespeake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hitherto conceald this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer else shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so fare you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt eleuen and twelue
Ile visit you.
All Our dutie to your honour. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come
Till then sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eies. *Exit.*
Enter Laertes and Ophelia his Sister.
Laer. My necessaries are imbarkt, farewell,
And sister as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assistant, doe not sleepe
But let me heare from you.
Ophe, Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in bloud,
A violet in the youth of primie nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.
Ophe. No more but so.
Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature cressant does nor grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this Temple waxes
The inward seruice of the mind and soule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soile nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

1 nigh 2 Perchaunce 7 hetherto
9 whatsomeuer 11 farre you 12 twelfe
16 farwell 19 fonde 22 farwell 29 primy
39 soyle

His greatnesse waid, his will is not his owne.
He may not as vnualued persons doe,
Craue for himselfe, for on his choice depends
The safetie and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd,
Vnto the voice and yeelding of that bodie,
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to beleeue it
As he in his particular act and place
May giue his saying deed, which is no further,
Then the maine voice of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his songs
Or loose your heart, or your chast treasure open,
To his vnmastred importunitie.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
" The chariest maide is prodigall enough
If she vnmaske her beautie to the Moone
" Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
" The Canker gaules the infant of the Spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most iminent,
Be warie then, best safetie lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.
Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe.
Shew me the steepe and thornie way to heauen
Whiles a puft, and reckles libertine,
Himselfe the primrose path of daliance treads.
And reakes not his owne Reed. *Enter Polonius.*
Laer. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.
Pol. Yet here *Laertes?* aboord, aboord for shame,

1 wayd 2 unualewed 3 Carue 4 safty
14 hart 19 inough 20 butie 22 infants
30 watchman - hart 32 step l. ult abord

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The wind fits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaied for, there my bleſſing with thee,
And theſe few precepts in thy memorie
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
Thoſe friends thou haſt and their adoption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy ſoule with hoopes of ſteele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage; beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th' oppoſer may beware of thee.
Giue euerie man thy eare, but few thy voice,
Take each mans cenſure, but reſerue thy iudgement,
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancie; rich not gaudie,
For the apparell oft proclaimes the man:
And they in *France* of the beſt ranke and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looſes both it ſelfe and friend,
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:
This aboue all, to thine owne ſelfe be true
And it muſt follow as the night the day
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man:
Farewell my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.
Pol. The time inueſts you, go, your ſeruants tend,
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſaid to you.
Ophe. Tis in my memorie locke
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit, Laertes.*
Pol. What iſt *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?
Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet.*
Pol. Marrie well bethought.
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous,

6 familier 22 dulleth edge 26 farwell
29 farwell 33 &.

If it be ſo, as ſo tis put on me,
And that in way of caution I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honour,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection, puh, you ſpeake like a greene girle,
Vnſifted in ſuch perillous circumſtance,
Doe you beleeue his tenders, as you call them?
Ophe. I doe not know my Lord what I ſhould thinke.
Pol. Marrie I will teach you, thinke your ſelfe a babie,
That you haue tane theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling: tender your ſelfe more dearely
Or (not to cracke the wind of the poore phraſe)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.
Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable faſhion.
Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, goe to, goe to.
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech
My Lord, with almoſt all the holy vowes of heauen.
Pol. I, ſpringes to catch Wood-cocks, I do know
When the bloud burnes, how prodigall the ſoule
Lends the tongue vowes, theſe blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making
You muſt not tak't for fire: from this time
Be ſomething ſcanter of your maiden preſence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger teder may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeue his vowes, for they are Brokers
Not of that die which their inueſtments ſhew
But meere implorators of vnholy ſuites,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time forth

22 springes 27 take 30 commaund
32 tider 36 imploratotors

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Haue you so slander any moments leisure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your waies.
Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The aire bites shroudly, it is very cold.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.
Ham. What houre now?
Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.
Mar. No, it is strooke
Hora. Indeed; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season.
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A flourish of Trum-*
What does this meane my Lord? *pets, and two Peeces goes off.*
Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowse,
Keeps wassell and the swaggering vp-spring reeles:
And as he draines his draits of Rhenish downe,
The Kettle Drumme and Trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a custome?
Ham. I marrie ist,
But to my mind, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauie-headed reuell East and West
Makes vs traduc'd and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs Drunkards and with swinish phrase
Soile our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guiltie,
(Since nature cannot choose his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of Reason,
Or by some habit that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stampe of one defect

Rein-

1 slaunder — moment 9 twelfe 14 wake
24 reueale 25 badnot 30 chaunces — particular
33 origin

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
His Vertues els be they as pure as grace.
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ease
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandall.

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.
Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs!
Be thou a spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heauen, or blasts from hel,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall *Dane*, O answere me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead coarse, againe in compleat steele
Reuisites thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of Nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe? *Beckons.*
Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.
Hora. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not speake, then I will follow it.
Hora. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why? what should be the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

5 particuler 5 eale 7 scandle 12 ayres — hell
29 beckins 32 curteous

And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.
Hora. What if it tempt you towards the floud my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull ſomnet of the cleefe
That bettels ore his baſe into the Sea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible forme
Which might depriue your Soueraigntie of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe, thinke of it,
The verie place puts toyes of deſperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes ſo many fadomes to the Sea
And heares it rore beneath.
Ham. It waues me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each pettie attire in this bodie
As hardie as the *Nemean* Lions nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me,
I ſay away, goe one, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghoſt and Hamlet.*
Hora. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. Haue after; to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of *Denmarke.*
Hora. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, ſpeake, Ile go no further.
Ghoſt. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My houre is almoſt come
When I to ſulphrous and tormenting flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.

4 toward the flood my 7 horrable 20 arture

Ghoſt. Pittie mee not but lend my ſerious hearing to
what I ſhall vnfold.
Ham. Speake I am bound to heare.
Ghoſt. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit,
Doom'd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my daies of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale vnfold whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young bloud,
Make thy two eies like ſtarres ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end,
Like quils vpon the fearefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and bloud, liſt, liſt, O liſt,
If thou did'ſt euer thy deare father loue.
Ham. O God.
Ghoſt. Reuenge his ſoule, and moſt vnnatural murther.
Ham. Murther.
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.
Ham. Haſte me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May ſweepe to my reuenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt,
And duller ſhouldeſt thou be then the fat weed
That roots it ſelfe in eaſe on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'ſt thou not ſtirre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo the whole eare of *Denmarke*
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankely abuſed: but know thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham. O my Prophetike ſoule my Vncle.

Ghoſt.

16 particuler 19 ô list 26 hast
36 Rankly abusde

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Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt.
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed
And prey on garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I scent the morning aire,
Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwaies of the afternoone,
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
With iuice of cursed Hebona in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure,
The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with bloud of man,
That swift as Quick-siluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the bodie,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posse sse
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thinne and wholsome bloud; so did it mine,
And a most instant Tetter barkt about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust
All my smooth bodie.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
Vnnuzled, disappointed, vn-anneld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,

16 sent 35 Vnhuzled

Let not the Royall bed of *Denmarke* be
A Couch for Luxurie and damned Incest.
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soule contriue
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To prick and sting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.
Ham. O all you host of heauen! O earth! what else,
And shall I couple hell, O fie! hold my heart,
And you my sinewes; grow not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memorie holds a seat
In this distracted Globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memorie
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All saw of Bookes, all formes, all pressures past
That youth and obseruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the Booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen.
O most pernicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At least I am sure it may be so in *Denmarke*.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adiew, adiew, remember me.
I haue sworne't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.
Hora. Heauens secure him.
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

9 gines 12 hold, hold my hart, 13 sinnowes
19 saues 30 adew, adew,

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Mar. How ist my noble Lord?
Hora. O wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reueale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by Heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be secret.
Both. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all *Denmake*
But he's an arrant Knaue.
Hora. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your businesse aud desire shall point you,
For euery man hath businesse and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. These are but wild and whurling words my Lord.
Ham. I am sorrie they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you,
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
Ore-master't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, Schollers, and Souldiers,
Giue me one poore request.
Hora. What ist my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but sweare't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Vpon my Sword.

Mar.

1 Mar. How, &c
Hor. What newes, my Lord?
Ham. O wonderfull!
7 hart 23 & 24 hartily 30 Premastr't

Mar. We haue sworne my Lord alreadie.
Ham. Indeed vpon my Sword, indeed.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there true penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Sellerige,
Consent to sweare.
Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene,
Sweare by my Sword.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. *Hic, & vbiq;*, then weele shift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my Sword,
Sweare by my Sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.
Ghost. Sweare by his Sword.
Ham. Well said old Mole, canst worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner once more remoone good friends.
Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Antike disposition on
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As, wel, well we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you know ought of me, this do sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most need helpe you.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Rest, rest perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you,

 And

47 Antick

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And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, O cursed spight!
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this mony, and these two notes *Reynaldo*,
Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You shal do marueilous wisely good *Reynaldo*.
Before you visit him, to make inquire,
Of his behauiour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marrie well said, very well said, looke you sir,
Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris*.
And how, & who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompasment and drift of question
That they do know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will tuch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?
Rey. I, very well my Lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y'ft be he I meane, he's verie wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marrie none so ranke
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.
Rey. As gaming my Lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so farre.
Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Faith as you may season it in the charge.

9 these notes 11 merailes 15 Mary

You must not put another scand all on him,
That he is open to incontinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breath his fauls so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A sauageneſſe in vnreclaimed bloud,
Of generall assault.
Rey. But my good Lord.
Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?
Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marrie sir, heere's my drift,
And I beleeue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these slight sullies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little soilde with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound
Hauing euer seene in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good sir (or so) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and Countrie.
Rey. Verie good my Lord.
Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos: what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say some thing,
Where did I leaue?
Rey. At closes in the consequence.
Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marrie,
He closes thus, I know the Gentleman
I saw him yesterday, or th' other day.
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say:
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such or such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a Brothell or so forth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood: take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdome, and of reach,
With windlesses: and with assayes of bias,
By indirects find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise

6 sauagenes 13 sallies 20 addistion
33 Enter such a house of sale, 34 Videlicet
Penult. indirections

Shall you my ſonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Rey. My Lord, I haue.
Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.
Rey. Good my Lord.
Pol. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.
Rey. I ſhall my Lord.
Pol. And let him ply his Muſick.
Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polo. Farwel. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?
Ophe. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue bin ſo affrighted
Polo. With what i'th name of God?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my Cloſſet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head his ſtockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pittious in purport
As if he had beene looſed out of hell
To ſpeake of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy loue?
Ophe. My Lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.
Polo. What ſaid he?
Ophe. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He fals to ſuch peruſall of my face
As a would draw it; long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raiſed a ſigh ſo pittious and profound,
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out of doores he went without their helpes,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.

7 muſique 11 beene 16 ggued 35 shoulder

Polo. Come, goe with me, I will go ſeeke the King.
This is the very extaſie of loue,
Whoſe violent propertie forgoes it ſelfe,
And leads the will to deſperate vndertakings
As oft as any paſſions vnder heauen
That does afflict our natures: I am ſorrie,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Ophe. No my good Lord, but as you did command
I did repell his Letters: and denied
His acceſſe to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad,
I am ſorrie, that with better heed and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke thee, but beſhrow my Iealouſie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond our ſelues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lacke diſcretion; come, goe we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, which being kept cloſe, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come. *Exeunt.*

Florish. Enter King and Queene, Roſencraus and Guyldenſterne.

King. Welcome deere *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſterne*,
Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we haue to vſe you did prouoke
Our haſtie ſending, ſomething haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation ſo call it,
Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was, what it ſhould be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,
So much from the vnderſtanding of himſelfe
I cannot dreame of: I intreat you both,
That being of ſo young dayes brought vp with him,
And ſith ſo neighboured to his youth and hauour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt heere in our Court
Some little time, ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather

So,

2 extacie 3 fordoes 4 desperat 6 doues
8 commaund 14 Selenus 35 nebored 36 vouchsafe

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lies within our remedie.
Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receiue such thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Ros. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Souereigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Then to intreatie.
Guyl. But we both obey,
And here giue vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feet.
King. Thanks *Rosencraus*, and gentle *Guyldensterne*,
Quee. Thanks *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Roscencraus*.
And beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed sonne: goe some of you
And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guyl. Heauens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.
Quee. I Amen. *Exeunt Ros. and Guyl.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast bin the father of good newes.
Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege,
I hold my dutie as I hold my soule.
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vs'd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacie.
King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

5 there is not 8 expend 14 commaund
20 ---- at your feet
To be commaunded.
23 And I beseech

Polo. Giue first admittance to the Embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my decree: *Gertrud* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Volte. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephewes leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieu'd
That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anual fee,
And his commission to imploy those Souldiers,
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your Dominions for this enterprize
On such regards of safetie and allowance
As therein are set downe.
King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this businesse:
Meane time, we thank you for your well took labour,
Go to your rest, at night weele feast together,
Most welcome home. *Exeunt Embassadors.*
Pol. This businesse is well ended,

4 my deere Gertrard 16 Highnes

My Liege and Madam, to expoſtulate
What maieſtie ſhould be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the ſoule of wit,
And tediouſneſſe the limmes and outward floriſhes:
I will be briefe your noble ſonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madneſſe,
What iſt but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that goe.
Quee. More matter with leſſe art.
Pol. Madam, I ſweare Iuſe no art at all,
That he's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
And pittie tis, tis true, a fooliſh figure,
But farewell it, for I will vſe no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaines
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay the cauſe of this defect
For this effect defectiue comes by cauſe:
Thus it remaines and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while ſhe is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and ſurmiſe,
To the Celeſtiall and my ſoules Idoll the moſt beautified Ophelia, *that's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, beautified is a vile phraſe, but you ſhall heare: thus in her excellent white boſome, theſe &c.*
Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?
Pol. Good Madam ſtay awile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt thou the ſtars are fiee, *Letter.*
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.
O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at theſe numbers, I haue not art to reckon my groanes, but that I loue thee beſt, oh moſt beſt beleeue it! adiew. Thine euermore moſt deare Ladie, whileſt this machine is to him.
Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter ſhown me (*Hamlet.*
And more about hath his solicitings

16 graunt 36 recken my grones 37 to him. Hamlet

As they fell out by time, by meants, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.
King. But how hath ſhe receiu'd his loue?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honourable.
Pol. I would faine proue ſo, but what might you thinke
When I had ſeene this hot loue on the wing?
As I perceiu'd it (I muſt tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare Maieſtie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had plaid the Deske, or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vpon this loue with idle ſight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Miſtreſſe this I did beſpeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy ſtarre,
This muſt not be: and then I preſcripts gaue her
That ſhe ſhould locke her ſelfe from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receiue no tokens.
Which done ſhe tooke the fruits of my aduiſe,
And he repel'd, a ſhort tale to make,
Fell into a ſadneſſe, then into a faſt,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakneſſe,
Thence to lightneſſe, and by this declenſion,
Into the madneſſe wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.
King. Doe you thinke this?
Quee. It may be very like.
Pol. Hath there beene ſuch a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue poſitiuely ſaid, tis ſo,
When it prou'd otherwiſe?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwiſe;
If circumſtances leade me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Centre.
King. How may we trie it further?
Pol. You know ſometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobbie.

1 And
7 hote 12 hart 15 mistris thus 16 star
18 her 23 wath -- weakenes 24 madnes

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Quee. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him.
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon
Let me be no assistant for a State
But keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will trie it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away. *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile board him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I sir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand,

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceiue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at first, a said I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slanders sir; for the Satericall Rogue saies here, that old men haue grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eies purging thick Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they haue a plenti-

11 bord 12 dooes 20 teene

plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which sir though I most powerfully and potently beleeue, yet I hold it not honestie to haue it thus set down, for your selfe sir shall grow old as I am; if like a Crab you could goe backeward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, wil you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Polo. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason and sanctitie could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I wil leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life. *Enter Guildersterne, and Rosencraus.*

Polo. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polo. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Ros. God saue you sir.

Guyl. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou *Guildensterne?* A *Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fa- (uors?

Guyl. Faith her priuates we.

Ha. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest. (true;

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsonoure?*

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thank you, and sure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halfpeny; were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Guyl. What should we say my Lord?

21 My extent good — Her doost

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpose; you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can change you withal, be euen and direct with mee whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eie of you, if you loue me hold not off.

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your discouerie & your secrecie to the King and Queen moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises, and indeede it goes soe heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the aire, looke you, this braue ore-hanged firmament, this maiesticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appearth nothing to mee but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the parragon of Annimales, & yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not mee nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Ros. My Lord there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I said man delights not me.

Ros. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the plaiers shall receiue from you, wee coted them on the way, and hether are the coming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that plaies the King shall be welcome, his Maiestie shall haue tribute on mee, the aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and target, the louer shall not sing gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace and the Ladie shall say her mind freely: or the blanke verse shall hault for't. What players are they?

Ros. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citie.

20 orchanging 27 women 36 sigh
38 blacke 40 Citry.

Ham. How chances it the trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both waies.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

Ham. Do the hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citie? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, & those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twentie, fortie, fiftie, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little: s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosophy could find it out. *A flourish.*

Guyl. There are plaiers.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands, come then th'apportenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: lest my extent to the Plaiers, which I tell you must showe fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North-west; when the wind is Southerly, I know a Hawke, from a Hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guyldensterne*, and you to, are each eare a hearer, that great babie as you see is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecie that he comes to tell me of the Plaiers; marke it, you say right sir a Monday morning t'was then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tell you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz,

Pol. Vpon my honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall, Pastoral-Comicall, Historical-Pastorall, seeme indeuidable.

1 they 4 they 13 are the players. 15 appurtenance
16 let my extent 25 to, at each 26 babie you see
there, is 23 I will prophecie he comes l. ult. scene

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indeuidable, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauie, nor *Plautus* too light for the law of writ, and the libertie: these are the onely men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*?

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will show you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard mee in *Denmarke*? what my young Ladie and Mistris, my Ladie your Ladiship is neerer to Heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Faukners, flie at any thing we see, weele haue a speech strait, come giue vs a taste of your qualitie, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleasd not the million, t'was cauiary to the general, but it was as I receiued it and others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, and there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrhus* like Th'ircanian

Beast.

9 Pol. If you call me Iepthа, my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.
Ham. Nay, that followes not.
17 valanct 18 Mistris by Ladie 19 nerer
22 Faukners

Beast, tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose sable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeard,
With Heraldy more dismall head to foot,
Now is he totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embasted with the parching streets
Than lend a tirranous and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbunckles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old gransire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerued father falls:
Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhus* eare, for lo his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe below
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhus* pause,
A rowsed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for proofe eterne,
VVith lesse remorse then *Pirrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out

1 not so, it 9 empasted 10 That lend a tirranus

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Out, out, thou ſtrumper Fortune! all you gods,
In generall ſynod take away her power,
Breake all the ſpokes, and fellowes from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

Ha. It ſhal to the barbers with your beard; prethee ſay on, he's for a Iig, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleepes, ſay on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a woe, had ſeene the mobled Queene.

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Polo. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoot vp and downe, threatning the flames.
With *Biſon* rhume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in venom ſteept,
Gainſt fortunes ſtate would treaſon haue pronounc'd;
But if the gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pirhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her husbands limmes,
The inſtant burſt of clamor that ſhe made,
Vnleſſe things mortall moue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And paſſion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his collour, and has teares in's eyes prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt of this ſoone, good my Lord will you ſee the Players well beſtowed; doe you heare, let them be well vſed, for they are the abſtract and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vſe euery man after his deſert, and who ſhall ſcape whipping, vſe them after your owne honour and dignitie, the leſſe they deſerue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs.

Ha. Follow him friends, weele here a play to morrow; doſt thou here

3 follies 13 rehume 21 husband
26 cullour L. vult heare

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hau't to morrow night, you could for need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen lines, or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe and inſert in't: could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to *Elſonoure*. *Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

Roſ. Good my Lord. *Exit.*

Ham. I ſo, God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and peſant ſlaue am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here
But in a fixion, in a dreame of paſſion
Could force his ſoule ſo to his owne conceit
That from her working all the viſage wand,
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuting
VVith formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*.
VVhat's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he ſhould weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for paſſion
That I haue? he would drowne the ſtage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,
Like *Iohn*-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whoſe property and moſt deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
VVho calls me villain, breaks my pate a croſſe,
Plucks off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the noſe, gines me the ly i'th throat
As deepe as to the lunges: who does me this,
Hah! s'wounds I ſhould take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lacke gall

3 hate 8 tell 18 an his 26 appale
36 throate

To make oppreſſion bitter, or ere this
I ſhould haue fatted all the region kytes
VVith this ſlaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,
Remorſleſſe, treacherous, letcherous, kindleſſe villain.
VVhy what an Aſſe am I? this is moſt braue,
That I the ſonne of a deere father murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Muſt like a whore vnpack my heart with words,
And fal a curſing like a very drabbe; ſtallion, fie vppon't, foh.
About my braines, hum, I haue heard,
That guiltie creatures ſitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scene,
Beene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther though it haue no tongue will ſpeake
With moſt miraculous organ. Ile haue theſe Players
Play ſomthing like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quick, if a do blench.
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I haue ſeene
May be a diuell, and the diuell hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea and perhaps,
Out of my weakeneſſe and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes me to dampne me; Ile haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
VVherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyl-denſterne, Lords

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his daies of quiet
VVith turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Roſ. He doues confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe a will by no meanes ſpeake.
Guyl. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty madneſſe keepes aloofe
VVhen we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion

Of

6 a deere murthered, 8 hart 9 a ſtallyon
2 a deale, and the deale

Of his true ſtate.
Quee. Did he receiue you well?
Roſ. Moſt like a Gentleman.
Guyl. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
Roſ. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.
Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?
Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue alreadie order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis moſt true.
And he beſeecht me to intreat your Maieſties
To heare and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him ſo inclin'd.
Good Gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And driue his purpoſe into theſe delights.
Roſ. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt Roſ. & Guyl.*
King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as 't'were by accedent, may heere
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my ſelfe,
VVee'le ſo beſtow our ſelues, that ſeeing vnſeene,
VVe may of their encounter frankly iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If't be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he ſuffers for.
Quee. I ſhall obey you.
And for my part *Ophelia* I doe wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildneſſe, ſo ſhall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.
Ophe. Madam, I wiſh it may.
Pol. Ophelia walk you here: gracious ſo pleaſe you,

F 3 We

5 demaunds 17 hart 33 for your part

We will bestow our selues; read on this Booke,
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your lowlinesse; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The Deuill himselfe.
King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience?
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,
Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deed to my most painted word:
O heauy burthen:

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, withdraw my Lord.
Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: To die to sleepe
No more: and by a sleepe, to say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a consummation
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreames may come?
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th' oppressors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of office and the Lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merit of th' vnworthy takes,
When himselfe might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouer'd Countrie, from whose borne

No

3 lowlines 10 ougly
31 The pangs of despiz'd love the lawes delay,
34 When he himselfe

No traueller returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ils we haue,
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
And thus the natiue hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought.
And Enterprizes of great pitch and moment,
VVith this regard their currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy Orizons
Be all my sins remembred.
Ophe. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thanke you; well.
Ophe. My Lord I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer,
I pray you now receiue them.
Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.
Ophe. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composd
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers proue vnkind,
There my Lord.
Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.
Ophe. My Lord.
Ham. Are you faire?
Ophe. VVhat meanes your Lordship?
Ham. That if you be honest and faire, you should admit no discourse to your beautie.
Ophe. Could beautie my Lord haue better commerce
Then with honesty?
Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a Baud, then the force of honesty can translate beautie in his likenesse, this was sometime a Paradoxe, but now the time giues it proofe, I did loue you once.
Ophe. Indeed my Lord you made me beleeue so.
Ham. You should not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot so euacuate our old stock, but we shall rellish of it: I loued you not.

Ophe.

1 traueller 31 comerse 35 into his
l. ult. enoculat

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Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry: why would'ſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am my ſelf indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proud, reuengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoghts to put them in imagination to giue them ſhape, or time to act them in: what ſhould ſuch fellowes as I do crauling betweene Earth and Heauen? we are arrant Knaues, beleiue none of vs. Go thy waies to a Nunry, Where's your father?

Ophe. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doers be ſhut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne houſe,
Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you ſweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou dooſt mary, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowry, be thou as chaſt as Ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farwell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marrie a foole, for wiſemen know well enough what monſters you make of them: to a Nunry go, and quickly too, farwell.

Ophe. Heauenly powers reſtore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your ſelues another, you gig & amble, and you liſt you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonneſſe ignorance; go to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad, I ſay we will haue no mo marriage, thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhall liue, the reſt ſhall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe. *Exit.*

Ophe. O what a noble mind is here othrowne!
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholers, eie, tongue, ſword,
Th'expectation, and Roſe of the faire ſtate,
The glaſſe of faſhion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obſeru'd of all obſeruers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies moſt deiect and wretched,
That ſuckt the hony of his Muſick vowes;
Now ſee what noble and moſt ſouereigne reaſon
Like ſweet bels iangled out of time, and harſh,
That vnmarcht forme, and ſtature of blowne youth
Blaſted with extaſie. O wo is me
T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene, ſee what I ſee. *Exit.*

Enter

l. 11. ~~dooors~~ doores 16 yee 22 your selfes
23 wantonnes 33 honey & his musickt
36 unmatcht

Enter King and Polonius

King. Loue: his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes; there's ſomething in his ſoule
Ore which his melancholy ſits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus ſet downe: he ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute,
Haply the Seas, and Countries different,
With variable obiects ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his heart,
Whereon his braines ſtill beating
Puts him thus from faſhion of himſelfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It ſhall doe well.
But yet do I beleiue the origen & comencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia*?
You need not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To ſhow his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (ſo pleaſe you) in the eare
Of all their conference: if ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him: or confine him where
Your wiſdome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo,
Madnes in great ones muſt not vnmarcht go. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the ſpeech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the Town-crier ſpoke my lines, nor doe not ſaw the aire too much with your hand thus, but vſe all gently, for in the very torrent tempeſt, & as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it ſmoothneſſe, O it offends me to to the ſoule, to heare a robuſti-

G ous

9 Thus set it downe 10 demaund 13 hart
18 oregin and commencement of his greefe
32 pronoun'd 35 all

ous Perwig-pated fellow tere a passion to totters, to vere rags, to spleet the eares of the ground-lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but in explicable dumbe shewes, and noise: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it out *Herods, Herod*, pray you auoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor, suite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-step not the modestie of Nature: For any thing so ore-done, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirrour vp to Nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorn her own Image, and the very age and bodie of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieue, the censure of which one must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seen play, and heard others praisd, and that highly, not to speake it profanely, that neither hauing th' accent of *Christians*, nor the gate of *Christian, Pagan*, nor man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iournymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your Clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that will themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine Spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessarie question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the Foole that vses it: go make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this piece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, and Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently,

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten (them.

Ros. I my Lord. *Exeunt those two.*

Ham. What how, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iust a man
As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hora.

3 vayse 11 at the first 21 jornimen
22 abhominably 36 howe

Hora. O my deare Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter.
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and cloath thee, why should the poore be flattred?
No let the candied tongue lick absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning, dost thou heare,
Since my deare soule was Mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election
Shath seald thee for her selfe, for thou hast bin
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
Whose bloud and iudgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger
To sound what stop she please: giue me that man
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that Act a foot,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene,
And my imaginations are as soule
As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note
For I mine eies will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne
In censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this Play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the Play. I must be idle,

6 absurd 7 hindges 8 fauning 11 S'hath
19 harts — hart

Get you a place.
King. How fares our Cousin *Hamlet?*
Ham. Excellent Ifaith.
Of the Camelions dish, I eat the aire,
Promis-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons so.
King. I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.
Ham. No nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th the Vniuersitie you say,
Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,
Ham. What did you enact?
Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæsar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild me.
Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calfe there.
Be the Players readie?
Ros. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.
Ger. Come hither my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.
Ham. No good mother here's mettle more attractiue.
Pol. O, oh, doe you marke that.
Ham. Ladie shall lie in your lap?
Ophe. No my Lord.
Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Countrie matters?
Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.
Ham. That's a faire thought to lie between maids legs.
Ophe. What is my Lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Ophe. You are merrie my Lord.
Ham. Who I?
Ophe. I my Lord.
Ham. O God! your onely Iigge-maker, what should a man do but be merrie, for looke you how cherefully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two houres.
Ophe. Nay, tis twice two moneths my Lord.
Ham. So long, nay then let the Deuill weare black, for Ile haue a Sute of Sables; O heauens, die two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a yeare, but her Ladie a must build Churches then, or else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Enter

2 cosin 6 answer 20 shall I lie
34 deule

The Trumpets sound. Dumbe show follows.
Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lies him downe vpon a banke of flowers, shee seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon comes in another man, takes off his Crown, kisses it, powrs poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysoner with some three or foure comes in againe, seem to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poisoner woes the Queen with gifts, she seems harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?
Ham. Marry it is munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischeife.
Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the Play.
Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter prologue.*
The Players cannot keepe they'le tell all.
Ophe. Will a tell vs what this show meant?
Ha. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.
Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.
Prologue. For vs and for our Tregedy,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.
Ham. Is this a Prologue or the posie of a Ring?
Ophe. Tis briefe my Lord.
Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dosen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since Loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.
Quee. So many iourneyes may the Sun and Moon
Make vs againe count ore ere loue bd done,
But woe is me you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

7 come 9 accepts 11 Marry this munching
33 be done 35 our former

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'ſt, my feare is ſo,
Where loue is great, the litleſt doubts are feare,
Where little fears grow great, great loue grows there.
King. Faith I muſt leaue thee loue, and ſhortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to doe,
And thou ſhalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband ſhalt thou.
Quee. O confound the reſt.
Such loue muſt needs be treaſon in my breſt,
In ſecond husband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kild the firſt. *Ham.* That's wormwood.
The inſtances that ſecond marriage moue
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of loue,
A ſecond time I kill my husband dead,
When ſecond husband kiſſes me in bed.
King. I do beleeue you think what now you ſpeak,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpoſe is but the ſlaue to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruit vnripe ſticks on the tree,
But fall vnſhaken when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary tis that we forget
To pay our ſelues what to our ſelues is debt,
What to our ſelues in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe,
The violence of either griefe or ioy,
Their owne ennactures with themſelues deſtroy,
Where ioy moſt reuels, griefe doth moſt lament,
Griefe ioy, ioy griefes, on ſlender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not ſtrange,
That euen our loues ſhould with our fortuns change,
For tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or elſe fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

The

5 ciz'd

The poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,
And hethertoo doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall neuer lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our deuices ſtill are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no ſecond husband wed,
But dy thy thoughts when thy firſt Lord is dead.
Quee. Nor earth to me giue food, nor heauen light,
Sport and repoſe lock from me day and night,
To deſperation turne my truſt and hope,
And Anchors cheere in priſon be my ſcope,
Each oppoſite that blanks the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it deſtroy,
Both here and hence purſue me laſting ſtrife, *Ham.* If ſhe ſhould break it now.
If once I be a widdow, euer I be wife.
King. Tis deeply ſworne, ſweet leaue me heare a while,
My ſpirits grow dull and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep,
Quee. Sleep rock thy brain,
And neuer come miſchance betwixt vs twain *Exeunt.*
Ham. Maddam, how like you this Play?
Quee. The Lady doth proteſt too much me thinks.
Ham. O but ſhee'le keep her word.
King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but ieſt, poiſon in ieſt, no offence i'th (world.
King. What do you call the Play?
Ham. The Mouſetrap, mary how tropically, this Play is the Image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptiſta*, you ſhall ſee anon, tis a knauiſh piece of work, but what of that? your Maieſty and we ſhall haue free ſoules, it touches vs not, let the gauled lade winch, our withers are vnwrung. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.
Enter Lucianus.
Oph. You are as good as a *Chorus* my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

If

11 die 19 be a wife 24 between
32 doone 34 we that have 35 wrong

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If I could see the puppits dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leaue thy'damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing,
Considerate season,els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranke,of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted,thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke,and dire propertie,
On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poisons him i'th Garden for his estate,his names *Gonzago*,the story is extant and written in very choice *Italian*,you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the Play.

King. giue me some light,away.

Pol. Lights,lights,lights. *Exeunt,all but Ham.and Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the stroken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,
Thus runs the world away. Would not this sir & a forrest of feathers,if the rest of my fortuns turne Turk with me,with prouincial Roses,on my raz'd shooes,get me a fellowship in a city of Player?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dost know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme dismantled was
Of Ioue himselfe,and now raignes here
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceiue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ha. Vpon the talke of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him,

Ham.

11 inuected 22 stroken

Ham. Ah ha,come some musique,come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comodie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie,
Come,some musique.

Enter Rosencraus,Guyldensterne.

Gu. Good my Lord,voutsafe me a word with you

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Guyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir,what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruailous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choller.

Ham. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir,pronounce.

Guyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guy. Nay good my Lord,this curtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will do your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall be the end of businesse.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord.

Ha. Make you a wholsome answer,my wits diseasd,but sir,such answer as I can make,you shal command,or rather as you say,my mother,therefore no more,but to the matter,my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she saies,your behauiour hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne that can so stonish a mother! but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?

Ros. My Lord you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros.

10 meroilous 22 aunswere 23 commaundement

Roſ. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper, you do ſurely bar the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lack aduancement.

Roſ. How can that be when you haue the voyce of the King himſelfe for your ſucceſſion in *Denmarke*.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I ſir, but wile the graſſe grows, the prouerb is ſomthing muſty, oh the Recorders, let me ſee one, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Gu. O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly

Ham. I do not well vnderſtand that, will you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I beſeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as eaſie as lying: gouern theſe ventages with your fingers, & the thumb giue it breath with your mouth, and it wil diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſique, look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guyl. But theſe cannot I command to any vtrance of harmony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops, you would pluck out the heart of my myſterie, you would ſound me from my loweſt note to my compaſſe, and there is much muſique, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak, s'blood do you think I am eaſier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what Inſtrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bleſſe you ſir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ha. Do you ſee yonder cloud that's almoſt in ſhape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th maſſe and tis like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is black like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

8 while 17 I doe beseech 20 & the vmber
22 commaund 24 unsworthy 26 hart
antepenult. backt

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They fool me to the top of my bent, I wil come by & by,
Leaue me friends.
I will, ſay ſo. By and by is eaſily ſaid,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawne, and hell it ſelfe breaks out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch buſineſſe as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: ſoft, now to my mother,
O heart looſe not thy nature! let not euer,
The ſoule of *Nero* enter this firme boſome!
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will ſpeak dagger to her, but vſe none,
My tongue and ſoule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words ſomeuer ſhe be ſhent,
To giue them ſeales neuer my ſoule conſent. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Roſencraus, and Guyldenſterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with vs
To let his madneſſe range, therefore prepare you,
I your commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you,
The termes of our eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo neer's as doth hourely grow,
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our ſelues prouide,
Moſt holy and religious feare it is
To keep thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That liue and feed vpon your Maieſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculier life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind
To keep it ſelfe from noyance, but much more
That ſpirit, vpon whoſe weale depends and reſts
The liues of many, the ceſſe of Maieſty
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a maſſie wheele
Fixt on the ſomnet of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are morteiſt and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

7 hote 8 busines 10 hart 16 consent. Exit.
23 Rozerd. penult hough spokes tenne

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Each ſmall annexment, petie conſequence
Attends the boiſtrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King ſigh, but a generall grownе.
King. Arme you I pray you to this ſpeedie voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.
Roſ. VVe will haſt vs. *Exeunt. Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my ſelfe
To here the proſſeſſe, I'le warrant ſhee'le tax him home,
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
Tis meet that ſome more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; fare you well my Leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I know. *Exit.*
King. Thanks deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vppont;
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect: what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the ſweet Heauens
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerues mercie
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
My faults is paſt, but oh! what forme of praier
Can ſerue my turne? forgiue me my foule murther:
That cannot be ſince I am ſtil poſſeſt
Of thoſe affects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene:

1 petty 3 grone 4 viage 6 too
11 heare the proceſſe 14 parciall 15 farre
25 beginne 34 fault penult effect

May one be pardoned and retaineth'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may ſhow by iuſtice,
And oft tis ſeene the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the Law, but tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our ſelues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence: what then, what reſts?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate, O boſome blacke as death,
O limed ſoule, that ſtrugling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make aſſay,
Bow ſtubborne knees and heart with ſtrings of ſteele:
Be ſoft as ſinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo a goes to heauen,
And ſo am I reuenged, that would be ſcand
A villaine kils my father, and for that,
I his ſole ſonne, do this ſame villaine ſend
To heauen.
Why, this is baſe and ſilly.——not reuendge,
A tooke my father groſly, full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne, as fluſh as May,
And how his Audit ſtands who knowes ſaue heauen,
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
Tis heauie with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his ſoule,
When he is fit and ſeaſoned for his paſſage?
No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a ſleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceſtious pleaſure of his bed,
At game, a ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſaluation in't.

1 pardond 3 guilded 14 Angels 15 hart
21 reuendge 27 braod 32 ſeaſond

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Then trip him that his heele may kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes; my mother stayes,
This Physick but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flie vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come strait, look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue bin too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene
Much heat and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
Withdraw, I heare him comming.
Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?
Ger. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.
Ger. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Ger. Why how now *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Ger. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by Rood not so,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.
Ger. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You go not till I set you vp a Glasse
Where you may see the most part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou do, thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe hoe.
Polo. What hoe helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.
Pol. O I am slaine.
Ger. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

1 heels 9 braods 24 by the Rood
32 Helpe, how 33 What, how

Ger. O what a rash and bloudie deed is this.
Ham. A bloudie deed, almost as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marrie with his brother.
Ger. As kill a King.
Ham. I Lady it was my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding Foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe,
If damned custome haue not brasd it so,
That it be proofe and bulwarke against sence.
Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and blush of modestie,
Cals vertue Hypocrite, takes of the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers oathes, Oh such a deed!
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule: and sweet Religion makes
A rapsodie of words; heauens face does glow
Ore this solidity and compound masse
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought-sick at the act.
Quee. Ay me what act?
Ham. That rores so lowd and thunders in the Index,
Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on his brow,
Hiperions curles the front of *Ioue* himselfe,
An eie like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A station like the Herald *Mercurie*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,
A combination and forme indeed,
Where euery God did seeme to set his seale
To giue the world assurance of a man,

This

10 hart 11 penitrable 18 hipocrit 24 rapsedy
32 on this browe

This was your husband, look you now what follows,
Heere is your husband like a mil-dewed eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother: haue you eies?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed
And batton on this *Moore*; ha, haue you eies?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this? sence sure you haue
Else could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extasie was neere so thral'd
But it reseru'd some quantitie of choice
To serue in such a difference. What Deuill wast
That thus hath cosond you at hodman-blind?
Eies without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eies, smelling sance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actiuely doth burne,
And reason pardons will.
Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turn'st my very eies into my soule,
And there I see such black and grieued spots
As will leaue there their tinct.
Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an incestuous bed
Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue
Ouer the nastie stie.
Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like Daggers enter in my eares
No more sweet *Hamlet*.
Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slaue that is not twentith part the kyth.

5 Moore (Roman) 10 Ils 12 nere 13 choise
15 cosund 32 an inseemed bed

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A Cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.
Enter Ghost.
Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly guards: what would your gracious figure?
Ger. Alasse he's mad.
Ham. Doe you not come your tardie sonne to chide,
That lap'st in time and passion lets goe by
Th' important acting of your dread command. O say!
Ghost. Doe not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betweene her, and her fighing soule!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.
Ham. How is it with you Ladie?
Ger. Alasse how i'st with you?
That you doe bend your eie on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall aire do hold discourse,
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peepe,
And as the sleeping Souldiers in th'alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts vp and stands an end: O gentle sonne!
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon do you looke?
Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he gleres,
His forme and cause conioyned, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, do not looke vpon me,
Lest with this pittious action you conuert
My sterne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true colour, teares perchance for bloud.
Ger. To whom doe you speake this?
Ham. Doe you see nothing there?
Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Ger. No, nothing but our selues.

22 Ger. No more. 8 gards 16 fighting
23 Fourth 26 Start vp and stand 28 Sprinckle
29 glares, 34 cullor 37 is I see

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Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liu'd,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*
Ger. This is the coynage of your braine,
This bodilesse creation, extasie is very cunning in
Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musick, it is not madnesse
That I haue vttred, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from, Mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
That not your trespasse but my madnesse speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene: confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoid what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and woo for leaue to doe him good.
Ger. O *Hamlet*! thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Assume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster custome, who all sence doth eate
Of habits Deuill, is Angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a Frock or Liuerie
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easinesse
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stampe of nature,
And master the Deuill, or throw him out
With wondrous potencie: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas'd it so

To

4 the very coynage 26 Assume 32 easines
35 And either the Deuil

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell onely to be kind,
This bad begins, and worse remaines behind.
One word more good Ladie.
Ger. What shall I doe?
Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a Bat, a Gib,
Such deere conseruings hide, who would doe so,
No, in despight of sence and secrecie,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds flie, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.
Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to *England*, you know that,
Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.
Ham. Ther's letters seald, & my two school-fellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the Mandate, they must sweepe my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the Enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard below their mines.
And blow them at the Moone: O tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet,

I 2 This

19 concernings

This man ſhall ſet me packing,
I'le lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counſailer
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
VVho was in life a moſt fooliſh prating knaue.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Enter King, and Queene, with Roſencraus and Guyldenſterne.

King. There's matter in theſe ſighes, theſe profound heaues,
You muſt tranſlate, tis fit we vnderſtand them,
VVhere is your ſonne?
Gert. Beſtow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I ſeene to night?
King. VVhat *Gertard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?
Gert. Mad as the ſea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawleſſe fit,
Behind the Arras hearing ſome thing ſtir,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainiſh apprehenſion kills
The vnſeene good old man.
King. O heauy deed!
It had beene ſo with vs had we bin there,
His libertie is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the owner of a foule diſeaſe
To keep it from diuulging, let it feed
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?
Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madneſſe like ſome ore
Among a minerall of mettals baſe,
Shewes it ſelfe pure, a weeps for what is done.
King. Gertrad, come away,

l. ult. O Gertrard,

The Sun no ſooner ſhall the mountaines touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vile deed
We muſt with all our Maieſtie and skill *Enter Roſ. and Guyld.*
Both countenance and excuſe. Ho *Guyldenſterne*,
Friends both, go ioyne you with ſome further ayd,
Hamlet in madneſſe hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his mothers cloſet hath he drag'd him,
Go ſeeke him out ſpeake faire and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haſt in this, — *Ex. Roſ. & Guyld.*
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what we meane to do
And whats vntimely done,
Whoſe whiſper ore the worlds Diameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blank,
Tranſports his poyſoned ſhot, may miſſe our name,
And hit the woundleſſe ayre, O come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus and others.

Ha. Safely ſtowd, but ſoftly, what noiſe, who calls on *Hamlet*?
O here they come.
Roſ. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with duſt whereto it is kin.
Roſ. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.
Ham. Do not beleeue it.
Roſ. Beleeue what?
Ham. That I can keep your counſaile and not mine owne, beſides to be demanded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſonne of a King.
Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge my Lord?
Ha. I ſir, that ſokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his authorities, but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſeruice in the end, he keepsthem like an apple in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but ſqeeſing you, and ſpunge you ſhall be dry againe.
Roſ. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.
Ham. I am glad of it, a knauiſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh eare.
Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.

7 dregd 19 but ſoft, what 22 compound

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Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seek him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes,
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befalne?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Ros. Hoe, bring in the Lord. *They Enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper where.

Ha. Not where he eates, but where he is eaten, a certain conuocation of politick worms are een at him: your worme is your only Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat our selues for maggots, your fat King & your leane Beggar is but variable seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alasse, alasse.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eat of a King, eat of the fish that hath fed of that worme.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a progresse

24 How, bring 28 where a is 35 Keate — saddle

gresse through the guttes of a Beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger find him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this moneth, you shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deed for thine especiall safety
Which we doe tender, as we deerly grieue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy selfe;
The Barke is readie, and the wind at help,
Th'assotiats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*.

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them, but come for *England*: Farewell deere mother.

King. Thy louing father *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife, Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother:
Come for *England*. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot,
Tempt him with speed abourd,
Delay it not, I'le haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is seald and done
That els leanes on the affaire, pray you make hast,
And *England* if my loue thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
Paies homage to vs, thou maist not coldly set
Our Soueraigne processe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*, do it *England*,
For like the Hectick in my blood he rages,

And

4 Herre 14 associats 27 abord

And thou muſt cure me till I know tis done.
How ere my haps, my ioyes will neere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbraſſe with his Armie ouer the Stage.

Fortin. Go Captaine, from me greet the *Daniſh* King,
Tell him, that by his licence *Fortinbraſſe*
Craues the conuëyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his Kingdome, you know the rendezuous,
If that his Maieſty would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.
Cap. I will doo't my Lord.
Fortin. Go ſoftly on.

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, &c.

Ham. Good ſir whoſe powers are theſe?
Cap. They are of *Norway* ſir.
Ham. How propoſd ſir I pray you?
Cap. Againſt ſome part of *Poland.*
Ham. Who commands them ſir?
Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway, Fortinbraſſe.*
Ham. Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir?
Or for ſome frontire?
Cap. Truly to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it?
Now will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, ſhould it be ſould in fee.
Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.
Cap. Yes it is already gariſond.
Ham. Two thouſand ſoules and twenty thouſand duckets
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw,
This is th'impoſtume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and ſhewes no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you ſir.
Cap. God buy you ſir.
Roſ. Wil't pleaſe you goe my Lord?
Ham. I'le be with you ſtraight, go a little before.
How all occaſions do informe againſt me,

And

16 purpos'd 26 Nor

And ſpur my dull reuenge. VVhat is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to ſleep and feed, a beaſt, no more:
Sure he that made vs with ſuch large diſcourſe
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capability and God-like reaſon
To fuſt in vs vnus'd, now whether it be
Beſtiall obliuion, or ſome crauen ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th'euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wiſdome,
And euer three parts coward I do not know
VVhy yet I liue to ſay this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cauſe, and will and ſtrength, and meanes
To doo't; examples groſſe as earth exhort me,
VVitneſſe this Army of ſuch maſſe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
VVhoſe ſpirit with diuine ambition puft,
Makes mouthes at the inuiſible euent,
Expoſing what is mortall, and vnſure,
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-ſhell, Rightly to be great,
Is not to ſtir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a ſtraw
VVhen honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother ſtain'd,
Excitements of my reaſon, and my blood,
And let all ſleep, while to my ſhame I ſee
The iminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a fantaſie and trick of fame
Go to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
VVhereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
VVhich is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the ſlaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not ſpeak with her.
Gen. She is importunate,
Indeed diſtract, her mood will needs be pittied.

Penult. importunat

Quee. What would she haue?
Gent. She speaks much of her Father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speaks things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winks and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.
Hora. T'were good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.
Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as sins true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artlesse iealousie is guilt,
'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.
Oph. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of *Denmark?*
Quee. How now *Ophelia.* *she sings.*
Ophe. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.
Quee. Alasse sweet Lady, what imports this song?
Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a grasse greene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.
Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*
Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountain snow.
Enter King.
Quee. Alasse looke here my Lord.
Ophe. Larded all with sweete flowers,
Which bewept to the ground did not go *Song.*
With true loue showers.
King. How do you pretty Lady?
Oph. VVell good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what wee may be; God be at your table.
King.

3 hart g as her vinches

King. Conceit vpon her Father.
Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they ask you what it meanes, say you this.
To morrow is S. *Valentines* day, Song.
All in the morning betime,
And I a mayd at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and dupt the chamber doore.
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.
King. Pretty *Ophelia.*
Oph. Indeed without an oath I'le make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint charity,
alack and fie for shame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promisd me to wed,
(He answers) So should I a done by yonder sun
And thou hadst not come to my bed.
King. How long hath she beene thus?
Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weep to think they would lay him i'th cold ground, my brother shall know of it, & so I thank you for your good counsel.
Come my Coach, God night Ladies, God night.
Sweet Ladies God night, God night.
King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poison of deep griefe, it springs all from her Fathers death, and now behold, O *Gertrard, Gertrard,*
When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first her Father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers
For good *Polonius* death: & we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her selfe, and her faire iudgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from *France,*
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himselfe in clouds,

 And

17 So would I Penult. Fraunce

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessitie of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swissers, let them guard the door,
What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his list,
Eates not the flats with more impetuous hast
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquitie forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
O this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? sirs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you keepe the doore, O thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen here between the chast vnsmerched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so Giant-like?

Let

9 where is my 13 impatious 35 unsmirched

Let him goe *Gertrard*, do not feare our person,
There's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason cannot peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenst, let him go *Gertrard*,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill,

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuil,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deare father, i'st writ in your reuenge,
That soop-stake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,
Repast them with my bloud.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sensible in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day does to your eie. *A noyse within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now what noise is that?

3 can but peepe 10 demaund 34 sencibly
36 dooes

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22278) LONDON, [c. 1625] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[3]) Octavo

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares ſeuen times ſalt
Burne out the ſence and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madnes ſhall be paid with weight
Till our ſcale turne the beame. O Roſe of May,
Deere maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*,
O Heauens, iſt poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!
Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.
Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſwade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.
Ophe. You muſt ſing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his Maſters Daughter,
Laer. This nothing's more then matter.
Ophe. There's Roſemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.
Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rew for you, and heere's ſome for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference, there's a Daſie, I would giue you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my Father died, they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.
Laer. Thought and affliction, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettineſſe.
Ophe. And will a not come againe, *Song.*
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
God a mercie on his ſoule, and all Chriſtians ſoules,
God buy yous.
Laer. Doe you this O God.
King. *Laertes*, I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but a part,

Make

4 Tell 8 bare-faste 17 thats for 22 Sondaies
35 and of all 36 God buy yen.

Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.
Laer. Let this be ſo.
His meanes of death, his obſcure funerall,
No Trophæ, Sword, nor Hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.
King. So you ſhall,
And where th' Offence is, let the great axe fall,
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?
Gen. Sea-faring men ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.
Hora. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers.*
Say. God bleſſe you ſir.
Hora. Let him bleſſe thee to.
Say. A ſhall ſir and pleaſe him, there's a Letter for you ſir, it came from the Embaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.
Hor. *Horatio*, when thou ſhalt haue ouer-look't this, giue theſe fellowes ſome meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere we were two daies old at Sea, a Pirat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chaſe, finding our ſelues too ſlow of ſaile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the inſtant they got cleere of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner, they haue dealt with me like theeues of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and repaire thou to me with as much ſpeed as thou would'ſt flie death. I haue words to ſpeake in thine eare

will.

12 Troophe

will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guildersterne* hold their course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I wil make you way for these your Letters.
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.
Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceed not against these seates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnesse, wisdome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd vp.
King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnsinnow'd,
But yet to me tha'r strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his Sphere
I could not but by her: the other motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the Spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly timbered for so loued armes,
VVould haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aim'd them.
Laer. And so I haue a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desperate termes,
VVhose worth, if praises may goe backe againe

Stood

4 Guildensterne 6 I will you way 11 hart
18 els 33 armd penult. desprat

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.
King. Breake not your sleeps for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messen. These to your Maiesty, this to the Queene.
King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?
Messen. Sailers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.
King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdome, to morrow shall I beg leaue to see your Kingly eies, when I shall, first asking you pardon, thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden returne.
King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a postscript here he saies alone,
Can you deuise me?
Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.
King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned,
As liking not his Voyage, and that he meanes,
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exploite, now ripe in my deuise,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:

L

And

23 caracter 27 hart As the king at his

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And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his mother shall vncharge the practise,
And call it accident.
Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right,
You haue bin talkt of since your trauel much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together pluck such enuie from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest siege.
Laer. What part is that my Lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuerie that it weares
Then sealed age, his sables, and his weeds
Importing health and graueneſſe; two moneths since
Heere was a Gentleman of *Normandie*,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the *French*,
And they can well on horse-back, but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he bin incorp'st, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.
Laer. A *Norman* was't?
King. A *Norman*.
Laer. Vpon my life *Lamord*.
King. The very same.
Laer. I know him, well he is the brooch indeed.
And Gemme of all the Nation.
King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cri'd out t'would be a sight indeed

3 accedent 13 siedge 15 ribaud

If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eie,
If you oppos'd them; sir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so enuenom with his enuie,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.
Laer. What out of this my Lord?
King. *Laertes* was your father, deere to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aske you this?
King. Not that I think you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is begun by time,
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time quallifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or snuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnesse still,
For goodnesse growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this *Would* changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *Should* is like a spend-thrifts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quicke o'th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back what would you vndertake
To shew your selfe indeed your fathers sonne
More then in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.
King. No place indeed should murther sanctuarize,
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you do this, keepe close within your chamber
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the same
The *Frenchman* gaue you: bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

11 hart 24 accedents 30 throat

Will not peruse the foiles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbated, and in a pace of practise,
Requite him for your father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for the purpose, Ile annoint my Sword,
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it drawes bloud, no Cataplasme so rare
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht with all, Ile touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.
King. Lets further thinke of this,
Weigh what conueiance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should faile,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd. Therefore this proiect,
Should haue a backe or second that might hold
If this did blast in proofe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I haut, when in your motion you are hot and dric,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he cals for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
A Challice for the once, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noise?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your sisters drownd *Laertes*.
Laer. Drown'd, O where?
Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brook,
That showes his hoarie leaues in the glassie streame,
There with fantastick garlands did she make
Of Crow-flowres, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepherds giue a grosser name,
But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers cal them,
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds

Clam-

6 for purpose 7 Mountebanke 12 tutch
15 Wey 22 I hate, 24 prefard 25 the nonce
26 chaunce 33 horry 34 fantastique
l. uet. cronet

Clambring to hang, an enuious sliuer broke
When downe her weedy trophæs and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like a while they bore her vp,
VVhich time she chanted snatches of old lauds,
As one incapable of her owne distresse.
Or like a creature natiue and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with their drink,
Pulld the poore wench from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Laer. Alasse then is she drown'd.
Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our trick, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it *Exit.*
King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to do to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe.
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, when she wilfully seeks her owne saluation?
Othe. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.
Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd her selfe in her own defence.
Oth. Why tis found so.
Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else, for here lies the point, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to do, to performe, or all; she drown'd her selfe wittingly.
Oth. Nay, but here you good man deluer.
Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands the

1 sliuer 2 trophies 4 Marmaide 8 clament
Penult. heare

man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i'st, Crowners quest law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should haue bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou saist, and the more pitty that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no ancient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Graue-makers, they hold vp *Adams* profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes.

I'le put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Oth. The gallowes-maker, for that out-liues a thousand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes dooes well, but how dooes it well? It dooes wel to those that do ill, now thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Oth. VVho builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dul asse wil not mend his pace with beating, & when your are askt this questiō next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes lasts tel Doomsday. Goe get thee in and fetch me a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue,
Me thought it was very sweet *Song.*
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter

10 countenannce 12 auncient 33 yeare
34 till

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making.

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a property of easines.

Ha. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the daintier sence.

Clow. But age with his stealing steps *Song.*
hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if t'were *Cains* iaw-bone, that did the first murder: this might be the pate of a pollititian, which this Asse now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow my Lord: how dost thou sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my Lord such a ones horse, when a meant to beg it: might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ha. Why een so, and now my Lady worms Choples, and knockt about the mazer with a Sextens spade; heer's fine reuolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*
for and a shrowding sheet,
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Ha. There's another, why may not that be the skul of a Lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this mad knaue now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shouell, and will not tell him of his actions of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and doubles, then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, and must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham.

16 morrow sweete Lord 18 went
~~19 Hora. I might my Lord~~ 22 massene
30 quillites ---- tenurs 32 durtie 33 action

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calue-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I will speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it thine indeed for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lye out on't sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I do not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't to be in't and say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. Tis a quick lye sir, t will away againe from me to you.

Ha. VVhat man dost thou dig it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speak by the card, or equiuocatiō wil vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeres I haue took note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the pesant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the daies i'th yeere I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why? (as he.

Clow. Twill not bee seene in him there, there are men as mad

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith een with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmark*: I haue bin Sexton here man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham.

6 it be thine 22 been grave-maker 23 yere
33, there the men are as

Ham. How long will a man lye i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a dye, as we haue many pocky corses, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you some eight yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeare.

Ham. VVhy he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth (twenty three yeares.

Ham. VVhose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a pourd a flagon of Renish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings Iester.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ha. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I haue kist I know not how oft: where be your gibes now? your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mock your own grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this fauour she must come, make her laught at that. Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. VVhat's that my Lord?

Ha. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora Een so.

Ham. And smelt so: pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping a bunghole?

Hora. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ha. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was conuerted, might

3 som

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22278) LONDON, [c. 1625] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[3]) Octavo

They not ſtop a Beere-barrell?
Imperious *Ceſar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
But ſoft, but ſafe awhile, here comes the King, *Enter King*
The Queen, the Courtiers, who is this they follow? *Quee. Laertes*
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corſe.*
The corſe they follow, did with deſprate hand
Foredoo it owne life, 'twas of ſome eſtate,
Couch we a while and marke.
Laer. What Ceremony elſe?
Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, make.
Laer. What Ceremony elſe?
Doct. Her obſequies haue been as far inlarg'd
As we haue warranty, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-ſwayes the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified bin lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles ſhould be throwne on her:
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.
Laer. Muſt there no more be doone?
Doct. No more be doone.
We ſhould prophane the ſernice of the dead,
To ſing a Requiem and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſoules.
Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh
May Violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh Prieſt,
A miniſtring Angell ſhall my ſiſter be
When thou lyeſt howling.
Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia.*
Quee. Sweets to the ſweet, farewell,
I hop't thou ſhould'd haue bin my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt ſweet mayd,
And not haue ſtrew'd thy graue.
Laer. O trebble woe

Fall

Fall ten times double on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Til I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your duſt vpon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To retop old *Pelion*, or the skyeſh head
Of blew *Olympus.*
Ham. What is he whoſe griefe
Beares ſuch an *Emphaſis*, whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Coniures the wandring Stars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this I
Hamlet the *Dane.*
Laer. The Diuell take thy ſoule,
Ha. Thou pray'ſt not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not ſpleenatiue raſh, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdome feare; hold off thy hand?
King. Pluck them aſunder,
Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*
All. Gentlemen.
Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?
Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*: forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of loue
Make vp my ſum. What wilt thou doo for her.
King. O he is mad *Laertes.*
Quee. For loue of God forbeare him?
Ham. S'wounds ſhew me what th'out doo:
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy
Woo't drinke vp Eſill, eat a Crocadile (ſelfe,
I'le doo't: dooſt come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quick with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone

M 2

Make

13 marke 17 commaund 18 been 36 should'st--
--been

12 this is I,

Make Ossa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,
I'le rant as well as thou.
Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as a female Doe
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.
Ham. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselfe do what he may
The Cat will mew, a Dog will haue his day *Exit Hamlet, and Horatio.*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait vpon him.
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ha. So much for this sir, now shal you see the other,
You do remember all the circumstance.
Hor. Remember it my Lord.
Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep, me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo's, rashly,
And praisd be rashnes for it: let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well
When our deep plots do fal, and that should learne vs.
There's a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
Hora. That is most certaine.
Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine owne roome againe making, so bold

12 mew, and dogge 18 quiet thirtie shall
24 hart 25 my thought 26 bilbo,
28 sometime 29 pall l ult again, making so

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their grand commission; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reasons,
Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe such Bugs and Goblins in my life,
That on the superuise no leisure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strooke off.
Hora. I'st possible?
Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.
Hora. I beseech you.
Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play, I sat me downe,
Deuis'd a new commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as onr Statists doe
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yeomans seruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?
Hora. I good my Lord.
Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull Tributarie,
As loue between them like the Palme might florish,
As peace should still her wheaten Garland weare
And stand a *Comma* tweene their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contens,
Without debatement further more or lesse
He should those bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriuing time allow'd.
Hora. How was this seald?
Ham. Why euen in that was Heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the modell of that *Danish* seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subscrib'd it, gau't th'impression, plac'd it safely,

2 graund ~~[illegible]~~ l. ult. subcribe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22278) LONDON, [c. 1625] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[3]) Octavo

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.
Hora. So *Guyldenſterne* and *Roſencraus* go too't.
Ham. They are not neer my conſcience; their deſeat
Does by their owne inſinuation grow,
Tis dangerous when the baſe nature comes
Betweene the paſſe and fell incenſed points
Of mightie Oppoſites.
Hora. Why what a King is this!
Ham. Does it not think thee ſtand me now vpon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coſnage, i'ſt not perfect conſcience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordſhip is right welcome backe to *Denmarke*.
Ham. I humbly thanke you ſir.
Doo'ſt know this Water-flie?
Hora. No my good Lord.
Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him, He hath much land and fertill: let a beaſt be Lord of beaſts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings meſſe, tis a chough, but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of durt.
Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Maieſty.
Ham. I will receiue it ſir with all diligence of ſpirit, your bonnet to his right vſe, tis for the head.
Cour. I thanke your Lordſhip, it is very hot.
Ham. No beleeue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.
Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.
Ham. But yet me thinks it is very ſoultry and hot, or my complexion.
Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very ſoultry as t'were I cannot tell how: my Lord his Maieſty bad me ſignifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, ſir this is the matter.
Ham. I beſeech you remember.
Cour. Nay good my Lord for my eaſe in good faith, ſir here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, beleeue mee an abſolute Gentleman,

31 indefferent 32 sully

man, full of moſt excellent differences, of very ſoft ſocietie, and great ſhowing: indeed to ſpeake feelingly of him, he is the Card or Kalender of Gentrie: for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would ſee.
Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you, though I know to diuide him inuentorially, would dizzie th'arithmetick of memorie, and yet but raw neither, in reſpect of his quick ſaile, but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a ſoule of great article, and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſſe, as to make true dixion of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour, and who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.
Cour. Your Lordſhip ſpeakes moſt infallibly of him.
Ham. The concernancy ſir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in our mor rawer breath?
Cour. Sir.
Hora. Iſt not poſſible to vnderſtand in another tongue, you will doo't ſir really.
Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?
Cour. Of *Laertes*.
Hora. His purſe is empty already, all's golden words are ſpent.
Ham. Of him ſir.
Cour. I know you are not ignorant.
Ham. I would you did ſir, yet in faith if you did, it would, not much approue me, well ſir.
Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.
Ham. I dare not confeſſe that, leaſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence, but to know a man well, were to know himſelfe.
Cour. I meane ſir for this weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed, he's vnfellowed.
Ham. What's his weapon?
Cour. Rapiar and Dagger.
Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.
Cour. The King ſir hath wagerd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt the which he has impaund as I take it ſix *French* Rapiers and Poinards, with their aſſignes, as girdle, hanger and ſo. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancie, very reſponſiue to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.
Ham. What call you the carriages?
Hora. I knew you muſt be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Cour.

1 men 2 sellingly 6 dosie 7 yaw 25 are not ignorant 27 dek 36 reponsive

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more *German* to the matter if we could carrie a Canon by our sides, I would it might bee hangers till then, but on, six *Barbary* horses against six *French* Swords their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him, he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, If it please his Maiesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what florish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my dutie to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for his turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did so sir with his dugge before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breed that I know the drossie age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of mistie collection, which carries them through and through the most profane and trennowned opinons, and doe but blow them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by yong *Ostricke*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the Kings pleasure, if his fitnesse speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoeuer, prouided I be so able as now.

3 it be hangers 4 Barbry 24 A did sir,
27 histy colection 28 trennowed

Lord. The King and Queene and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you go to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so, since he went into *France*, I haue bin in continuall practise, I shall winne at the odds; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolerie, but it is such a kind of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing, obay it. I shall forestall their repaire hither and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we defie Augurie, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrow, if it bee, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readinesse is all, since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let be.

A table prepared, Trumpets, Drums and Officers with Cushions, King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, Daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me,

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punisht
With a sore distraction: what I haue done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake I heere proclaime was madnesse,
Was't *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*,
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,
And when he's not himselfe, doe's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* doe's it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who does it then? his madnesse. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my Arrow ore the house

4 you fall to 8 odds 9 hart 10 gamgiving
12 I will 34 enimie

And hurt my brother.
Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuenge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour
I haue a voice and president of peace
To my name vngor'd: but all that time
I doe receine your offered loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.
Ham. I imbrace it freely, and will this brothers wager frankly play.
Giue vs the Foiles.
Laer. Come, one for me.
Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.
Laer. You mock me sir.
Ham. No by this hand.
King. Giue them the foiles yong *Ostrick*, cosin *Ham.*
You know the wager.
Ham. Very well my Lord.
Your Grace has laid the odds a'th weaker side.
King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore odds.
Laer. This is too heauy: let me see another.
Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.
Ostr. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the stoops of wine vpon the table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their Ordnance fire.
The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Onix shall he throw,
Richer then that which foure succeßiue Kings
In *Denmarkes* Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Canons to the Heauens, the Heauens to Earth,

Now

6 Maisters 20 Hamlet 34 an Vnice.
1. cut the heaven & earth

Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*, come begin. *Trumpets the while.*
And you the Iudges beare a warie eye.
Ham. Come on sir.
Laer. Come my Lord.
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Iudgement.
Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, Trumpets and shot. Flourish, a Peece goes off.*
Laer. Well, againe.
King. Stay, giue me drink, *Hamlet* this Pearle is thine.
Heere's to thy health, giue him the cup.
Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while
Come, another hit. What say you?
Laer. I doe confest.
King. Our sonne shall winne.
Quee. He's fat and scant of breath.
Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowses to thy fortune *Hamlet.*
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrard*, doe not drinke.
Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poysned cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience,
Ham. Come for the third. *Laertes*, you doe but dally,
I pray you passe with your best violence
I am sure you make a wanton of me
Laer. Say you so come on.
Ostr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
King. Part them, they are incenst.
Ham. Nay come againe.
Ostr. Looke to the Queene there hoe.
Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?
Ostr. How ist *Laertes?*
Laer. Why as a Woodcock to mine owne springe. *Ostrick*

36 howe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22278) LONDON, [c. 1625] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[3]) Octavo

I am iuſtly kild with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She ſounds to ſee them bleed.
Quee. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Ham*,
The drink, the drink, I am poyſned.
Ham. O villaine! hoe let the dore be lock't,
Treachery, ſeek it out.
Laer. It is here *Hamlet* thou art ſlaine,
No medecine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me, loe here I lye
Neuer to riſe againe: thy mother's poyſned,
I am no more, the King, the Kings too blame.
Ha. The point enuenom'd to, then venom to thy work
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here thou inceſtious damned *Dane*,
Drink of this potion, is the Onixe here?
Follow my mother.
Laer. He is iuſtly ſerued, it is a poiſon temperd by him-
Exchange forgiueneſſe with me noble *Hamlet*, (ſelfe
Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt. O I could tell you!
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liueſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the vnſatisfied.
Hora. Neuer beleeue it;
I am more an antike *Roman* then a *Dane*,
Heer's yet ſome liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen I'le hate,

4 Hamlet 6 villanie, how let 15 I can no
antepenult. liquer

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded name
Things ſtanding thus vnknowne, ſhall I leaue behind me?
If thou didſt euer hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in paine
To tell my ſtory: what warlike noiſe is this? *A march a farre off.*

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbraſſe* with conqueſt come from *Poland*,
Th'Embaſſadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.
Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyſon quite ore-growes my ſpirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
But I do propheſie the election lights
On *Fortinbraſſe*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with th'occurrants more and leſſe
Which haue ſolicited, the reſt is ſilence.
Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night ſweet
And flight of Angels ſinge thee to thy reſt. (Prince,
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortinbraſſe, with the Embaſſadors.

Fortin. Where is this ſight?
Hora. VVhat is it you would ſee?
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloudily haſt ſtrooke?
Embaſ. The ſight is diſmall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are ſenceleſſe that ſhould giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'd,
That *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſterne* are dead,
Where ſhould we haue our thanks?
Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But ſince ſo iump vpon this bloody queſtion

3 hart 11 on-crowes 17 hart 18 flights

You from the *Pollock* warres, and you from *England*
Are here arriued, giue order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeak, to th'yet vnknowing world
How theſe things came about; ſo ſhall you heare
Of cruell, bloody and vnnaturall acts.
Of accidentall iudgements, caſuall ſlaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cauſe,
And in this vpſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the Inuenters heads: all this can I
Truely deliuer.

Fort. Let vs haſt to heare it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience,
For me with ſorrow I embrace my fortune,
I haue ſome rights of memory in this Kingdome,
Which now to cleime my vantage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I ſhall haue alſo cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth, whoſe voice will draw no more,
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaſt more miſ-
On plots and errors happen. chance

Fort. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the ſtage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To haue proued moſt royall; and for his paſſage,
The Souldiers muſick and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, ſuch a ſight as this,
Becomes the field, but here ſhowes much amiſſe.
Goe bid the Souldiers ſhoot. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

1 Pollack 4 to yet unknowing 6 canall,
16 clame

A

PLEASANT

Conceited Comedie

CALLED,

Loues labors loſt.

As it vvas preſented before her Highnes this laſt Chriſtmas.

Newly corrected and augmented
By W. Shakeſpere.

Imprinted at London by *W.W.*
for *Cutbert Burby.*
1598.

ROYAL LIBRARY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

Enter Ferdinand K. of Nauar, Berovvne,
Longauill, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lyues,
Liue regiſtred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs, in the diſgrace of death:
When ſpight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Thendeuour of this preſent breath may buy:
That honour which ſhall bate his ſythes keene edge,
And make vs heires of all eternitie.
Therefore braue Conquerours, for ſo you are,
That warre againſt your owne affections,
And the hudge armie of the worldes deſires.
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force,
Nauar ſhall be the wonder of the worlde,
Our Court ſhalbe a lytlle Achademe,
Still and contemplatyue in lyuing art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,
Haue ſworne for three yeeres tearme, to liue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſedule here.
Your othes are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names:
That his owne hand may ſtrike his honour downe,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein.
If you are armd to do, as ſworne to do,
Subſcribe to your deepe othes, and keepe it to.

Longauill. I am reſolued, tis but a thee yeeres faſt:
The minde ſhall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dayntie bits
Make rich the ribbes, but bankrout quite the wits.

Dumaine. My louing Lord, *Dumaine* is mortchfied,
The groſſer manner of theſe worldes delyghts:
He throwes vppon the groſſe worlds baſer ſlaues.

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To loue, to wealth, to pome. I pine and die,
With all these lyuing in Philosophie.
Berowne. I can but say their protestation ouer,
So much deare Liedge, I haue already sworne,
That is, to lyue and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strickt obseruances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on euery day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three houres in the nyght,
And not be seene to wincke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all nyght,
And make a darke nyght too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O these are barraine taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladyes, study, fast, not sleepe.
Ferd. Your othe is past, to passe away from these,
Berow. Let me say no my liedge, and yf you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.
Longa. You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.
Bero. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.
What is the ende of study, let me know?
Ferd. Why that to know which else we should not know.
Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) from cammon sense.
Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.
Bero. Com'on then, I will sweare to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressely am forbid.
Or study where to meete some Mistris fine.
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oth,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,

Sweare

Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.
Ferd. These be the stopps that hinder studie quit,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.
Bero. Why? all delightes are vaine, but that most vaine
Which with payne purchas'd, doth inherite payne,
As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To seeke the lyght of trueth, while trueth the whyle
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguyle:
So ere you finde where light in darknes lyes,
Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.
Studie me how to please the eye in deede,
By fixing it vppon a fayrer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shalbe his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is lyke the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe searcht with sawcie lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profite of their shyning nights,
Then those that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name.
Ferd. How well hees read to reason against reading.
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.
Lon. He weedes the corne, & still lets grow the weeding.
Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geese are a bree-
Duma. How followes that? (ding.
Ber. Fit in his place and tyme.
Duma. In reason nothing.
Bero. Something then in rime.
Ferd. Berowne is like an enuious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.
Bero. Well, say I am, why should proude Sommer boast,
Before the Birdes haue any cause to sing?
Why should I ioy in any abhortiue byrth?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:
But like of each thing that in season growes.
So you to studie now it is too late,
Clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the little gate.
Ferd. Well, sit you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.
Bero. No my good Lord, I haue sworne to stay with you.
And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
And bide the pennance of each three yeeres day.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the same;
And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding rescewes thee from shame.
Ber. Item, That no woman shall come within a myle of my Court. Hath this bin proclaymed?
Long. Foure dayes ago.
Ber. Lets see the penaltie. On payne of loosing her tung.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?
Long. Marrie that did I.
Bero. Sweete Lord and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie.
A dangerous law against gentletie.
Item, Yf any man be seene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeeres, he shall indure such publibue shame as the rest of the Court can possible deuise.
Ber. This Article my liedge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassie,
The French kinges daughter with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and complet maiestie,
About surrender vp of *Aquitaine*,
To her decrepit, sicke, and bedred Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainely comes th'admired Princesse hither.
Ferd. What say you Lordes? why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So Studie euermore is ouershot,
While it doth studie to haue what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
Tis won as townes with fire, so won so lost.
Fer. We must of force dispence with this Decree,
Shee must lie heere on meere necessitie.
Ber. Necessitie will make vs all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For euery man with his affectes is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake fayth, this word shall speake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Standes in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to other as to me:
But I beleeue although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation graunted?
Ferd. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of Spaine,
A man in all the worldes new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
On who the musique of his owne vaine tongue
Doth rauish like inchannting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpier of their mutenie.
This childe of Fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high borne wordes the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie Spaine lost in the worldes debate.
How you delight my Lords I know not I,
But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie.
Bero. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fier new wordes, Fashions owne knight.
Lon. Costard the swaine and he, shalbe our sport,
And so to studie three yeeres is but short.

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Enter a Constable with Costard with a letter.

Constab. Which is the Dukes owne person?

Ber. This fellow, What would'st?

Const. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his graces Farborough: But I would see his owne person in flesh and blood.

Ber. This is he.

Const. Signeour *Arme Arme* commendes you: Ther's villanie abrod, this letter will tell you more.

Clowne. Sir the Contempls thereof are as touching me.

Fer. A letter from the magnifisent *Armado.* (words.

Bero. How low so euer the matter, I hope in God for high

Lon. A high hope for a low heauen. God grant vs patience

Ber. To heare, or forbeare hearing.

Lon. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderatly, or to forbeare both.

Bero. Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to clime in the merrines.

Clow. The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Iaquenetta:* The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Bero. In what manner?

Clow. In manner and forme folowing sir all those three. I was seene with her in the Manner house, sitting with her vppon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put togeather, is in manner and forme following. Now sir for the manner, It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.

Ber. For the following sir.

Clow. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

Ferd. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Bero. As we would heare an Oracle.

Clow. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh.

Ferd. *Great Deputie the welkis Vizgerent, and sole dominatur of Nauar, my soules earthes God, and bodies fostring patron:*

Cost. Not a worde of *Costart* yet.

Ferd. *So it is*

Cost.

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

Ferd. Peace.

Clow. Be to me, and euerie man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No wordes.

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. *So it is besedged with sable coloured melancholie, I did commende the blacke oppressing humour to the most holsome phisicke of thy health-geuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time When? about the sixt houre, When Beastes most grase, Birdes best peck, and Men sit downe to that nourishment which is called Supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it is ycliped Thy Park. Then for the place Where? where I meane, I did incounter that obscene & most preposterous euent that draweth frō my snowwhite pen the ebon coloured Incke, which here thou viewest, beholdest, suruayest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-east & by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden: There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth, (Clowne.* Mee? *) that vnlettered small knowing soule, (Clow.* Mee? *) that shallow vassall (Clown.* Still mee. *) which as I remember, hight* Costard, *(Clow.* O mee *) sorted and consorted contrary to thy established proclaymed Edict and continent Canon: Which with, ô with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:*

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. *With a childe of our Grandmother* Eue, *a female; or for thy more sweete vnderstanding a Woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed duetie prickes me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meede of punishment by thy sweete Graces Officer* Anthonie Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage bearing, and estimation.*

Antho. Me ant shall please you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

Ferd. *For* Iaquenetta *(so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesayd Swaine, I keepe her as a vessell of thy Lawes furie; and shall at the least of thy sweete notice, bring her to tryall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and hartburning heate of duetie.*

Don Adriano de Armado.

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

Fer. I the best, for the wost. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I do confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaymed a yeeres imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clo. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damsel.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damsel.

Clo. This was no Damsel neither sir, she was a Virgin.

Ber. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

Col. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Fer. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a weeke with Branne and Water.

Clo. I had rather pray a month with Mutton & Porridge.

Fer. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berovvne*, see him deliuered ore,
And goe we Lordes to put in practise that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. Ile lay my Head to any good mans Hat,
These othes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.
Sirra, Come on.

Clo. I suffer for the trueth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a trew girle, and therefore welcome the sower Cup of prosperie, affliccio may one day smile againe, and till then sit thee downe sorrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Armado and Moth his page.

Armado. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirite growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir that he will looke sadd.

Ar. Why? sadnes is one & the selfe same thing deare imp.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadnes and melancholy, my tender Iuuenall?

Boy. By a familier demonstration of the working, my tough signeor.

Arma. Why tough signeor? Why tough signeor?

Boy. Why tender iuuenall? Why tender iuuenall?

Arm. I spoke it tender iuuenal, as a congruent apethaton apperteining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signeor, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Arma. Prettie and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I prettie, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Arma. Thou prettie because little.

Boy. Little prettie, because little: wherefore apt.

Arma. And therfore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Maister?

Arma. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Arma. What? that an Eele is ingenious.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Arma. I do say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heatst my blood.

Boy. I am answerd sir.

Arma. I loue not to be crost.

Boy. He speakes the meer contrarie, crosses loue not him.

Ar. I haue promised to studie three yeeres with the duke.

Boy. You may do it in an houre sir.

Arma. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice tolde?

Arm. I am ill at reckning, it fitteth the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gamster sir.

Arma. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deuse-ace amountes to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arma. True.

Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of studie? Now heere is three studied ere yele thrice wincke: and how easie it is to put yeeres to the worde three, and studie three yeeres in two wordes, the dauncing Horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base wench. If drawing my Sword against the humor of affection, would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransome him to anie French Courtier for a new deuisde curtie. I thinke scorne to sigh, mee thinks I should outsweare *Cupid*. Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue bin in loue?

Boy. *Hercules* Maister.

Arm. Most sweete *Hercules*: more authoritie deare Boy, name more; and sweete my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampson* Maister, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Arm. O wel knit *Sampson*, strong ioynted *Sampson*; I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* loue my deare Moth?

Boy. A Woman, Maister.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Arm. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Greene in deede is the colour of Louers: but to haue a loue of that colour, mee thinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

Arm. My loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most maculate thoughts Maister, are maskt vnder such colours.

Ar. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers wit, and my mothers tongue assist me.

Ar. Sweet inuocation of a child, most pretty & pathetical,

Boy. Yf she be made of white and red,
Her faultes will nere be knowne:
For blush-in cheekes by faultes are bred,
And feares by pale white showne:
Then if she feare, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheekes possesse the same,
Which natiue she doth owe
A dangerous rime maister against the reason of white & red.

Ar. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King & the Begger?

Boy. The worlde was very guiltie of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

Ar. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mightie president. Boy, I do loue, that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rational hinde *Costard*: she deserues well.

Boy. To be whipt: and yet a better loue then my maister.

Ar. Sing Boy, My spirit growes heauie in loue.

Boy. And thats great marualle, louing a light Wench.

Ar. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this companie be past.

Enter *Clowne*, *Constable*, and *Wench*.

Constab. Sir, the Dukes pleasure is that you keepe *Costard* safe, and you must suffer him to take no delight, nor no penance, but a'must fast three dayes a weeke: for this Damsell I must keepe her at the Parke, she is alowde for the Day woman. Fare you well.

Ar. I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

Maide. Man.

Ar. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

Maid. Thats hereby.
Ar. I know where it is situate.
Ma. Lord how wise you are.
Ar. I will tell thee wonders.
Ma. With that face.
Ar. I loue thee.
Ma. So I heard you say.
Ar. And so farewell.
Ma. Faire weather after you.
Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*
Ar. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
Clo. Well sir I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomacke.
Ar. Thou shalt be heauely punished.
Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.
Ar. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.
Boy. Come you transgressing slaue, away.
Clo. Let me not be pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.
Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.
Clo. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.
Boy. What shall some see?
Clo. Nay nothing M. *Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their wordes, and therfore I will say nothing: I thanke God I haue as litle patience as an other man, & therfore I can be quiet. *Exit.*
Arm. I do affect the verie ground (which is base) where her shoo (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar; Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill angel but Loue, yet was *Sampson* so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubb, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue my

my turne: the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duella* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valoure, rust Rapier, be still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he loueth. Assist me some extemporall God of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

Enter the Princesse of Fraunce, with three attending Ladies and three Lordes.

Boyet. Now Maddame summon vp your dearest spirrits,
Cosider who the King your father sendes:
To whom he sendes, and whats his Embassie,
Your selfe, helde precious in the worldes esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritoure
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchles *Nauar*, the plea of no lesse weight,
Then *Aquitaine* a Dowrie for a Queene,
Be now as prodigall of all Deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.
Queene. Good L. *Boyet*, my beautie though but meane,
Needes not the painted florish of your prayse:
Beautie is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttred by base sale of chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proude to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your Wit in the prayse of mine.
But now to task the tasker, good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant all telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a Vow,
Till painefull studie shall outweare three yeeres,
No Woman may approch his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthines, we single you,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

As our best mouing faire soliciter:
Tell him, the Daughter of the King of France
On serious busines craning quicke dispatch,
Importuous personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attende,
Like humble visage Suters his high will.
Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. *Exit Boy.*
Prince. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lordes, that are vowfellowes with this vertuous Duke?
Lor. Longauill is one.
Prince. Know you the man?
1. *Lady.* I know him Maddame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the bewtious heire
Of *Iaques Faucombridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,
A man of soueraigne peerelesse he is esteemd:
Well fitted in artes, glorious in armes:
Nothing becoms him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his fayre vertues glose,
If vertues glose will staine with any soyle,
Is a sharpe Wit matcht with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wils,
It should none spare, that come within his power.
Prin. Some merrie mocking Lord belike, is't so?
Lad. They say so most, that most his humors know.
Prin. Such short liued wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
2. *Lad.* The young *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to do most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthines.
3. *Lad.* An other of these Studentes at that time,
Was there with him, if I haue heard a trueth.

Berowne

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest,
Which his fayre tongue (conceites expositer)
Deliuers in such apt and gracious wordes,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales.
And younger hearinges are quite rauished,
So sweete and voluble is his discourse.
Prin. God blesse my Ladyes, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.
Lord. Heere comes *Boyet.* *Enter Boyet.*
Prin. Now, What admittance Lord?
Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approch,
And he and his competitours in oth,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the feelde,
Like one that comes heere to besiedge his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oth:
To let you enter his vnpeeled house.

Enter *Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine,* & *Berowne.*
Bo. Heere comes *Nauar.*
Nauar. Faire Princesse, Welcome to the court of *Nauar.*
Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fieldes too base to be mine.
Nau. You shalbe welcome Madame to my Court.
Prin. I wilbe welcome then, Conduct me thither.
Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oth,
Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'le be forsworne.
Nau. Not for the worlde faire Madame, by my will.
Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.
Nau. Your Ladishyp is ignoraunt what it is.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out House keeping:
Tis deadlie sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sin to breake it: but pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth mee.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainelie resolue mee in my suite.
Nau. Madame I will, if sodainelie I may.
Prin. You will the sooner that I were awaie,
For youle proue periurde if you make me staie.
Berowne. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Kather. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Ber. I know you did.
Kath. How needles was it then to aske the question?
Ber. You must not be so quicke.
Kath. Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speedes too fast, twill tire.
Kath. Not till it leaue the rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Kath. The houre that fooles should aske.
Ber. Now faire befall your maske.
Kath. Faire fall the face it couers.
Ber. And send you manie louers.
Kath. Amen, so you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I be gon.
Ferd. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but the one halfe of, of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiud that summe, yet there remaines vnpaide
A hundred thousand more, in suretie of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the monies worth.
If then the King your father will restore,
But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,

And holde faire friendship with his Maiestie,
But that it seemes he little purposeth:
For here he doth demaund to haue repaide,
A hundred thousand Crownes, and not demaunds
One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitaine*, so guelded as it is.
Deare Princesse were not his requestes so farr
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
A yeelding gainst some reason in my brest,
And go well satisfied to France againe.
Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so vnseeming to confesse receit,
Of that which hath so faithfully been paide.
Ferd. I do protest I neuer heard of it:
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeelde vp *Aquitaine*.
Prince. We arrest your worde.
Boyet you can produce acquittances,
For such a summe from special officers,
Of *Charles* his father.
Ferd. Satisfie mee so.
Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.
Ferd. It shall suffise me; at which enteruiew,
All liberall reason I will yeelde vnto.
Meane time receiue such welcome at my hand,
As honor (without breach of honor) may,
Make tender of to thy true worthines.
You may not come (faire Princesse) within my gates,
But here without you shalbe so receiude,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodgd in my hart.
Though so denide faire harbour in my house,
Your owne good thoughtes excuse me, and farewell.

To morow shall we visite you againe.
Pri. Sweete health and faire desires consort your grace,
Na. Thy owne wish wish I thee in every place. *Exit.*
Ber. Ladie I will commend you to my none hart.
Ros. Pray you, do my commendations, I would be glad to see it.
Ber. I would you heard it grone.
Ros. Is the foole sicke.
Ber. Sicke at the hart.
Ros. Alacke, let it blood.
Bar. Would that do it good?
Ros. My Phisicke saies I,
Ber. Will you pricke with your eye.
Ros. *No poynt*, with my knife.
Ber. Now God saue thy life.
Ros. And yours from long liuing.
Ber. I cannot stay thankes-giuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word, What Ladie is that same?
Boyet. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady *Mounsir*, fare you wel. *Exit.*
Longauill. I beseech you a word, What is she in the white?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, and you saw her in the light.
Lon. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name?
Bo She hath but one for her selfe, to desire that were a shame.
Lon. Pray you sir, Whose daughter?
Bo. Her mothers, I haue heard.
Lon. Gods blessing on your beard. *(bridge.*
Bo. Good sir be not offended, She is an heire of *Falcon-*
Lon. Nay my coller is ended. She is a most sweet Ladie.
Bo Not vnlike sir, that may be. *Exit Longauil.*

Enter Berowne.

Bero. Whats her name in the capp?
Boy. *Katherin* by good happ.
Ber, Is she wedded or no?
Boy. To her will sir, or so.
Ber. O you are welcome sir, adew.
Boy. Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit Bero.*

Lady Maria. That last is *Berowne*, the merrie madcap L.
Not a word with him but a iest.
Boy. And euery iest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple as he was to boord.
Lady Ka. Two hot Sheepes marie.
Bo. And wherefore not Shipps?
No Sheepe (sweete Lambe) vnlesse we feede on your lippes.
La. You Sheepe and I pasture: shall that finish the iest?
Bo. So you graunt pasture for me.
Lad. Not so gentle Beast.
My lippes are no Common, though seuerall they be.
Bo. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and mee.
Prin. Good witts will be iangling, but gentles agree.
This ciuill warre of wittes were much better vsed
On *Nauar* and his Bookmen, for heere tis abused.
Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldome lyes
By the hartes still rethoricke, disclosed with eyes.
Deceaue me not now, *Nauar* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers intitle Affected.
Prin. Your reason.
Bo. Why all his behauiours did make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desier.
His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,
Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed.
His tongue all impacient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his ey-sight to bee,
All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
To feele only looking on fairest of faire:
Mee thought all his senses were lokt in his eye,
As Iewels in Christall for some Prince to buy, *(glasse,*
Who tendring their owne worth from where they were
Did poynt you to buy them along as you pass.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes inchaunted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

And you giue him for my sake but one louing kisse.
Prin. Come, to our Pauilion, *Boyet* is disposde.
Bo. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath disclosd.
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
Lad. Thou art an old Loue-monger, & speakest skilfully.
Lad. 2. He is *Cupids* Graundfather, and learnes newes of him.
Lad. 3. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.
Boy. Do you heare my mad Wenches?
Lad. No.
Boy. What then, do you see?
Lad. I, our way to be gone.
Boy. You are too hard for mee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Braggart* and his *Boy*.

Bra. Warble child, make passionate my sense of hearing.
Boy. Concolinel.
Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernes of yeeres, take this Key, giue enlargement to the Swaine, bring him festinatly hither, I must imploy him in a letter to my loue.
Boy. Maister, will you win your loue with a french braule?
Brag. How meanest thou? brawling in French.
Boy. No my complet Maister, but to Iigge off a tune at the tongues ende, canarie to it with your feete, humour it with turning vp your eylids, sigh a note and sing a note sometime through the throate, if you swallowed loue with singing loue sometime through: nose as if you snuffe vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse like ore the shop of your eyes, with your armes crost on your thinbellies doblet like a Rabbet on a spit, or your handes in your pocket like a man after the olde painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these.
Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy.

Boy. By my penne of obseruation.
Brag. But o but o.
Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.
Brag. Call'st thou my loue Hobbi-horse.
Boy. No Maister, the Hobbi-horse is but a colt, and your loue perhaps, a hacknie: But haue you forgot your Loue?
Brag. Almost I had.
Boy. Negligent student, learne her by hart.
Brag. By hart, and in hart boy.
Boy. And out of hart Maister: all those three I will proue.
Brag. What wilt thou proue?
Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the instant: by hart you loue her, because your hart cannot come by her: in hart you loue her, because your hart is in loue with her: and out of hart you loue her, being out of hart that you cannot enioy her.
Brag. I am all these three.
Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.
Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie me a letter.
Boy. A message well simpathisd, a Horse to be embassadoure for an Asse.
Brag. Ha ha, What saiest thou?
Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Asse vpon the Horse, for he is verie slow gated; but I go.
Brag. The way is but short, away.
Boy. As swift as Lead sir.
Brag. The meaning prettie ingenius, is not Lead a mettal heauie, dull, and slow?
Boy. Minnime honest Maister, or rather Maister no.
Brag. I say Lead is slow.
Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.
Is that Lead slow which is fierd from a Gunne?
Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet thats hee:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.
Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Brag. A most acute Iuuenall, volable and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweete Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholie, Valour gites thee place.
My Herald is returnd.

Enter *Page* and *Clowne*.

Pag. A wonder Maister, Heers a *Costard* broken in a shin.
Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.
Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no salue, in thee male sir.
O sir, Plantan, a pline Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no Salue
sir, but a Plantan.
Ar. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought,
my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to rediculous smyling: O pardone me my starres, doth the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for *a salue?*
Pag. Do the wise thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *salue?*
A. No Page, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure presedence that hath tofore bin saine.
I will example it.
The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes being but three.
Ther's the morrall: Now the *lenuoy*.
Pag. I will adde the *lenuoy*, say the morrall againe.
Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.
Pag. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
And staied the oddes by adding foure.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my *lenuoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.
Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.
Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: woulde you
desire more?
Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let-

Let me see a fat *Lenuoy*, I thats a fat Goose. (begin?
Ar. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument
Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then cald you for the *Lenuoy*. (in,
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan, thus came your argument
Then the boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goose that you bought,
and he ended the market.
Ar. But tel me, How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?
Pag. I will tell you sencibly.
Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*, I will speake that
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within, (*Lenuoy*.
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.
Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.
Clow. O marrie me to one Francis, I smell some *Lenuoy*,
some Goose in this.
Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie.
Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained,
captiuated, bound.
Clown. True, true, and now you wilbe my purgation,
and let me loose.
Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in
lewe thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this
significant to the country Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honour, is rewarding
my dependants. *Moth*, follow.
Pag. Like the sequell I. Signeur *Costard* adew. *Exit.*
Clow. My sweete ouce of mans flesh, my in-conie Iew:
Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O that's the latine word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuration, What's the price of this yncle?
i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? it carries it remuneration: Why? it is a fayrer name then French-Crowne.
I will neuer buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. O what is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marie ſir, halfepennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then threefarthing worth of Silke.

Coſt. I thanke your worſhip, God be wy you.

Ber. O ſtay ſlaue, I muſt employ thee.
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done ſir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clow. Well, I will do it ſir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knoweſt not what it is.

Clow. I ſhall know ſir when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine, thou muſt know firſt.

Clow. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Ber. It muſt be done this after noone,
Harke ſlaue, it is but this:
The Princeſſe comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues ſpeake ſweetely, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her, aſke for her:
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeald-vp counſaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.

Clow. Gardon, O ſweete gardon, better then remuneratiõ, a leuenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweete gardon. I will do it ſir in print: gardon remuneration.

Exit.

Ber. O and I forſoth in loue, I that haue been loues whip?
A verie Bedell to a humerous ſigh, a Crietick, nay a night-watch Conſtable,
A domineering pedant ore the Boy, then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning purblind wayward Boy,
This ſignior *Iunos* gyant dwarffe, dan *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annoynted ſoueraigne of ſighes and groones:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.

Sole

Sole Emperator, and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little hart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his fielde,
And weare his coloures like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I ſue, I ſeeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Iermane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may ſtill go right.
Nay to be periurde, which is worſt of all:
And among three to loue the worſt of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow,
With two pitch balles ſtucke in her face for eyes,
I and by heauen, one that will do the deede,
Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her garde,
And I to ſigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect,
Of his almightie dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, ſigh, pray, ſhue, grone,
Some men muſt loue my Ladie, and ſome Ione.

Enter the Princeſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladyes, and her Lordes

Quee. Was that the king that ſpurd his horſe ſo hard,
Againſt the ſteepe vp riſing of the hill?

Forr. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Quee. Who ere a was, a ſhowd a mounting minde.
Well Lords, to day we ſhall haue our diſpatch,
Ore Saterday we will returne to Fraunce.
Then Forreſter my friend, Where is the Buſh
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?

Forr. Heereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.

Quee. I thanke my Beautie, I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeakſt the faireſt ſhoote.

Forr. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo.

Quee. What, what? First praise mee, and againe say no.
O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe
For. Yes Madam faire.
Quee. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Heere (good my glasse) take this for telling trew:
Faire payment for foule wordes, is more then dew.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherrit.
Quee. See see, my beautie wilbe sau'd by merrit.
O heresy in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giuing hand, though fowle, shall haue faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I saue my Credite in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me doote.
If wounding then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
And out of question so it is sometimes:
Glorie growes guyltie of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deares blood, that my hart meanes no ill.
Boy. Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-soueraignetie
Onely for praise sake, when they striue to be
Lords ore their Lordes?
Quee. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boyet, Here comes a member of the common wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den al, pray you which is the head lady?
Que. Thou shalt know her fellow by the rest that haue no (heads.
Clow. Which is the greatest Ladie, the highest?
Quee. The thickest, and the tallest.
Clow. The thickest, and the tallest: it is so, trueth is trueth.
And your waste Mistrs were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest heere.

Quee.

Quee. Whats your will sir? Whats your will?
Clow. I haue a Letter from Monsier *Berowne*,
to one Ladie *Rosaline*.
Que. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearer. *Boyet* you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.
Boyet I am bound to serue.
This letter is mistooke: it importeth none heere.
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.
Quee. We will reade it, I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.
Boyet reedes. BY heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beautious, trueth it selfe that thou art louelie: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then trueth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroicall Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon:* and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici:* Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar; *videliset,* He came, See, and ouercame: He came, one; see, two; couercame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King: the captiue is inricht, on whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall, on whose side? the Kinges: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so standes the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlines. Shall I commande thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I coulde. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou exchange for raggs roabes, for tittles tytles, for thy selfe, mee. Thus expecting thy replie, I prophane my lippes on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my hart on thy euerie part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industri,
Don Adriana de Armatho.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

Thus dost thou heare the nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou striue(poore soule)what art thou then?
Food for his rage,repasture for his den.
Quee. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vaine? What Wethercock? Did you euer heare better?
Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.
Quee. Els your memorie is bad,going ore it erewhile.
Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court,
A Phantasime a Monarcho,and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.
Quee. Thou fellow,a worde.
Who gaue thee this letter?
Clow. I tolde you my Lord.
Quee. To whom shouldst thou giue it?
Clow. From my Lord to my Ladie.
Quee. From which Lord, to which Ladie?
Clow. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good Maister of mine,
To a Ladie of France,that he calde *Rosaline*.
Quee. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweete,put vp this,twilbe thine another day.
Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?
Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.
Boy. I my continent of beautie.
Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.
Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
hang me by the necke, if horns that yeere miscarrie.
Finely put on.
Rosa. Well then I am the shooter.
Boy. And who is your Deare?
Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not
neare. Finely put on in deede.
Maria. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and she strikes
at the brow.
Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower: Haue I hit her now?
Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an olde saying, that
was

was a man when King *Pippen* of Fraunce was a litle boy, as
touching the hit it.
Boy. So I may answere thee with one as olde that was a
woman when queene *Guinouer* of Brittaine was a litle wench
as toching the hit it.
Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man. *Exit*
Boy. And I cannot, cannot, cannot: and I cannot, an other
Clo. By my troth most plesant, how both did fit it. (can,
Mar. A marke marueilous wel shot, for they both did hit.
Bo. A mark, O mark but that mark: a mark sayes my Lady.
Let the mark haue a prick in't, to meate at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide a'the bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.
Clo. Indeed a'must shoot nearer, or hele neare hit the clout.
Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.
Clo. Then will she get the vpshoot by cleauing the is in.
Ma. Come come, you talke greasely, your lips grow fowle.
Cl. Shes to hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her to bowle
Bo. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good owle.
Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth most sweete iestes, most inconie vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenly as it were, so fit.
Armatho a'th toothen side, o a most daintie man,
To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fann.
To see him kisse his hand, & how most sweetly a wil sweare:
And his Page atother side, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nit.
Sowla, sowla. *Exeunt.* Shoot within.
Enter *Dull, Holofernes*, the *Pedant* and *Nathaniel*.
Nat. Very reuerent sport truly, and done in the testimonie
of a good conscience.
Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, ripe
as the Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewel in the eare
of *Celo* the skie, the welken the heauen, & anon falleth like
a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the land, the earth.
Curat Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are
sweetly vatried like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure ye
it was a Bucke of the first head, *Hol-*

Holo. Sir *Nathaniel, haud credo.*

Dul. T was not a *haud credo*, t was a Pricket.

Holo. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathereſt vnconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, t was a Pricket.

Holo. T wice sodd simplicitie, bis coctus, O thou monster ignorance, How deformed dooſt thou looke.

Nath. Sir he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were: he hath not drunke inck. His intellect is not repleniſhed, he is only an annimall, only sensible in the duller partes: and such barren plantes are set before vs, that we thankful should be: which we taste, and feeling, are for those partes that doe fructifie in vs more then he. (foole,

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indistreell, or a So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a schole.

But *omne bene* say I, being of an olde Fathers minde,

Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are book-men, Can you tel me by your wit,

What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weeks old as yet?

Holo. *Dictiſima* goodman *Dull*, *dictiſima* goodman *Dull.*

Dul. What is *dictima?*

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone.* (more.

Holo. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no

And ro ught not to fiue-weeks when he came to fiueſcore.

Th'alluſion holdes in the Exchange. (change.

Dul. T is true in deede, the Colluſion holdes in the Ex-

Holo. God comfort thy capacitie, I say th'alluſion holdes in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the poluſion holdes in the Exchange: for the Moone is neuer but a month olde: and I say beſide that, t was a Pricket that the Princeſſe kild.

Sir

Holo. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorault cald the Deare: the Princeſſe kild a Pricket.

Nath. Perge, good M. *Holoſernes perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſquirilitie.

Holo. I wil ſomthing affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

The prayfull Princeſſe pearſt and prickt
a prettie pleaſing Pricket,
Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell iumps from thicket;
Or Pricket-ſore, or els Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be ſore, then el to Sore,
makes fiftie ſores o ſorell:
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more l.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dull. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

Nath. This is a gyft that I haue ſimple: ſimple, a fooliſh extrauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes, obiectes, Ideas, aprehentions, motions, reuolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of Memorie, nouriſht in the wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion: But the gyft is good in thoſe whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Holo. Sir, I prayſe the L. for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners, for their Sonnes are well tutord by you, and their Daughters profite very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common wealth.

Nath. Me hercle, yf their Sonnes be ingenous, they ſhal want no inſtruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir ſapis qui pauca loquitur*, a ſoule Feminine ſaluteth vs.

Enter

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaquenetta. God giue you good morrow M. Person.

Nath. Maister Person, *quasi* Person? And if one shoulde be perst, Which is the one? (head,

Clo. Marrie M. Scholemaster, he that is likest to a hogge.

Nath. Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fier enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: tis prettie, it is well,

Iaque. Good M. Parson be so good as read me this letter, it was geuen me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you read it.

Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecás omnia sub vmbra ruminat, and so foorth. Ah good olde *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice*, *vemchie*, *vencha*, *que non te vnde, que non te perreche.* Olde *Mantuan*, olde *Mantuan*, Who vnderstandeth thee not, loues thee not, *vt re sol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contentes? or rather as *Horace* sayes in his, What my soule verses,

Holo. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stauze, a verse, *Lege domine.*

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?
Ah neuer sayth could hold, yf not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworne, to thee Ile faythfull proue.
Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed
Studie his bya's leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffise.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to mee some prayse, that I thy partes admire,
Thy eie *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadful thūder
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fier.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That sings heauens prayse, with such an earthly tong.

Pedan. You finde not the apostraphas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratefied, but for the elegancie,

gancie, facilitie, and golden cadence of poesie *caret*: *Ouiddius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancie? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his maister, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaq. I sir from one mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lordes.

Nath. I will ouerglaunce the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most bewtious Lady Rosaline.

I will looke againe on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladiships in all desired imployment, Berowne.

Ped. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the royall hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgine thy dewtie, adue.

Mayd. Good *Costard* go with me: sir God saue your life.

Cost. Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Holo. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God verie religiously: and as a certaine Father saith

Ped. Sir tell not mee of the Father, I do feare colourable coloures. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniel?*

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine pupill of mine, where if (before repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parentes of the foresaid childe or pupill, vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, wit, nor inuention. I beseech your societie.

Nath. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happines of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a paper in his hand, alone.

Berow. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pytch that defiles; defile, a foule worde: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as madd as *Aiax*, it kills Sheepe, it kills mee, I a Sheepe well prooued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I do hang mee: I'faith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to rime, and to be mallicholie: and heere is part of my Rime, and heare my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweete Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the worlde, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Heere comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He stands a side. The King entreth.

King. Ay mee!

Be. Shot by heauen, proceed sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papp: in faith secrets.

King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning dropps vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou thinst in euerie teare that I do weepe,
No drop but as a Coach doth carrie thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my wo.
Do but beholde the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glorie through my griefe will show:

But

But do not loue thy selfe, then thou will keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of queenes, how farre doost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweete leaues shade follie. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longauill. The King steps a side.

What *Longauill*, and reading: listen eare.

Berow. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay mee! I am forsworne.

Berow. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope, sweete fellowship in shame.

Ber. One drunkard loues an other of the name.

Long. Am I the first that haue been periurd so?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makest the triumpherie, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hanges vp Simplicitie.

Long. I feare these stubborne lines lacke power to moue.
O sweete *Maria*, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber. O Rimes are gardes on wanton *Cupids* hose,
Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This same shall go. *He reades the Sonnet.*

Did not the heauenly Rethorique of thine eye,
Gainst whom the world cannot holde argument,
Perswade my hart to this false periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gainde, cures all disgrace in mee.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapoure is.
Then thou faire Sunne, which on my earth doost shine,
Exhalst this vapour-vow in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by mee broke, What foole is not so wise,
To loose an oth, to winn a Parradise?

Bero. This is the Iyuer veine, which makes flesh a deitie.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

A greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure ydotarie.
God amende vs, God amende, we are much out a th' way.

Enter Dumaine.

Long. By whom shall I send this (companie?) Stay.
Berow. All hid, all hid, an olde infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore ey.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wysh,
Dumaine transformed, foure Woodcocks in a dysh.
Duma. O most deuine *Kate*.
Berow. O most prophane coxcombe.
Duma. By heauen the woonder in a mortall eye.
Ber. By earth she is not, corporall, there you ly.
Duma. Her Amber heires for foule hath amber coted.
Ber. An amber colourd Rauen was well noted.
Duma. As vpright as the Ceder.
Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with child.
Duma. As faire as day.
Ber. I as some dayes, but then no Sunne must shine.
Duma. O that I had my wish?
Long. And I had mine.
King. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Duma. I would forget her, but a Feuer shee
Raignes in my blood, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your blood, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweete misprison.
Dum. Once more Ile reade the Odo that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varrie Wit.

Dumaine reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alacke the day:
Loue, whose Month is euer May:
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton aire:
Through the Veluet, leaues the wind,
All vnseene, can passage finde:
That the Louer sicke to death,

Wish himselfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,
Ayre would I might triumph so.
But alacke my hand is sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweete.
Do not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee:
Thou for whom *Ioue* would sweare,
Iuno but an *Æthiop* were,
And denie himselfe for *Ioue*,
Turning mortall for thy loue.
This will I send, and something els more plaine,
That shall expresse my trueloues fasting paine.
O would the *King*, *Berowne*, and *Longauill*,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periurde note:
For none offende, where all alike do dote.
Long. *Dumaine* thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in loues griefe desirst societie:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore-hard and taken napping so.
King. Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such.
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his hart.
I haue been closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guyltie Rimes, obserude your fashion:
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Ay mee sayes one! O *Ioue* the other cryes!
One her haires were Golde, Christal the others eyes.
You would for Parradise breake Fayth and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oth.
What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare

Fayth infringed, which ſuch zeale did ſweare.
How will he ſcorne, how will he ſpende his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did ſee,
I would not haue him know ſo much by mee.
Bero. Now ſtep I foorth to whip hipocriſie.
Ah good my Leidge, I pray thee pardon mee.
Good hart, What grace haſt thou thus to reproue
Theſe Wormes for louing, that art moſt in loue?
Your eyes do make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeſſe that appeares.
Youle not be periurde, tis a hatefull thing:
Tuſh, none but Minſtrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not aſhamed? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a Beame do finde in each of three.
O what a Scæne of fooltie haue I ſeene,
Of ſighes, of grones, of ſorrow, and of teene?
O mee, with what ſtrickt patience haue I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a Gnat.
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Sallomon* to tune a Iigge.
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boyes,
And *Critticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe, o tell me good *Dumaine?*
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breſt.
A Caudle hou!
King. Too bitter is thy ieſt.
Are we betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber. Not you by mee, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that holde it ſinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping companie
With men like men of inconſtancie.
When ſhall you ſee mee write a thing in rime?
Or grone for Ione? or ſpende a minutes time,

In

In pruning mee when ſhall you heare that I will prayſe a
hand, a foote, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breſt,
a waſt, a legge, a limme.
King. Soft, Whither away ſo faſt?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops ſo.
Ber. I poſt from Loue, good Louer let me go.
Iaqu. God bleſſe the King. *Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.*
King. What preſent haſt thou there?
Clow. Some certaine treaſon.
King. What makes treaſon heere?
Clow. Nay it makes nothing ſir.
King. Yf it marr nothing neither,
The treaſon and you goe in peace away togeather.
Iaque. I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perſon miſdoubts it: twas treaſon he ſaid.
King. *Berowne* reade it ouer. *He reades the letter.*
King. Where hadſt thou it?
Iaqu. Of *Coſtard.*
King. Where hadſt thou it?
Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*
Kin. How now, What is in you? Why doſt thou teare it?
Ber. A toy my Leedge, a toy: your grace needs not feare it.
Long. It did moue him to paſſion, & therfore lets heare it.
Dum. It is *Berownes* writing, and heere is his name.
Berow. Ah you whoreſon loggerhead, you were borne to
do me ſhame.
Guiltie my Lord, guiltie: I confeſſe, I confeſſe.
King. What? (meſſe.
Ber. That you three fooles, lackt me foole, to make vp the.
Hee, hee, and you: and you my Leege, and I,
Are pick-purſes in Loue, and we deſerue to die.
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Duma. Now the number is euen.
Bero. True true, we are fower: will theſe turtles be gon?
King Hence ſirs, away.
Clow. Walke aſide the true folke, and let the traytors ſtay.
Ber Sweete Lords, ſweete Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as fleſh and blood can be,

The Sea will ebb and flow, heauen ſhew his face:
Young blood doth not obay an olde decree.
We can not croſſe the cauſe why we were borne:
Therefore of all handes muſt we be forſworne.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine?
Ber. Did they quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſauadge man of *Inde*.)
At the firſt opning of the gorgious Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt.
What peromptorie Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maieſtie?
King. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpirde thee now?
My Loue (her Miſtres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light.
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the culd ſoueraigntie,
Do meete as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeuerall worthies make one dignitie,
Where nothing wantes, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the floriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie paynted Rethoricke, O ſhee needes it not,
To thinges of ſale, a ſellers prayſe belonges:
She paſſes prayſe, then prayſe too ſhort doth blot.
A witherd Hermight fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beautie doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O tis the Sunne that maketh all thinges ſhine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word deuine!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may ſweare Beautie doth beautie lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is fayre that is not full ſo blacke.

King

King. O paradox, Blacke is the badge of Hell,
The hue of dungions, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creſt becomes the heauens well.
Ber. Diuels ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirites of light.
O if in blacke my Ladyes browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vſurping haire
Should rauiſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe borne to make blacke fayre.
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of the dayes,
For natiue blood is counted paynting now:
And therefore redd that would auoyde diſprayſe,
Paintes it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
Duma. To looke like her are Chimnie-ſweepers blake.
Long. And ſince her time are Colliers counted bright.
King. And *Æthiops* of their ſweete complexion crake.
Duma. Darke needes no Candles now, for darke is light.
Ber. Your Miſtreſſes dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours ſhould be waſht away.
King. T were good yours did: for ſir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fayrer face not waſht to day.
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomſe-day heere.
King. No Diuel will fright thee then ſo much as ſhee.
Duma. I neuer knew man holde vile ſtuffe ſo deare.
Long. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foote and her face ſee.
Ber O if the ſtreetes were paued with thine eyes,
Her feete were much too daintie for ſuch tread.
Duma. O vile, then as ſhe goes what vpward lyes?
The ſtreete ſhould ſee as ſhe walkt ouer head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworne.
King. Then leaue this chat, and good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.
Duma. I marie there, ſome flatterie for this euyll.
Long. O ſome authoritie how to proceede,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheate the diuell.
Duma. Some ſalue for periurie.
Ber. O tis more then needs.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,

Conſider what you firſt did ſweare vnto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman:
Flat treaſon gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, Can you faſt? your ſtomacks are too young:
And abſtinence engenders maladies.
And where that you haue vowd to ſtudie (Lordes)
In that each of you haue forſworne his Booke.
Can you ſtill dreame and poare and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of Studies excellence,
Without the beautie of a womans face?
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why vniuerſall plodding poyſons vp
The nimble ſpirites in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The ſinnowy vigour of the trauayler.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forſworne the vſe of eyes:
And ſtudie too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any Authour in the worlde,
Teaches ſuch beautie as a womas eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our ſelfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is.
Then when our ſelues we ſee in Ladies eyes,
With our ſelues.
Do we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to ſtudie, Lordes,
And in that Vow we haue forſworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leedge) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out
Such fierie Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beautis tutors haue inritcht you with:
Other ſlow Artes intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce ſhew a harueſt of their heauie toyle.

But Loue firſt learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elamentes,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in euery power,
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the loweſt ſound
When the ſuſpitious head of theft is ſtopt.
Loues feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loues tongue proues daintie, *Bachus* groſſe in taſte,
For Valoure, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
Still clyming trees in the *Heſperides*.
Subtit as *Sphinx*, as ſweete and muſicall,
As bright *Appolos* Lute, ſtrung with his haire,
And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce of all the Goddes,
Make heauen drowſie with the harmonie.
Neuer durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Incke were tempred with Loues ſighes:
O then his lines would rauiſh ſauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They ſparcle ſtill the right promethean fier,
They are the Bookes, the Artes, the Achademes,
That ſhew, containe, and nouriſh all the worlde.
Els none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were, theſe women to forſweare:
Or keeping what is ſworne, you will proue fooles,
For Wiſedomes ſake, a worde that all men loue:
Or for Loues ſake, a worde that loues all men.
Or for Mens ſake, the authour of theſe Women:
Or Womens ſake, by whom we Men are Men.
Lets vs once looſe our othes to finde our ſelues,
Or els we looſe our ſelues, to keepe our othes:
It is Religion to be thus forſworne.

For Charitie it selfe fulfilles the Law:
And who can seuer Loue from Charitie,
King. Saint *Cupid* then and Souldiers to the fielde.
Berow. Aduaunce your standars, and vpon them Lords.
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduisd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.
Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolue to woe these gyrles of Fraunce?
King. And winn them too, therefore let vs deuise,
Some enterteinment for them in their Tentes.
Ber. First from the Parke let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistres, in the after noone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Daunces, Maskes, and merrie houres,
Forerunne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away, no time shalbe omitted,
That will be time and may by vs befitted.
Ber. Alone alone sowed Cockell, reapt no Corne,
And Iustice alwayes whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsorne,
If so our Copper byes no better treasure.

Enter the Pedant, the Curat, and Dull.

Pedant. *Satis quid sufficit.*
Curat. I prayse God for you sir, your reasons at Dinner haue been sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scurillitie, wittie without affection, audatious without impudencie, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did conuerse this quondam day with a companion of the kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.*
Ped. *Noui hominum tanquam te,* His humour is loftie, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue fyled, his eye ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behauiour vaine, rediculous, & thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too od as it were, too peregrinat as I may call it.

Curat

Curat. A most singuler and choyce Epithat,
Draw-out his Table-booke.
Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbositie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhorre such phanaticall phantasims, such insociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of ortagriphie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calfe, Cauf: halfe, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abbominable, it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne intelgis domine,* to make frantique lunatique?
Curat. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*
Peda. *Bome boon for boon prescian,* a litle scratcht, twil serue.
Enter Bragart, Boy.
Curat. *Vides ne quis venit?*
Peda. *Video, et gaudio.*
Brag. Chirra.
Peda. *Quari* Chirra, not Sirra?
Brag. Men of peace well incontred.
Ped. Most millitarie sir salutation.
Boy. They haue been at a great feast of Languages, and stolne the scraps.
Clow. O they haue lyud long on the almsbasket of wordes. I maruaile thy M. hath not eaten thee for a worde, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.
Page. Peace, the peale begins.
Brag. Mounsier, are you not lettred?
Page. Yes yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is A b spelled backward with the horne on his head?
Peda. Ba, *puericia* with a horne added. (learning.
Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his
Peda. *Quis quis* thou Conionant?
Pag. The last of the fiue Vowels if You repeate them, or the fift if I.
Peda. I will repeate them: a e I.
Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.
Brag. Now by the fault wane of the meditaranium, a sweete

sweete tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quicke and home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offerd by a childe to an old man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigg.

Pag. Lende me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnũ cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one peny in the world thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Holde, there is the verie Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfepennie purse of wit, thou Pidgin-egge of discretion. O and the heauens were so pleased, that thou wart but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldest thou make me? Go to, thou hast it *ad dungil* at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dunghel* for *vnguem*.

Brag. *Arts-man preambulat*, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweete pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I do *sans question*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweete pleasur & affection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Pauilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Peda. The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after noone: the worde is well culd, chose, sweete, & apt I do assure you sir, I do assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familier, I do assure ye very good friende: for what is inwarde betweene vs, let it passe. I do beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparrell thy head: and among other importunt and most serious designes, and of great import in deede too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the worlde) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachie: but sweete hart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine special

special honours it pleaseth his greatnes to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauayle, that hath seene the worlde: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet hart, I do implore secretie, that the King would haue me present the Princesse (sweete chuck) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or fierworke: Now vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweete selfe, are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the ende to craue your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainement of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rended by our assistants the Kinges commaund, and this most gallant illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthie enough to present them?

Peda. *Iosua*, your selfe, my selfe, and this gallant Gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (because of his great lim or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that worthies thumbe, he is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? He shall present *Hercules* in minoritie: his enter and exit shalbe strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Page. An excellent deuice: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crusshest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to do it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Thrice worthie Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attende.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Peda. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no worde all this while.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

Dull. Not vnderstoode none neither sir.
Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.
Dull. Ile make one in a daunce, or so: or I will play on the Taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hey.
Peda. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport: away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Ladyes.

Quee. Sweete hartes we shalbe rich ere we depart,
Yf Fayrings come thus plentifully in.
A Ladie walde about with Diamondes: Looke you, what I haue from the louing King.
Rosa. Madame, came nothing els along with that?
Quee. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be crambd vp in a sheete of paper
Writ a both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.
Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head Wax:
For he hath been fiue thousand yeere a Boy.
Kath. I and a shrowde vnhappie gallowes too.
Ros. Youle neare be friendes with him, a kild your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholie, sad, and heauie,
And so she died: had she bin Light like you, of such a mery nimble stiring spirit, she might a bin Grandam ere she died.
And so may you: For a light hart liues long.
Ros. Whats your darke meaning mouce, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beautie darke.
Ros. We neede more light to finde your meaning out.
Kath. Yole marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkly ende the argument.
Ros. Looke what you do, you do it still i'th darke.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
Ros. In deede I waigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You waigh me not, O thats you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.
Quee. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But *Rosaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosa.

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay I haue Verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fayrest Goddesse on the ground.
Iam comparde to twentie thousand fairs.
O he hath drawen my picture in his letter.
Quee. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.
Quee. Beautious as Incke: a good conclusion.
Kath. Faire as a text B in a Coppie booke.
Ros. Ware pensalls, How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter,
O that your face were not so full of Oes.
Quee. A Poxe of that iest, and I beshrow all Shrowes,
But *Katherine* what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?
Kath. Madame, this Gloue.
Quee. Did he not send you twaine?
Kath. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.
A hudge translation of hipocrisie,
Vildly compyled, profound simplicitie.
Marg. This, and these Pearle, to me sent *Longauile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
Quee. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou not wish in hart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.
Marg. I, or I would these handes might neuer part.
Quee. We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.
Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I go.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wayte the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wittes in bootelesse rimes,
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proude to make me proude that iestes,

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So perttaunt like would I ore'sway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my foole, and I his fate.
Quee. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turnde Foole, follie in Wiſedome hatcht:
Hath Wiſedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole.
Roſa. The blood of youth burnes not with ſuch exceſſe,
As grauities reuolt to wantons be.
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not ſo ſtrong a note,
As foolrie in the Wiſe, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in ſimplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Quee. Heere comes *Boyet*, and myrth is in his face.
Boyet. O I am ſtable with laughter, Wher's her Grace?
Quee. Thy newes *Boyet?*
Boy. Prepare Maddame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Againſt your Peace Loue doth approch, diſguyſd:
Armed in argumentes, you'll be ſurpriſd,
Muſter your Wits, ſtande in your owne defence,
Or hide your heades like Cowardes, and flie hence.
Quee. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath againſt vs? Say ſcout ſay.
Boy. Vnder the coole ſhade of a Siccamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpoſed reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might beholde addreſt,
The King and his companions warely,
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer hard, what you ſhall ouer heare:
That by and by diſguyſd thy will be heere.
Their Heralde is a prettie knauiſh Page:
That well by hart hath conn'd his embaſſage
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus muſt thou ſpeake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence maieſticall would put him out:

For

For quoth the King, an Angell ſhalt thou ſee:
Yet feare not thou but ſpeake audaciouſly.
The Boy replyde, An Angell is not euill:
I ſhould haue feard her had ſhee been a deuill.
With that all laught, and clapt him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bolde wagg by their prayſes bolder.
One rubbd his elbow thus, and fleerd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeach was neuer ſpoke before.
Another with his fynger and his thume,
Cried *via* we will doo't come what wil come.
The thirde he caperd and cryed, All goes well.
The fourth turnd on the tooe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zelous laughter ſo profund,
That in this ſpleene rediculous appeares,
To checke their follie paſſions ſolembe teares.
Quee. But what, but what, come they to viſite vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are appariled thus,
Like *Muſcouites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I geſſe.
Their purpoſe is to parlee, to court, and daunce,
And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his ſeuerall Miſtres: which they'le know
By Fauours ſeuerall, which they did beſtow.
Quee. And will they ſo? the Gallants ſhalbe taſkt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maſkt,
And not a man of them ſhall haue the grace
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a Ladies face.
Holde *Roſaline*, this Fauour thou ſhalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Holde take thou this my ſweete, and giue mee thine,
So ſhall *Berowne* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change you Fauours two, ſo ſhall your Loues
Woo contrarie, deceyued by theſe remoues.
Roſa. Come on then, weare the Fauours moſt in ſight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Quee. The effect of my intent is to croſſe theirs:
They do it but in mockerie merement,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent,

 The

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

Their ſeuerall counſailes they vnbooſome ſhall,
To Loues miſtooke, and ſo be mockt withall,
Vpon the next occaſion that we meete,
With Viſages diſplayde to talke and greete.
Ros. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire vs toot?
Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pend ſpeach render we no grace:
But while tis ſpoke each turne away his face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the ſpeakers hart,
And quite diuorce his memorie from his part.
Quee. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking entended game,
And they wel mockt depart away with ſhame. *Sound Trom.*
Boy. The Trompet ſoundes, be maſkt, the maſkers come.

Enter Black-moores with muſicke, the Boy with a ſpeach, and the reſt of the Lordes diſguyſed.

Page. *All haile, the richeſt Beauties on the earth.*
Berow. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Page. *A holy parcell of the fayreſt dames that euer turnd their backes to mortall viewes.*
The Ladyes turne their backes to him.
Berow. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. *That euen turnde their eyes to mortall viewes.*
Out
Boy. True, out in deede.
Pag. *Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirites vouchſafe*
Not to beholde.
Berow. Once to beholde, rogue.
Page. *Once to beholde with your Sunne beamed eyes,*
With your Sunne beamed eyes.
Boyet. They will not anſwere to that Epythat,
You were beſt call it Daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They do not marke me, and that bringes me out.
Ber. Is this your perfectnes? begon you rogue.

Roſa.

Roſal. What would theſe ſtranges?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they do ſpeake our language, tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Berow. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.
Boy. She ſaies you haue it, and you may be gon.
King. Say to her we haue meaſurd many miles,
To treade a Meaſure with her on this graſſe.
Boy. They ſay that they haue meaſurd many a mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aſke them how manie inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſured manie,
The meaſure then of one is eaſlie tolde.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue meaſurde miles,
And manie miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How manie inches doth fill vp one mile?
Berow. Tell her we meaſure them by weerie ſteps.
Boy. She heares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How manie weerie ſteps,
Of manie weerie miles you haue ore gone,
Are numbred in the trauaile of one Mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our duetie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
King. Bleſſed are cloudes, to do as ſuch cloudes do.
Vouchſafe bright Moone, and theſe thy Starts to ſhine,
(Thoſe cloudes remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.
Roſa. O vaine peticioner, begg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhine in the water.
King. Then in our meaſure, do but vouchſafe one change,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.
Rosa. Play Musique then: nay you must do it soone.
Not yet no daunce; thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Wil you not daunce? How come you thus estranged?
Ro. You tooke the moone at ful, but now shee's changed?
King. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.
Rosa. The musique playes, vouchsafe some motion to it,
Our eares vouchsafe it.
King. But your legges should do it.
Rosa. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
Weele not be nice, take handes, we will not daunce.
King. Why take we handes then?
Rosa. Onely to part friendes.
Curtsie sweete hartes, and so the Measure endes.
King. More measure of this measue be not nice.
Rosa. We can affoord no more at such a price.
King. Prise you your selues: What buyes your company?
Rosa. Your absence onely.
King. That can neuer be.
Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.
King. If you denie to daunce, lets holde more chat.
Rosa. In priuat then.
King. I am best pleasd with that.
Berow. White handed Mistres, one sweet word with thee.
Quee. Honie, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice,
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dosen sweetes.
Quee. Seuenth sweete adue, since you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
Ber. One word in secret.
Quee. Let it not be sweete.
Bero. Thou greeuest my gall.
Quee. Gall, bitter.
Bero. Therefore meete.
Duman. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Maria. Name it.

Duma.

Duma. Faire Ladie.
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord, take that for your faire Lady
Duma. Please it you, as much in priuat, & ile bid adieu.
Maria. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason (Lady) why you aske.
Mari. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long?
Long. You haue a double tongue within your Maske,
And would afforde my speachles vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie.
Mar. No, a faire Lorde Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word?
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Lon. Loke how you butt your selfe in these sharpe mocks,
Will you giue hornes chast Lady? do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe, before your hornes do grow.
Long. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you crie.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking Wenches are as keene
As is the Rasors edge inuisible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Aboue the sence of sence so sensible,
Seemeth their conference, their conceites haue winges,
Fleeter then Arrowes, bullets wind thought swifter thinges.
Rosa. Not one word more my Maides, break off, break off.
Bero. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.
King. Farewel mad Wenches, you haue simple wits. *Exe.*
Quee. Twentie adieus my frozen Muskouits,
Are these the breede of Wits so wondered at?
Boye. Tapers they are with your sweete breaths puft out.
Rosa. Wel-liking Wits they haue grosse grosse, fat fat.
Quee. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout,
Will they not (thinke you) hange them selues to nyght?
Or euer but in vizards shew their faces.
This pert *Berowne* was out of countnance quite.
Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases,
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

Quee. *Berowne* did sweare him selfe out of all suite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword,
No poynt (quoth I) my seruant, straight was mute.
Kath. Lord *Longauill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he calde me?
Quee. Qualme perhapt,
Kath. Yes in good faith.
Quee. Goe sicknes as thou art.
Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plaine statute Caps.
But will you heare; the King is my Loue sworne.
Quee. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted Fayth to me.
Kath. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madame, and prettie mistresses giue eare,
Immediatly they will againe be heere,
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Quee. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweete Roses, in this sommer aire.
Quee. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their dammaske sweete commixture showne,
Are Angels varling cloudes, or Roses blowne.
Quee. Auaunt perplexitie, What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to woe?
Rosa. Good Madame, if by me youle be aduisde,
Lets mocke them still as well knowne as disguysde:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguysd like *Muscouites* in shapeles geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what ende
Their shallow showes, and Prologue vildly pende,
And their rough carriage so rediculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand,
Quee. Whip to our Tents as Roes runs ore land, *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you: Wher's the Princesse?
Boyet. Gone to her Tent. Please it your Maiestie commaunde me any seruice to her thither,
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Berow. This fellow peckes vp Wit as Pidgions Pease,
And vtters it againe when God dooth please.
He is Witts Pedler, and retales his wares:
At Wakes and Wassels, meetings, markets, Faires,
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue,
Had he bin *Adam* he had tempted *Eue*.
A can carue to, and lispe: Why this is hee
That kist his hand, a way in courtisie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Mounsier the nice,
That when he playes at Tables chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes; nay he can sing
A meane most meanely, and in hushering,
Mende him who can, the Ladies call him sweete,
The staires as he treades on them kisse his feete,
This is the floure that smyles on euery one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone,
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honie-tonged *Boyet*.
King. A blister on his sweete tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Bero. See where it comes. Behauiour what wert thou?
Till this mad man shewed thee, and what art thou now?
King. All haile sweete Madame, and faire time of day.
Quee. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceaue.
King. Consture my spaches better, if you may.
Quee. Then wish me better, I will giue you leaue.
King. We came to visite you, and purpose now,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Quee. This Feelde shall holde me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God nor I delights in periurd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.
Que. You nickname vertue, vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes mens troth.
Now by my maiden honour yet as pure,
As the vnsallied Lilly I protest,
A worlde of tormentes though I should endure,
I would not yeelde to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenly Othes vowed with integritie.
King. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vnseene, vnuisited, much to our shame.
Quee. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pastimes here and pleasant game,
A messe of *Russians* left vs but of late.
King. How Madame? *Russians?*
Quee. I in trueth My Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.
Rosa. Madame speake true: It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the maner of the dayes)
In curtesie giues vndeseruing praise.
We foure in deede confronted were with foure,
In *Russian* habite: heere they stayed an houre,
And talkt apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not blesse vs with one happie word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
Bero. This iest is drie to me, gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise thinges foolish when we greete
With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we loose light, your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your hudge stoore,
Wise thinges seeme foolish, and rich thinges but poore.
Rosa. This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie.
Bero. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

Rosa

Rosa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch wordes from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours and all that I possesse.
Rosa. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot giue you lesse.
Ros. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Ber. Where, when, what Vizard? why demaund you this?
Rosa. There, then, that Vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shewed the better face.
King. We were descried, they'le mock vs now downeright.
Duman. Let vs confesse and turne it to a iest.
Quee. Amazde my Lord? Why lookes your highnes sad?
Rosa. Helpe holde his browes, heele sound: why looke you pale?
Sea sicke I thinke comming from *Muscouie.*
Bero. Thus pooure the Starres downe plagues for periurie,
Can anie face of brasse hold longer out?
Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruse me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance,
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit.
And I will wish thee neuer more to daunce,
Nor neuer more in Russian habite waite.
O neuer will I trust to speaches pend,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue:
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind harpers songue,
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three pilde Hiberboles, spruce affection:
Figures pedanticall, these sommer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forsweare them, and I here protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knowes)
Henceforth my wooing minde shalbe expresst
In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is sound, *sance* cracke or flaw,
Rosa. *Sans, sans,* I pray you.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

Bero. Yet I haue a tricke,
Of the olde rage: beare with me, I am ſicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees; ſoft, let vs ſee,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on thoſe three,
They are infected, in their hartes it lyes:
They haue the Plague, and caught it of your eyes,
Theſe Lordes are viſited, you are not free,
For the Lords tokens on you do I ſee.
Quee. No, they are free that gaue theſe tokens to vs.
Berow. Our ſtates are forfait, ſeeke not to vndoo vs.
Roſa. It is not ſo, for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfait, being thoſe that ſue.
Bero. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with your
Roſa. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intende.
Bero. Speake for your ſelues, my wit is at an ende.
King. Teach vs ſweet Madame, for our rude tranſgreſſion
Some faire excuſe.
Quee. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were not you here but euen now, diſguyſde?
King. Madame, I was.
Quee. And were you well aduiſde?
King. I was faire Madame.
Quee. When you then were heere,
What did you whiſper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world, I did reſpect her.
Quee. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you wil reiect her.
King. Vpon mine honour no.
Quee. Peace peace, forbeare: your Oth once broke, you force not to forſweare.
King. Deſpiſe me when I breake this oth of mine.
Quee. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Roſaline*,
What did the *Ruſſian* whiſper in your eare?
Roſa. Madame, he ſwore that he did hold me deare,
As precious ey-ſight, and did value me
Aboue this Worlde: adding thereto more ouer,
That he would wed me, or els die my Louer.
Quee. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Moſt honourablie doth vphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame: by my life my troth,
I neuer ſwore this Lady ſuch an oth.
Roſal. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this: but take it ſir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princeſſe I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her ſleeue.
Quee. Pardon me ſir, this Iewell did ſhe weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Berow. Neither of either: I remit both twaine.
I ſee the tricke ont: here was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our meriment,
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas Comedie:
Some carry tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſleight ſaine:
Some mumble newes, ſome trencher Knight, ſome Dick
That ſmyles, his cheeke in yeeres, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when ſhees diſpoſd:
Tolde our intentes before: which once diſcloſd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then wee
Folowing the ſignes, wood but the ſigne of ſhee,
Now to our periurie, to add more terror,
We are againe forſworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Foreſtall our ſport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foote by'th ſquier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And ſtand betweene her backe ſir and the fier,
Holding a trencher, ieſting merrilie?
You put our Page out: goe, you are aloude.
Die when you will, a Smocke ſhalbe your ſhroude.
You leere vpon me, do you: ther's an eie
Wounds like a leaden ſword.
Boyet. Full merely hath this braue nuage, this carreere bin run.
Bero. Loe, he is tilting ſtraight. Peace, I haue don.
Enter Clowne.
Ber. Welcome pure wit, thou partſt a faire fray.
Clow. O Lord ſir, they would know,

Whether the three Worthis shall come in or no?

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clow. No sir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one pursents three.

Bero. And three times thrice is nine.

Clow. Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.

Bero. Is not nine.

Clow. Vnder correction sir we know where-vntill it doth amount.

Bero. By Ioue, I all wayes tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your liuing by reckning sir.

Bero. How much is it?

Clow. O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir will shew wher-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as thy say, but to parfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great sir.

Bero. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Bero. Goe bid them prepare. (*Exit.*

Clow. We wil turne it finely off sir, we wil take some care.

King. *Berowne*, they will shame vs: let them not approch.

Bero. We are shame proofe my Lord: & tis some policie
To haue one show worse then the Kings and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Quee. Nay my good Lord let me ore'rule you now.
That sport best pleases, that doth best know how:
Where zeale striues to content, and the contentes
Dies in the zeale of that which it presentes:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in myrth,
When great thinges labouring perish in their byrth.

Bero. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Bragart.

Brag. Annoynted, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweete

sweete breath, as will vtter a brace of wordes.

Quee. Doth this man serue God?

Bero. Why aske you?

Quee. A speakes not like a man of God his making.

Brag. That is al one my faire sweete honie monarch,
For I protest, the Schoolemaister is exceeding fantasticall,
Too too vaine, too too vaine: but we will put it (as they say)
to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of mind most royall cupplement. *Exit.*

King. Heere is like to be a good presence of Worthies:
He presents *Hector* of *Troy*, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if these foure Worthies in their first shew thriue, these foure will change habites, and present the other fiue.

Bero. There is fiue in the first shew.

King. You are deceiued, tis not so.

Bero. The Pedant, the Bragart, the Hedge-Priest, the Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Nouum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot picke out fiue such, take each one in his vaine.

Kin. The Ship is vnder sayle, and heere she coms amaine.

Enter Pompey.

Clowne. *I* Pompey *am.*

Bero. You lie, you are not he.

Clow. *I* Pompey *am.*

Boyet. With Libbards head on knee. (thee.

Ber. Well said old mocker, I must needes be friendes with

Clow. *I* Pompey *am*, Pompey *surnamde the bigge.*

Duma. The great.

Clow. *It is great sir*, Pompey *surnamd the great.*
That oft in fielde with Targ and Shield did make my foe to sweat,
And trauailing along this coast I heere am come by chaunce,
And lay my Armes before the Legges of this sweete Lasse of Fraunce.
If your Ladiship would say thankes Pompey, *I had done.*

Lady. Great thankes great *Pompey.*

Clo. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a litle fault in great.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

Bero. My hat to a halfe-pennie, *Pompey* proues the best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the World I liud, I was the Worldes commander:
By East, West, North, and South, I spred my conquering might:
My Scutchion plaine declares that I am Alisander. (right,
Boyet. Your Nose saies no, you are not: for it stands too
Be. Your nose smels no in his most tender smelling knight.
Qu. The conqueror is dismaid: proceed good *Alexander.*
Cura. When in the worlde I lued, I was the worldes commander.
Boy. Most true, tis right: you were so *Alisander.*
Bero. Pompey the great.
Clow. Your seruant and *Costard.*
Bero. Take away the Conqueronr, take away *Alisander.*
Clow. O sir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alisander* the Conquerour: you will be scrapt out of the painted cloth for this. Your Lion that holdes his Polax sitting on a close stoole, will be geuen to *Aiax.* He wilbe the ninth Worthie: a Conquerour, and a feard to speake? Run away for shame *Alisander.* There ant shall please you a foolish mylde man, an honest man, looke you, and soone dasht. He is a marueylous good neighbour fayth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alisander,* alas you see how tis a little oreparted, but there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Curat.*
Quee. Stand aside good *Pompey.*

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Peda. Great Hercules *is presented by this Impe,*
Whose Clubb kilde Cerberus *that three headed* Canus,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his Manus,
Quoniam, *he seemeth in minoritie,*
Ergo, *I come with this Appologie.*
Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish. *Exit* Boy.
Peda. Iudas *I am.*

Dum.

Dum. A Iudas.
Pedan. Not Iscariot sir.
Iudas *I am, ecliped* Machabeus.
Dum. Iudas Machabeus *clipt, is plaine* Iudas.
Bero. A kissing traytour. How art thou proud *Iudas?*
Peda. Iudas I am.
Duma. The more shame for you *Iudas.*
Peda. What meane you sir?
Boyet. To make *Iudas* hang him selfe.
Pedan. Begin sir, you are my elder.
Bero. Well followed, *Iudas* was hanged on an Elder.
Pedan. I will not be put out of countenance.
Bero. Becausе thou hast no face.
Pedan. What is this?
Boyet. A Cytterne head.
Duma. The head of a Bodkin.
Bero. A deaths face in a Ring.
Long. The face of an olde Roman coyne, scarce seene.
Boyet. The pummel of *Cæsars* Fauchion.
Duma. The carud-bone face on a Flaske.
Bero. Saint *Georges* halfe cheeke in a Brooch.
Duma. I and in a Brooch of Lead.
Bero. I and worne in the cappe of a Tooth-drawer:
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.
Peda. You haue put me out of countenance.
Bero. False, we haue giuen thee faces.
Peda. But you haue outfaste them all.
Bero. And thou weart a Lyon, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go:
And so adue sweete *Iude.* Nay, Why dost thou stay?
Duma. For the latter ende of his name.
Bero. For the *Asse* to the *Iude:* giue it him. *Iudas* away!
Pedan. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for Mounsier *Iudas,* it growes darke, he may stumble.
Quee. Alas poore *Machabeus,* how hath he bin bayted.

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Eeter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in Armes.

Duma. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. *Hector* was but a *Troyan* in reſpect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector?*

King. I thinke *Hector* was not ſo cleane timberd.

Long. His Legge is too bigge for *Hectors.*

Duman. More Calfe certaine.

Boye. No, he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

Bero. This cannot be *Hector.*

Duma. Hee's a God or a Painter: for he makes faces.

Braggart. *The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the almightie, gaue* Hector *a gift.*

Duma. A gift Nutmegg.

Bero. A Lemmon.

Long. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. *Peace. The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the almighty, Gaue* Hector *a gift, the heir of Illion.*
A man ſo breathed, that certaine he would fight; yea,
From morne till night out of his Pauilion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweete Lord *Longauill* raine thy tongue.

Long. I muſt rather giue it the raine: for it runnes againſt *Hector.*

Dum. I and *Hector's* a Greyhound.

Brag. The ſweete War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweete chucks beat not the bones of the buried:
When he breathed he was a man:
But I will forward with my deuice; ſweete royaltie beſtow on me the ſence of hearing.

Berowne ſteps foorth.

Quee. Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.

Brag. *I do adore thy ſweete Graces Slipper.*

Boyet

Boyet Loues her by the foote.

Dum. He may not by the yarde.

Brag. *This* Hector *far ſurmounted* Hannibal.
The partie is gone,

Clow. Fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two months on her way.

Brag. What meaneſt thou?

Clow. Faith vnleſſe you play the honeſt *Troyan*, the poore wench is caſt-away: ſhee's quicke, the childe bragges in her bellie already: tis yours.

Brag. Doſt thou infamonize me among potentates? Thou ſhalt die.

Clow. Then ſhall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hangd for *Pompey* that is dead by him.

Duma. Moſt rare *Pompey.*

Boyet. Renowned *Pompey.*

Bero. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pompey* the hudge.

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Bero. *Pompey* is moued more Ates more Atees ſtir them or ſtir them on.

Duma. *Hector* will challenge him.

Bero. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in his belly then will ſuppe a Flea.

Brag. By the North Pole I do challenge thee.

Clow. I will not fight with a Pole like a Northren man; Ile ſlaſh, Ile do it by the Sword: I bepray you let me borrow my Armes againe.

Duma. Roome for the incenſed Worthies.

Clow. Ile do it in my ſhyrt.

Duma. Moſt reſolute *Pompey.*

Page. Maiſter, let me take you a button hole lower. Do you not ſee, *Pompey* is vncaſing for the Combat: What meane you? you will looſe your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers, pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhyrt.

Duma. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the chalenge.

Brag. Sweete bloodes, I both may and will,

Ber. What reason haue you fort.

Brag. The naked trueth of it is, I haue no Shirt. I goe Woolward for pennance.

Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but a dishcloute of *Iaquenettaes*, and that a weares next his hart for a Fauour.

Enter a Messenger Mounsier Marcade.

Marcad. God saue you Madame.

Quee. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrmpptest our merriment.

Marcad. I am sorrie Madame for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father

Quee. Dead for my life.

Marcad. Euen so: my tale is tolde.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scæne begins to cloude.

Brag. For mine owne part I breath free breath: I haue seene the day of wrong through the litle hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier. *Exeunt Worthys*

King. How fares your Maiestie?

Quee. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to nyght.

King. Madame Not so, I do beseech you stay.

Quee. Prepare I say: I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and intreat:
Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisedome to excuse, or hide,
The liberall opposition of our spirites,
If ouerboldly we haue borne our selues,
In the conuerse of breath (your gentlenes
Was guyltie of it.) Farewell worthy Lord:
A heauie hart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so comming too short of thankes,
For my great sute, so easely obtainde.

King. The extreame partes of time extreamly formes,
All causes to the purpose of his speede:
And often at his very loose decides

That

That, which long processe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the smyling courtecie of Loue,
The holy suite which faine it would conuince,
Yet since Loues argument was first on foote,
Let not the cloude of Sorrow iustle it
From what it purposd, since to wayle friendes lost,
Is not by much so holdsome profitable,
As to reioyce at friendes but newly found.

Quee. I vnderstand you not, my griefes are double.

Ber. Honest plaine words, best pearce the eare of griefe,
And by these badges vnderstand the King,
For your faire sakes, haue we neglected time.
Plaide fouleplay with our othes: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humours
Euen to the opposed ende of our ententes.
And what in vs hath seemed rediculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting straines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Formd by the eye, and therefore like the eye.
Full of straying shapes, of habites and of formes:
Varying in subiectes as the eye doth roule,
To euery varied obiect in his glaunce:
Which partie coted presence of loose loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eyes,
Haue misbecombd our othes and grauities.
Those heauenly eyes that looke into these faultes,
Suggested vs to make, therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the errour that Loue makes
Is likewise yours: we to our selues proue false,
By being once false, for euer to be true
To those that make vs both faire Ladies you.
And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
Thus purifies it selfe and turns to grace.

Quee. We haue receiud your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Fauours, embassadours of Loue.
And in our mayden counsaile rated them,
At courtshyp pleasant iest and courtecie,

As bombast and as lyning to the time:
But more deuout then this our respectes,
Haue we not been, and therefore met your Loues,
In their owne fashyon like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters madame, shewed much more then iest.
Long. So did our lookes.
Rosa. We did not cote them so.
King. Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Graunt vs your loues.
Quee. A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
No no my Lord, your Grace is periurde much,
Full of deare guiltines, and therefore this,
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me:
Your oth I will not trust, but goe with speede
To some forlorne and naked Hermytage,
Remote from all the pleasurs of the world:
There stay vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
Haue brought about the annuall reckoning.
If this Austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood.
If frostes and fastes, hard lodging, and thin weedes,
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue:
But that it beare this tryall, and last Loue,
Then at the expiration of the yeere,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these desertes:
And by this Virgin palme now kissing thine,
I wilbe thine: and till that instance shutt
My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
Rayning the teares of lamentation,
For the remembraunce of my Fathers death.
If this thou do deny, let our handes part,
Neither intiled in the others hart.
King. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eye.
Hence herrite then my hart, is in thy brest.

Bero.

Berow. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?
Rosal. You must be purged to, your sinnes are rackt.
You are attaint with faultes and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A tweluemonth shall you spende and neuer rest,
But seeke the weery beddes of people sicke.
Duma. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?
Kath. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three folde loue I wish you all these three.
Duma. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle Wife?
Kath. Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,
Ile marke no wordes that smothfast wooers say,
Come when the King doth to my Lady come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some.
Duma. Ile serue thee true and faythfully till then.
Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen:
Longauill. What saies *Maria?*
Mari. At the tweluemonths ende,
Ile change my blacke Gowne for a faithfull frend.
Long. Ile stay with patience, but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller are so young.
Berow. Studdies my Ladie? Mistres looke on me,
Beholde the window of my hart, mine eye:
What humble suite attendes thy answere there,
Impose some seruice on me for thy Loue.
Rosa. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne,*
Before I saw you: and the worldes large tongue
Proclaymes you for a man repleat with mockes,
Full of comparisons and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estetes will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit:
To weede this wormewood from your fructfull braine,
And therewithall to winne me, yf you please,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,
Visite the speachlesse sicke, and still conuerse,
With groning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,

K To

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[4]) Octavo

To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Berow. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.
Rosal. Why thats the way to choake a gibing spirrit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles,
A iestes prosperitie lies in the eare,
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then if sickly eares
Deaft with the clamours of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirrit,
And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Berow. A twelue month? well; befall what will befall,
Ile iest a twelue month in an Hospitall.
Queen. I sweete my Lord, and so I take my leaue.
King. No Madame, we will bring you on your way.
Berow. Our wooing doth not ende like an olde Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie.
King. Come sir, it wants a twelue month an'aday,
And then twill ende.
Berow. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweete Maiestie vouchsafe me.
Queen. Was not that *Hector?*
Duma. The worthie Knight of *Troy.*
Brag. I will kisse thy royall finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie; I haue vowde to *Iaquenetta*
To holde the Plough for her sweete loue three yeere.
But most esteemed greatnes, will you heare the Dialogue
that the two Learned men haue compiled, in prayse of the
Owle and the Cuckow? it should haue followed in the
ende

ende of our shew.
King. Call them foorth quickly, we will do so.
Brag. *Holla*, Approch.

Enter all.

Brag. This side is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: The one maynteined by the Owle,
th'other by the Cuckow.

B. Ver begin.

The Song.

When Daisies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-budds of yellow hew:
And Ladi-smockes all siluer white,
Do paint the Meadowes with delight:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mocks married men; for thus singes hee,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oten Strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens Clocks:
When Turtles tread and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus singes he.
Cuckow.
Cuckow, cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Isacles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sheepheard blowes his nailes:
And Thom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke coms frozen home in paile:
When Blood is nipt, and wayes be full,

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Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloude the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw:
And Birdes sit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
When roasted Crabbs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who,
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

The vvordes of Mercurie, are harsh after the songes of Apollo.

FINIS.

THE LATE,

And much admired Play,

Called

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Hiſtorie, aduentures, and fortunes of the ſaid Prince:

As alſo,

The no leſſe ſtrange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter

MARIANA.

As it hath been diuers and ſundry times acted by his Maieſties Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-ſide.

By William Shakeſpeare.

Imprinted at London for *Henry Goſſon*, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the Sunne in Pater-noſter row, &c.

1609.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA OXON

The Play of Pericles

Prince of Tyre. &c.

Enter Gower.

TO ſing a Song that old was ſung,
From aſhes, auntient *Gower* is come,
Aſſuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and pleaſe your eyes:
It hath been ſung at Feaſtiuals,
On Ember eues, and Holydayes:
And Lords and Ladyes in their liues,
Haue red it for reſtoratiues:
The purchaſe is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:
If you, borne in thoſe latter times,
When Witts more ripe, accept my rimes;
And that to heare an old man ſing,
May to your Wiſhes pleaſure bring:
I life would wiſh, and that I might
Waſte it for you, like Taper light.
This *Antioch*, then *Antiochus* the great,
Buylt vp this Citie, for his chiefeſt Seate;
The fayreſt in all *Syria*.
I tell you what mine Authors ſaye:
This King vnto him tooke a Peere,
Who dyed, and left a female heyre,
So buckſome, blith, and full of face,
As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to Inceſt did prouoke:
Bad child, worſe father, to intice his owne

To euill, should be done by none:
But custome what they did begin,
Was with long vse, account'd no sinne;
The beautie of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To seeke her as a bedfellow,
In mary age pleasures, playfellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her still, and men in awe:
That who so askt her for his wife,
His Riddle tould, not, lost his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grimme lookes do testifie.
What now ensues, to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Anti. Young Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Peri. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
With the glory of her prayse, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprise.

Ant. Musicke bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For embracements euen of *Ioue* himselfe;
At whose conception, till *Lucina* rained,
Nature this dowry gaue; to glad her presence,
The Seanate house of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her, their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus daughter.

Per. See where she comes, appareled like the Spring,
Graces her subiects, and her thoughts the King,
Of euery Vertue giues renowne to men:
Her face the booke of prayses, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence,
Sorrow were euer razde, and testie wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.

You

You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue;
That haue enflamde desire in my breast,
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
(Or die in th'aduenture) be my helpes,
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

Anti. Prince *Pericles.*

Peri. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus.*

Ant. Before thee standes this faire *Hesperides*,
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:
For Death like Dragons heere affright thee hard:
Her face like Heauen, inticeth thee to view
Her countlesse glory; which desert must gaine:
And which without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die:
Yon sometimes famous Princes, like thy selfe,
Drawne by report, aduentrous by desire,
Tell thee with speachlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
That without couering, saue yon field of Starres,
Heere they stand Martyrs slaine in *Cupids* Warres:
And with dead cheekes, aduise thee to desist,
For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

Per. *Antiochus*, I thanke thee, who hath taught,
My frayle mortalitie to know it selfe;
And by those fearefull obiectes, to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For Death remembered should be like a myrrour,
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it errour:
Ile make my Will then, and as sicke men doe,
Who know the World, see Heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes as earst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince should doe;
My riches to the earth, from whence they came;
But my vnspotted fire of Loue, to you:
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)

 Scorning

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

Antio. Scorning aduice; read the concluſion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before thee, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt bleed.
Daugh. Of all ſayd yet, mayſt thou prooue proſperous,
Of all ſayd yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe.
Peri. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aske aduiſe of any other thought,
But faythfulneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feed
On mothers fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a Huſband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a Father;
Hee's Father, Sonne, and Huſband milde;
I, Mother, Wife; and yet his Child:
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will liue reſolue it you.

Per: Sharpe Phiſicke is the laſt: But ô you powers!
That giues heauen countleſſe eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloude they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Faire Glaſſe of light, I lou'd you, and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate.
You are a faire Violl, and your ſenſe, the ſtringes;
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw Heauen downe, and all the Gods to harken:
But being playd vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at ſo harſh a chime:
Good ſooth, I care not for you.
Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not, vpon thy life;
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the reſt: your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receiue your ſentence.

Peri.

Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinnes they loue to act,
T'would brayde your ſelfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who has a booke of all that Monarches doe,
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſhut, then ſhowne.
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
Blowes duſt in others eyes to ſpread it ſelfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eyes ſee cleare:
To ſtop the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole caſtes
Copt hilles towards heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſſion, and the poore Worme doth die for't:
Kinges are earths Gods; in vice, their law's their will:
And if *Ioue* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Ioue* doth ill:
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worſe, to ſmother it.
All loue the Wombe that their firſt beeing bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue, to loue my head. (ning:
Ant. Heauen, that I had thy head; he ha's found the mea-
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſinterpreting,
We might proceed to counſell of your dayes;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo faire a tree
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune vs otherwiſe;
Fourtie dayes longer we doe reſpite you,
If by which time, our ſecret be vndone,
This mercy ſhewes, wee'le ioy in ſuch a Sonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine ſhall bee
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

Manet Pericles ſolus.

Peri. How courteſie would ſeeme to couer ſinne,
When what is done, is like an hipocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight.
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certaine you were not ſo bad,
As with foule Inceſt to abuſe your ſoule:

Where

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

Where now you both a Father and a Sonne,
By your vntimely claſpings with your Child,
(Which pleaſures fittes a husband, not a father)
And ſhee an eater of her Mothers fleſh,
By the defiling of her Parents bed,
And both like Serpents are; who though they feed
On ſweeteſt Flowers, yet they Poyſon breed.
Antioch farewell, for Wiſedome ſees thoſe men,
Bluſh not in actions blacker then the night,
Will ſhew no courſe to keepe them from the light:
One ſinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murther's as neere to Luſt, as Flame to Smoake:
Poyſon and Treaſon are the hands of Sinne,
I, and the targets to put off the ſhame,
Then leaſt my life be cropt, to keepe you cleare,
By flight, Ile ſhun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head:
He muſt not liue to trumpet foorth my infamie,
Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth ſinne
In ſuch a loathed manner:
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall, my honour muſt keepe hie.
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thali. Doth your highnes call?

Antio. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber, *Thaliard*,
And our minde partakes her priuat actions,
To your ſecrecie; and for your faythfulnes,
We will aduaunce you, *Thaliard*:
Behold, heere's Poyſon, and heere's Gold:
Wee hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muſt kill him;
It fittes thee not to aske the reaſon why?
Becauſe we bid it: ſay, is it done?

Thali. My Lord, tis done.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Anti. Enough. Let your breath coole your ſelfe, telling your haſte.

Meſſ. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Antio. As thou wilt liue, flie after, and like an arrow ſhot from a well experienſt Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell at: ſo thou neuer returne vnleſſe thou ſay Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Piſtols length, Ile make him ſure enough, ſo farewell to your highneſſe.

Thaliard adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no ſuccour to my head.

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Pe. Let none diſturb vs, why ſhold this chãge of thoughts,
The ſad companion dull eyde melancholie,
By me ſo vſde a gueſt, as not an houre
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
(The tombe where griefe ſtould ſleepe) can breed me quiet,
Here pleaſures court mine eies, and mine eies ſhun them,
And danger which I fearde is at *Antioch*,
Whoſe arme ſeemes farre too ſhort to hit me here,
Yet neither pleaſures Art can ioy my ſpirits,
Nor yet the others diſtance comfort me,
Then it is thus, the paſſions of the mind,
That haue their firſt conception by miſdread,
Haue after nouriſhment and life, by care
And what was firſt but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And ſo with me the great *Antiochus*,
Gainſt whom I am too little to contend,
Since hee's ſo great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke me ſpeaking, though I ſweare to ſilence,
Nor booteth it me to ſay, I honour,
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

And what may make him blush in being knowne,
Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne,
With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall driue courage from the state,
Our men be vanquisht ere they doe resist,
And subiects punisht that nere thought offence,
Which care of them,not pittie of my selfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my bodie pine,and soule to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter all the Lords to Pericles.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred brest.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hel. Peace,peace,and giue experience tongue,
They doe abuse the King that flatter him,
For flatterie is the bellowes blowes vp sinne,
The thing the which is flattered,but a sparke,
To which that sparke giues heate,and stronger
Glowing,whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men,for they may erre,
When *signior* sooth here does proclaime peace,
He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince paadon me,or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs else:but let your cares ore-looke,
What shipping,and what ladings in our hauen,
And then returne to vs,*Hellicans* thou hast,
Mooude vs, what seest thou in our lookes?

Hel. An angrie brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hel. How dares the plants looke vp to heauen,

From whence they haue their nourishment?

Per. Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from thee.

Hel. I haue ground the Axe my selfe,
Doe but you strike the blowe.

Per. Rise,prethee rise,sit downe,thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee fort,and heauē forbid
That kings should let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Counsellor,and seruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisdome makes a Prince thy seruant,
What wouldst thou haue me doe?

Hel. To beare with patience such griefes as you your selfe doe lay vpon your selfe.

Per. Thou speakst like a Physition *Hellicanus*,
That ministers a potion vnto me:
That thou wouldst tremble to receiue thy selfe,
Attend me then,I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou knowst against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beautie,
From whence an issue I might propogate,
Are armes to Princes,and bring ioies to subiects,
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest harke in thine eare,as blacke as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seemde not to strike,but smooth,but thou knowst this,
Tis time to feare when tyrants seemes to kisse.
Which feare so grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who seemd my good protector,and being here,
Bethought what was past,what might succeed,
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decrease not,but grow faster then the yeares,
And should he doo't,as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listning ayre,
How many worthie Princes blouds were shed,
To keepe his bed of blacknesse vnlayde ope,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this land with armes,
And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feel wars blow, who ſpares not innocence,
Which loue to all of which thy ſelfe art one,
Who now reprou'dſt me fort.

Hell. Alas ſir.

Per. Drew ſleep out of mine eies, blood frō my cheekes,
Muſings into my mind, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop this tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieue them,
I thought it princely charity to griue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, ſince you haue giuen mee leaue to
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare, (ſpeake,
And iuſtly too, I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or priuat treaſon,
Will take away your life: therfore my Lord, go trauell for
a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies doe cut his threed of life: your rule direct to anie,
if to me, day ſerues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith.
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hel. Weele mingle our bloods togither in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee,
And by whoſe Letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe.
The care I had and haue of ſubiects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſdomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word, for faith, not aske thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbs will liue ſo round, and ſafe,
That time of both this truth ſhall nere conuince,
Thou ſhewdſt a ſubiects ſhine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Thaliard ſolus.

So this is *Tyre*, and this the Court, heere muſt I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am ſure to be hang'd at home: t'is daungerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wiſe fellowe, and had good diſcretion, that beeing bid to aske what hee would of the King, deſired he might knowe none of his ſecrets.

Now doe I ſee hee had ſome reaſon for't: for if a king bidde a man bee a villaine, hee's bound by the indenture of his oath to bee one.

Huſht, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Helicanus, Eſcanes, with other Lords.

Helli. You ſhall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*, further to queſtion mee of your kings departure: his ſealed Commiſſion left in truſt with mee, does ſpeake ſufficiently hee's gone to trauaile.

Thaliard. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be ſatisfied, (why as it were vnlicenſed of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue ſome light vnto you, beeing at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* on what cauſe I knowe not, tooke ſome diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt hee iudg'de ſo: and doubting leſt hee had err'de or ſinn'de, to ſhewe his ſorrow, hee'de correct himſelfe; ſo puts himſelfe vnto the Shipmans toyle, with whome each minute threatens life or death.

Thaliard. Well, I perceiue I ſhall not be hang'd now, although I would, but ſince hee's gone, the Kings ſeas muſt pleaſe: hee ſcap'te the Land to periſh at the Sea, I'le preſent my ſelfe. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Lord

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

Act. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto princely *Pericles*, but since my landing, I haue vnderstood your Lord has betake himselfe to vnknowne trauailes, now message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. Wee haue no reason to desire it, commended to our maister not to vs, yet ere you shall depart, this wee desire as friends to *Antioch* wee may feast in *Tyre*. *Exit.*

Enter Cleon the Gouernour of Tharsus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dyoniza* shall wee rest vs heere,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they doe aspire?
Throwes downe one mountaine to cast vp a higher:
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Heere they are but felt, and seene with mischiefs eyes,
But like to Groues, being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dioniza*,
Who wanteth food, and will not say hee wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?
Our toungs and sorrowes to sound deepe:
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.
Till toungs fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.

Dyoniza. Ile doe my best Syr. (ment,

Cleon. This *Tharsus* ore which I haue the gouerne-
A Cittie on whom plentie held full hand:
For riches strew'de her selfe euen in her streetes,

Whose

Whose towers bore heads so high they kist the clowds,
And strangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'de,
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by,
Their tables were stor'de full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feede on as delight,
All pouertie was scor'nde, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grewe odious to repeat.

Dion. O t'is too true.

Cle. But see what heauen can doe by this our change,
These mouthes who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although thy gaue their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'de for want of vse,
They are now staru'de for want of exercise,
Those pallats who not yet too sauers younger,
Must haue inuentions to delight the tast,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it,
Those mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are readie now
To eat those little darlings whom they lou'de,
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Drawe lots who first shall die, to lengthen life.
Heere stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping:
Heere manie sincke, yet those which see them fall,
Haue scarce strength left to giue them buryall.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes doe witnesse it.

Cle. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots heare these teares,
The miserie of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Wheres the Lord Gouernour?

Cle. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bringst

in

in haſt, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

Lord. Wee haue deſcryed vpon our neighbouring ſhore, a portlie saile of ſhips make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrowe neuer comes but brings an heire,
That may ſucceede as his inheritor:
And ſo in ours, ſome neighbouring nation,
Taking aduantage of our miſerie,
That ſtuff't the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beat vs downe, the which are downe alreadie,
And make a conqueſt of vnhappie mee,
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.

Lord. That's the leaſt feare.
For by the ſemblance of their white flagges diſplayde, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like himnes vntuterd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhowe, meanes moſt deceipt.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need wee leaue our grounds the loweſt?
And wee are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall wee attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craues?

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt,
If warres, wee are vnable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernour, for ſo wee heare you are,
Let not our Ships and number of our men,
Be like a beacon fier'de, t'amaze your eyes,
Wee haue heard your miſeries as farre as *Tyre*,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreets,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to relieue them of their heauy loade,
And theſe our Ships you happily may thinke,

Are like the Troian Horſe, was ſtuft within
With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are ſtor'd with Corne, to make your needie bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger-ſtaru'd halfe dead.

Omnes. The Gods of *Greece* protect you,
And wee'le pray for you.

Per. Ariſe I pray you, riſe; we do not looke for reuerence,
But for loue, and harborage for our ſelfe, our ſhips, & men.

Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankfulneſſe in thought,
Be it our Wiues, our Children, or our ſelues,
The Curſe of heauen and men ſucceed their euils:
Till when, the which (I hope) ſhall neare be ſeene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Peri. Which welcome wee'le accept, feaſt here awhile,
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a ſmile. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Heere haue you ſeene a mightie King,
His child I'wis to incеſt bring:
A better Prince, and benigne Lord,
That Will proue awfull both in deed and word:
Be quiet then, as men ſhould bee,
Till he hath paſt neceſsitie:
I'le ſhew you thoſe in troubles raigne,
Looſing a Mite, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in conuerſation,
To whom I giue my benizon:
Is ſtill at *Tharſtill*, where each man,
Thinkes all is writ, he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tidinges to the contrarie,
Are brought your eyes, what need ſpeake I.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

Dombe shew.

Enter at one dore Pericles *talking with* Cleon, *all the traine with them: Enter at an other dore, a Gentleman with a Letter to* Pericles, Pericles *shewes the Letter to* Cleon; Pericles *giues the Messenger a reward, and Knights him. Exit* Pericles *at one dore, and* Cleon *at an other.*

Good *Helicon* that stayde at home,
Not to eate Hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he striue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his prince desire,
Sau'd one of all that haps in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliart* came full bent with sinne,
And hid in Tent to murdred him;
And that in *Tharsis* was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest:
He doing so, put foorth to Seas;
Where when men been, there's seldome ease,
For now the Wind begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet, that the Shippe,
Should house him safe; is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,
By Waues, from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapend but himselfe;
Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him a shore, to giue him glad:
And heere he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the text.

Enter Pericles wette.

Peri. Yet cease your ire you angry Starres of heauen,
Wind, Raine, and Thunder, remember earthly man
Is but a substaunce that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

Alasse,

Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffize the greatnesse of your powers,
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes;
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Heere to haue death in peace, is all hee'le craue.

Enter three Fisher-men.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What Patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you Maister?
1. Looke how thou stirr'st now:
Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.
3. Fayth Maister, I am thinking of the poore men,
That were cast away before vs euen now.
1. Alasse poore soules, it grieued my heart to heare,
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could scarce helpe our selues.
3. Nay Maister, say'd not I as much,
When I saw the Porpas how he bounst and tumbled?
They say they're halfe fish, halfe flesh:
A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt.
Maister, I maruell how the Fishes liue in the Sea?
1. Why, as Men doe a-land;
The great ones eate vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers to nothing so fitly,
As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles,
Dryuing the poore Fry before him,
And at last, deuowre them all at a mouthfull:
Such Whales haue I heard on, a'th land,
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they swallow'd
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.
Per. A prettie morall.
3. But Maister, if I had been the Sexton,
I would haue been that day in the belfrie.
2. Why, Man?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

1. Becauſe he ſhould haue ſwallowed mee too,
And when I had been in his belly,
I would haue kept ſuch a iangling of the Belles,
That he ſhould neuer haue left,
Till he caſt Belles, Steeple, Church and Pariſh vp againe:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

Per. Simonides?

3. We would purge the land of theſe Drones,
That robbe the Bee of her Hony.

Per. How from the fenny ſubiect of the Sea,
Theſe Fiſhers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry empire recollect,
All that may men approue, or men detect.
Peace be at your labour, honeſt Fiſher-men.

2. Honeſt good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits you
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Peri. May ſee the Sea hath caſt vpon your coaſt:

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,
To caſt thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,
In that vaſt Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreates you pittie him:
Hee askes of you, that neuer vſ'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?
Heer's them in our countrey of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?

Peri. I neuer practizde it.

2. Nay then thou wilt ſtarue ſure: for heer's nothing to be got now-adayes, vnleſſe thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I haue been, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throng'd vp with cold, my Veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may ſuffize,
To giue my tongue that heat to aske your helpe:
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray you ſee me buried.

1. Die

1. Die, ke-tha; now Gods forbid't, and I haue a Gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore mee a handſome fellow: Come, thou ſhalt goe home, and wee'le haue Fleſh for all day, Fiſh for faſting-dayes and more; or Puddinges and Flap-iackes, and thou ſhalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you ſir.

2. Harke you my friend: You ſayd you could not beg?

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue?
Then Ile turne Crauer too, and ſo I ſhall ſcape whipping.

Per. Why, are you Beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your Beggers were whipt, I would wiſh no better office, then to be Beadle:
But Maiſter, Ile goe draw vp the Net.

Per. How well this honeſt mirth becomes their labour?

1. Harke you ſir; doe you know vvhere yee are?

Per. Not well.

1. Why Ile tell you, this I cald *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I ſir, and he deſerues ſo to be cal'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernement.

Per. He is a happy King, ſince he gaines from
His ſubiects the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his Court diſtant from this ſhore?

1. Mary ſir, halfe a dayes iourney: And Ile tell you,
He hath a faire Daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day,
And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of the World, to Iuſt and Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my deſires,
I could wiſh to make one there.

1. O ſir, things muſt be as they may: and what a man can not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues ſoule.

Enter the two Fiſher-men, drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe Maiſter helpe; heere's a Fiſh hanges in the Net,
Like a poore mans right in the law: t'will hardly come out.
Ha bots on't, tis come at laſt; & tis turnd to a ruſty Armour.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

Per. An Armour friends; I pary you let me see it?
Thankes Fortune, yeat that after all crosses,
Thou giuest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge euen as he left his life,
Keepe it my *Pericles*, it hath been a Shield
Twixt me and death, and poynted to this brayse,
For that it saued me, keepe it in like necessitie:
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
It kept where I kept, I so dearely lou'd it,
Till the rough Seas, that spares not any man,
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, haue giuen't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my shipwracke now's no ill,
Since I haue heere my Father gaue in his Will.

1. What meane you sir?

Peri. To begge of you (kind friends) this Coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King;
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it;
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,
Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then, rest your debter.

1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Peri. Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why di'e take it: and the Gods giue thee good an't.

2. I but harke you my friend, t'was wee that made vp this Garment through the rough seames of the Waters: there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes: I hope sir, if you thriue, you le remember from whence you had them.

Peri. Beleeue't, I will:
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,
This Iewell holdes his buylding on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe

Vpon

Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps, » *full*
Shall make the gazer ioy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a paire of Bases.

2. Wee'le sure prouide, thou shalt haue
My best Gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Peri. Then Honour be but a Goale to my Will,
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonydes, with attendaunce, and Thaise.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?

1. Lord. They are my Leidge, and stay your comming,
To present them selues.

King. Returne them, We are ready, & our daughter heere,
In honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are,
Sits heere like Beauties child, whom Nature gat,
For men to see, and seeing woonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall Father) to expresse
My Commendations great, whose merit's lesse.

King. It's fit it should be so, for Princes are
A modell which Heauen makes like to it selfe:
As Iewels loose their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes, if not respected:
T is now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thai. Which to preserue mine honour, I'le performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:
The word: *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loues you well, that holdes his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

Tha. A

Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady:
The motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per doleera kee per forsa.*

3. *Knight. Kin.* And with the third?

Thai. The third, of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreath of Chiually: the word: *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

4. *Knight. Kin.* What is the fourth,

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word: *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

Kin. Which shewes that Beautie hath his power & will,
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

5. *Knight. Thai.* The fift, an Hand enuironed with Clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tride:
The motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

6. *Knight. Kin.* And what's the sixt, and last; the which,
The knight himself with such a graceful courtesie deliuered?

Thai. Hee seemes to be a Stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top,
The motto: *In hac spe viuo.*

Kin. A pretty morrall frō the deiected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better, then his outward shew
Can any way speake in his iust commend:
For by his rustie outside, he appeares,
To haue practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Launce.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd tryumph, strangly furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Vntill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

Kin. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan
The outward habit, by the inward man.
But stay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallerie.

Great shoutes, and all cry, the meane Knight.

Enter

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deedes,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes,
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a Feast.
You are Princes, and my guestes.

Thai. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

Peri. Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my Merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is your,
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it:
In framing an Artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you are her labourd scholler: come Queene a th'feast,
For (Daughter) so you are; heere take your place:
Martiall the rest, as they deserue their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides.*

King. Your presence glads our dayes, honour we loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Peri. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.

Peri. You are right courtious Knights.

King. Sit sir, sit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist mee, hee not thought vpon.

Tha. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of mariage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnsauery,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

Kin. Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more
Then other Knights haue done, ha's broken a Staffe,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

Or ſo; ſo let it paſſe.
Tha. To mee he ſeemes like Diamond, to Glaſſe.
Peri. You Kings to mee, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was,
Had Princes ſit like Starres about his Throane,
And hee the Sunne for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacie;
Where now his ſonne like a Gloworme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darkneſſe, none in light:
Whereby I ſee that Time's the King of men,
Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.
King. What, are you merry, Knights?
Knights. Who can be other, in this royall preſence.
King. Heere, with a Cup that's ſtur'd vnto the brim,
As do you loue, fill to your Miſtris lippes,
Wee drinke this health to you.
Knights. We thanke your Grace.
King. Yet pauſe awhile, you Knight doth ſit too melan-
As if the entertainement in our Court, (choly,
Had not a ſhew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaiſa.*
Tha. What is't to me, my father?
king. O attend my Daughter,
Princes in this, ſhould liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing ſo, are like to Gnats,
Which make a ſound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entraunce more ſweet,
Heere, ſay wee drinke this ſtanding boule of wine to him.
Tha. Alas my Father, it befits not mee,
Vnto a ſtranger Knight, to be ſo bold,
He may my profer take for an offence,
Since men take womens giftes for impudence.
king. How? doe as I bid you, or you'le mooue me elſe.
Tha. Now by the Gods, he could not pleaſe me better.

king.

king. And furthermore tell him, we deſire to know of him
Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?
Tha. The King my father (ſir) has drunke to you.
Peri. I thanke him.
Tha. Wiſhing it ſo much blood vnto your life.
Peri. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Tha. And further, he deſires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage?
Peri. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Artes and Armes:
Who looking for aduentures in the world,
Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and men,
and after ſhipwracke, driuen vpon this ſhore.
Tha. He thankes your Grace; names himſelfe *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of *Tyre*: who onely by misfortune of the ſeas,
Bereft of Shippes and Men, caſt on this ſhore.
king. Now by the Gods, I pitty his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come Gentlemen, we ſit too long on trifles,
And waſte the time which lookes for other reuels;
Euen in your Armours as you are addreſt,
Will well become a Souldiers daunce:
I will not haue excuſe with ſaying this,
Lowd Muſicke is too harſh for Ladyes heads,
Since they loue men in armes, as well as beds.
They daunce.
So, this was well askt, t'was ſo well perform'd.
Come ſir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too,
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladyes trippe;
And that their Meaſures are as excellent.
Per. In thoſe that practize them, they are (my Lord.)
king. Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed
Of your faire courteſie: vnclaſpe, vnclaſpe.
They daunce.
Thankes Gentlemen to all, all haue done well;
But you the beſt: Pages and lights, to conduct

 Theſe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

These Knights vnto their seuerall Lodgings:
Yours sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.
Peri. I am at your Graces pleasure.
Princes, it is too late to talke of Loue,
And that's the marke I know, you leuell at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To morrow all for speeding do their best.

Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.

Hell. No *Escanes*, know this of mee,
Antiochus from incest liued not free:
For which the most high Gods not minding,
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in store, due to this heynous
Capitall offence, euen in the height and pride
Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heauen came and shriueld
Vp those bodyes euen to lothing, for they so stounke,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.
Escanes. T'was very strange.
Hell. And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no gard to barre heauens shaft,
But sinne had his reward.
Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. Lord. See, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counsaile, ha's respect with him but hee.
2. Lord. It shall no longer grieue, without reproofe.
3. Lord. And curst be he that will not second it.
1. Lord. Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.
Hell. With mee? and welcome happy day, my Lords.
1. Lord. Know, that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.
Hell. Your griefes, for what?

Wrong

Wrong not your Prince, you loue.
1. Lord. Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he liue, wee'le seeke him out:
If in his Graue he rest, wee'le find him there,
And be resolued he liues to gouerne vs:
Or dead, giue's cause to mourne his funerall,
And leaue vs to our free election.
2. Lord. Whose death in deed, the strongest in our sensure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly Buyldings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best know how to rule, and how to raigne,
Wee thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.
Omnes. Liue noble *Hellicane*.
Hell. Try honours cause; forbeare your suffrages:
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Where's howerly trouble, for a minuts ease)
A twelue-month longer, let me intreat you
To forbeare the absence of your King;
If in which time expir'd, he not returne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoake:
But if I cannot winne you to this loue,
Goe search like nobles, like noble subiects,
And in your search, spend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you find, and winne vnto returne,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.
1. Lord. To wisedome, hee's a foole, that will not yeeld:
And since Lord *Hellicane* enioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeauour.
Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, & wee'le claspe hands:
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands.
Enter the King reading of a letter at one doore, the Knightes meete him.
1. Knight. Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, shee'le not vndertake
A maried life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her, by no meanes can I get.
2. *Knight.* May we not get accesse to her (my Lord?)
king. Fayth, by no meanes, shee hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that t'is impossible:
One twelue Moones more shee'le weare *Dianas* liuerie:
This by the eye of *Cinthya* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour, will not breake it.
3. *knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues.
king. So, they are well dispatcht:
Now to my daughters Letter; she telles me heere,
Shee'le wedde the stranger Knight,
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
T'is well Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine:
I like that well: nay how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: Soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Peri. All fortune to the good *Symonides.*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you
For your sweete Musicke this last night:
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fedde
With such delightfull pleasing harmonie.
Peri. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
king. Sir, you are Musickes maister.
Peri. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord.)
king. Let me aske you one thing:
What do you thinke of my Daughter, sir?
Peri. A most vertuous Princesse.
king. And she is faire too, is she not?
Peri. As a faire day in Somner: woondrous faire.

king. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Maister,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Peri. I am vnworthy for her Schoolemaister.
king. She thinkes not so: peruse this writing else.
Per. What's here, a letter that she loues the knight of *Tyre*?
T'is the Kings subtiltie to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
A Stranger, and distressed Gentleman,
That neuer aymed so hie, to loue your Daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
king. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.
Peri. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.
king. Traytor, thou lyest.
Peri. Traytor?
king. I, traytor.
Peri. Euen in his throat, vnlesse it be the King,
That cals me Traytor; I returne the lye.
king. Now by the Gods, I do applaude his courage.
Peri. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer relisht of a base discent:
I came vnto your Court for Honours cause,
And not to be a Rebell to her state:
And he that otherwise accountes of mee,
This Sword shall prooue, hee's Honours enemie.
king. No? heere comes my Daughter, she can witnesse it.

Enter Thaisa.

Peri. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolue your angry Father, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made loue to you?
Thai. Why sir, say if you had, who takes offence?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

At that, would make me glad?
King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?
I am glad on't with all my heart,
Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subiection. *Aside.*
Will you not, hauing my consent,
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a Stranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary) *Aside.*
As great in blood as I my selfe:
Therefore, heare you Mistris, either frame
Your will to mine: and you sir, heare you;
Either be rul'd by mee, or Ile make you,
Man and wife: nay come, your hands,
And lippes must seale it too: and being ioynd,
Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe:
God giue you ioy; what are you both pleased?
Tha. Yes, if you loue me sir?
Peri. Euen as my life, my blood that fosters it.
King. What are you both agreed?
Ambo. Yes, if't please your Maiestie.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now sleepe y slacked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made louder by the orefed breast,
Of this most pompous maryage Feast:
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now coutches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Whereby the losse of maydenhead,
A Babe is moulded; be attent,

And Time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, I'le plaine with speach.

Enter Pericles *and* Symonides *at one dore with attendantes, a Messenger meetes them, kneeles and giues* Pericles *a letter,* Pericles *shewes it* Symonides, *the Lords kneele to him; then enter* Thaysa *with child, with* Lichorida *a nurse, the King shewes her the letter, she reioyces: she and* Pericles *take leaue of her father, and depart.*

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Perycles* the carefull search,
By the fower opposing Crignes,
Which the world togeather ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and sayle and hie expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*:
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helycanus* would set on
The Crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutanie, hee there hastes t'oppresse,
Sayes to'em, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twise sixe Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the summe of this,
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,
Irany shed the regions round,
And euery one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of such a thing?
Briefe he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with child, makes her desire,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

Which who ſhall croſſe along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her Nurſe ſhe takes,
And ſo to Sea; their veſſell ſhakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune mou'd,
Varies againe, the griſled North
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That as a Ducke for life that diues,
So vp and downe the poore Ship driues:
The Lady ſhreekes, and wel-a-neare,
Do's fall in trauayle with her feare:
And what enſues in this fell ſtorme,
Shall for it ſelfe, it ſelfe performe:
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the reſt conuay;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, vpon whoſe Decke
The ſeas toſt *Pericles* appeares to ſpeake.

Enter Pericles a Shipboard.

Peri. The God of this great Vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges,
Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou that haſt
Vpon the Windes commaund, bind them in Braſſe;
Hauing call'd them from the deepe, ô ſtill
Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench
Thy nimble ſulphirous flaſhes: ô How *Lychorida!*
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the ſea-mans Whiſtle
Is as a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lychorida? Lucina*, oh!
Diuineſt patrioneſſe, and my wife gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, conuey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make ſwift the pangues
Of my Queenes trauayles? now *Lychorida.*

Enter

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Peri. How? how *Lychorida?*
Lycho. Patience (good ſir) do not aſsiſt the ſtorme,
Heer's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A litle Daughter: for the ſake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gyfts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away? we heere below,
Recall not what we giue, and therein may
Vſe honour with you.
Lycho. Patience (good ſir) euen for this charge.
Per. Now mylde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for
Thou art the rudelyeſt welcome to this world,
That euer was Princes Child: happy what followes,
Thou haſt as chiding a natiuitie,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harould thee from the wombe:
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canſt find heere:
Now the good Gods throw their beſt eyes vpon't.

Enter two Saylers.

1. Sayl. What courage ſir? God ſaue you.
Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt: yet for the loue
Of this poore Infant, this freſh new ſea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1. Sayl. Slake the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou?
Blow and ſplit thy ſelfe.
2. Sayl. But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
Kiſſe the Moone, I care not.

 1. Sayl. Sir

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

1. Sir your Queene muſt ouer board, the ſea workes hie,
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be cleard of the dead.
Per. That's your ſuperſtition.
1. Pardon vs, ſir; with vs at Sea it hath bin ſtill obſerued.
And we are ſtrong in eaſterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,
Per. As you thinke meet; for ſhe muſt ouer board ſtraight:
Moſt wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere ſhe lyes ſir.
Peri. A terrible Child-bed haſt thou had (my deare,
No light, no fire, th'vnfriendly elements,
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To giue thee hallowd to thy graue, but ſtraight,
Muſt caſt thee ſcarcly Coffind, in oare,
Where for a monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming Water muſt orewelme thy corpes,
Lying with ſimple ſhels: ô *Lychorida*,
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Taper,
My Casket, and my Iewels; and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee whiles I ſay
A prieſtly farewell to her: ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Chiſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Peri. I thanke thee: Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this?
2. Wee are neere *Tharſus*.
Peri. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*: When canſt thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the Wind ceaſe.
Peri. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nurſing: goe thy wayes good Mariner,
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſeruant.

Cery. *Phylemon*, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?
Cery. Get Fire and meat for theſe poore men,
T'as been a turbulent and ſtormie night.
Serv. I haue been in many; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured:
Cery. Your Maiſter will be dead ere you returne,
There's nothing can be miniſtred to Nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip,
Cery. Gentlemen, why doe you ſtirre ſo early?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleake vpon the ſea,
Shooke as the earth did quake:
The very principals did ſeeme to rend and all to topple:
Pure ſurprize and feare, made me to quite the houſe.
2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe we trouble you ſo early,
T'is not our husbandry.
Cery. O you ſay well.
1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordſhip,
Hauing rich tire about you, ſhould at theſe early howers,
Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe; tis moſt ſtrange
Nature ſhould be ſo conuerſant with Paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cery. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,
Were endowments greater, then Nobleneſſe & Riches;
Careleſſe Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortalitie attendes the former,
Making a man a god:
T'is knowne, I euer haue ſtudied Phyſicke:
Through which ſecret Art, by turning ore Authorities,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

I haue togeather with my practize, made famyliar,
To me and to my ayde, the bleſt infuſions that dwels
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can ſpeake of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
which doth giue me a more content in courſe of true delight
Then to be thirſty after tottering honour, or
Tie my pleaſure vp in ſilken Bagges,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.

2.Gent. Your honour has through *Epheſus*,
Poured foorth your charitie, and hundreds call themſelues,
Your Creatures; who by you, haue been reſtored;
And not your knowledge, your perſonall payne,
But euen your Purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*,
Such ſtrong renowne, as time ſhall neuer.

Enter two or three with a Chiſt.

Seru. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the ſea toſſe vp vpon our ſhore
This Chiſt; tis of ſome wracke.

Cer. Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

2.Gent. T'is like a Coffin, ſir.

Cer. What ere it be, t'is woondrous heauie;
Wrench it open ſtraight:
If the Seas ſtomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
T'is a good conſtraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2.Gent. T'is ſo, my Lord.

Cer. How cloſe tis caulkt & bottomed, did the ſea caſt it vp?

Ser. I neuer ſaw ſo huge a billow ſir, as toſt it vpon ſhore.

Cer. Wrench it open ſoft; it ſmels moſt ſweetly in my ſenſe.

2.Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my noſtrill: ſo, vp with it.
Oh you moſt potent Gods! what's here, a Corſe?

2.Gent. Moſt ſtrange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of ſtate, balmed and entreaſured
with full bagges of Spices, a Paſport to *Apollo*, perfect mee
in the Characters:

Heere

Heere I giue to vnderſtand,
If ere this Ceffin driues aland;
I King Pericles *haue loſt*
This Queene, worth all our mundaine coſt:
Who finds her, giue her burying,
She was the Daughter of a King:
Beſides, this Treaſure for a fee,
The Gods requit his charitie.

If thou liueſt *Pericles*, thou haſt a heart,
That euer cracks for woe, this chaunc'd to night.

2.Gent. Moſt likely ſir.

Cer. Nay certainely to night, for looke how freſh ſhe looks
They were too rough, that threw her in the ſea.
Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Cloſet,
Death may vſurpe on Nature many howers, and yet
The fire of life kindle againe the ore-preſt ſpirits:
I heard of an *Egiptian* that had 9. howers lien dead,
Who was by good applyaunce recouered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well ſayd, well ſayd; the fire and clothes: the rough and
Wofull Muſick that we haue, cauſe it to ſound beſeech you:
The Violl once more; how thou ſtirr'ſt thou blocke?
The Muſicke there: I pray you giue her ayre:
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her;
She hath not been entranc'ſt aboue fiue howers:
See how ſhe ginnes to blow into life's flower againe.

1.Gent. The Heauens, through you, encreaſe our wonder,
And ſets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her ey-lids,
Caſes to thoſe heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath loſt,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a moſt prayſed water doth appeare,
To make the world twiſe rich, liue, and make vs weepe.
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you ſeeme to bee.

She moues.

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?

What

What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange? 1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Ceri. Hush (my gentle neighbours) lend me your hands,
To the next Chamber beare her: get linnen:
Now this matter must be lookt to for her relapse
Is mortall: come, come; and *Escelapius* guide vs.

They carry her away. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Pericles, Atharsus, with Cleon and Dionisa.

Per. Most honor'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone, my twelue
months are expir'd, and *Tyrus* standes in a litigious peace:
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulnesse,
The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.

Cle. Your shakes of fortune, though they hant you mor-
Yet glaunce full wondringly on vs. (tally

Dio. O your sweet Queene! that the strict fates had pleas'd,
you had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;
Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom, for she was borne at sea, I haue named so,
Here I charge your charitie withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her
Princely training, that she may be manere'd as she is borne.

Cle. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers still fall vpon you, must in your child
Be thought on, if neglection should therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my duety: but if to that,
My nature neede a spurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleeue you, your honour and your goodnes,
Teach me too't without your vowes, till she be maried,
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnsisterd shall this heyre of mine remayne,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue:
Good Madame, make me blessed in your care
In bringing vp my Child.

Cler. I

Dion. I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere
to my respect then yours, my Lord.

Peri. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cler. Weel bring your Grace eue to the edge ath shore,
then giue you vp to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentlest
winds of heauen.

Peri. I will imbrace your offer, come deerest Madame,
O no teares *Lichorida*, no teares, looke to your litle Mistris,
on whose grace you may depend hereafter: come my
Lord.

Enter Cerimon, and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command:
Know you the Charecter?

Thai. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea I well remem-
ber, euen on my learning time, but whether there deliue-
red, by the holie gods I cannot rightly say: but since King
Pericles my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vastall
liuerie will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.

Cler. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianaes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you please a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, thats all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and setled to his owne desire:
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Ephesus*,
Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votarisse.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In Musicks letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace,
Which makes hir both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monster Enuie oft the wracke
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen right for marriage sight: this Maid
Hight *Philoten*: and it is said
For certaine in our storie, shee
Would euer with *Marina* bee.
Beet when they weaude the sleded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it or when too'th Lute
She sung, and made the night bed mute,
That still records with mone, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* still,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With absolute *Marina*: so
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All prayses, which are paid as debts,
And not as giuen, this so darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

Might stand peerlesse by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida our nurse is dead,
And curst *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath.
Prest for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Post one the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I so conuey,
Vnlesse your thoughts went on my way,
Dioniza does appeare,
With *Leonine* a murtherer, *Exit.*

Enter Dioniza, with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworne to doo't, tis but a blowe which neuer shall bee knowne, thou canst not doe a thing in the worlde so soone to yeelde thee so much profite: let not conscience which is but cold, inflaming, thy loue bosome, inflame too nicelie, nor let pittie which euen women haue cast off, melt thee, but be a souldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should haue her.
Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,
Thou art resolute.

Leon. I am resolute.

Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.

Mari. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to strowe thy greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy graue, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maid,

 borne

borne in a tempeſt,when my mother dide,this world to me is a laſting ſtorme,whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*,why doe yow keep alone? How chaunce my daughter is not with you? Doe not conſume your bloud with ſorrowing, Haue you a nurſe of me? Lord how your fauours Changd with this vnprofitable woe: Come giue me your flowers,ere the ſea marre it, Walke with *Leonine*,the ayre is quicke there, And it perces and ſharpens the ſtomacke, Come *Leonine* take her by the arme,walke with her.

Mari. No I pray you,Ile not bereaue you of your ſeruãt.

Dion. Come,come,I loue the king your father,and your ſelfe,with more then forraine heart,wee euery day expect him here,when he ſhall come and find our Paragon to all reports thus blaſted,

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,blame both my Lord and me,that we haue taken no care to your beſt courſes,go I pray you,walke and be chearfull once againe, reſerue that excellent complexion, which did ſteale the eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can go e home alone.

Mari. Well,I will goe,but yet I haue no deſire too it.

Dion. Come, come,I know tis good for you,walke halfe an houre *Leonine*,at the leaſt,remember what I haue ſed.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweete Ladie, for a while, pray walke ſoftly,doe not heate your bloud, what, I muſt haue care of you.

Mari. My thanks ſweete Madame,Is this wind Weſterlie that blowes?

Leon. Southweſt.

Mari. When I was borne the wind was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mari. My father,as nutſe ſes, did neuer feare, but cryed good

good ſea-men to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands haling ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mari. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent,and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canuas clymer,ha ſes one, wolt out? and with a dropping induſtrie they skip from ſterne to ſterne, the Boatſwaine whiſtles,and the Maiſter calles and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come ſay your prayers.

Mari. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for praier, I graunt it, pray,but bee not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to do my worke with haſte.

Mari. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Ladie.

Mari. Why would ſhee haue mee kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer ſpake bad worde, nor did ill turne to anie liuing creature: Beleeue me law,I neuer killd a Mouſe, nor hurt a Fly: I trode vpon a worme againſt my will,but I wept ſort.How haue I offended,wherein my death might yeeld her anie profit,or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed,but doo't.

Mari. You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes foreſhew you haue a gentle heart,I ſaw you latelie when you caught hurt in parting two that fought:good ſooth it ſhewde well in you, do ſo now, your Ladie ſeekes my life Come, you betweene,and ſaue poore mee the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne and will diſpatch. *Enter Pirats.*

*Pirat.*1. Hold villaine.

*Pirat.*2. A prize,a prize.

Pirat. 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

her aboord ſodainly.

Exit.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe rogueing theeues ſerue the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they haue ſeizd *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope ſhee will returne, Ile ſweare ſhees dead, and throwne into the Sea, but ile ſee further: perhappes they will but pleaſe themſelues vpon her, not carrie her aboord, if ſhee remaine
Whome they haue rauiſht, muſt by mee be ſlaine.

Exit.

Enter the three Bawdes.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Searche the market narrowely, *Mettelyne* is full of gallants, wee loſt too much much money this mart by beeing too wenchleſſe.

Bawd. Wee were neuer ſo much out of Creatures, we haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue freſh ones what ere wee pay for them, if there bee not a conſcience to be vſde in euerie trade, wee ſhall neuer proſper.

Bawd. Thou ſayſt true, tis not our bringing vp of poore baſtards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp ſome eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe, but ſhall I ſearche the market?

Bawde. What elſe man? the ſtuffe we haue, a ſtrong winde will blowe it to peeces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Pan-

Pandor. Thou ſayeſt true, ther's two vnwholeſome a conſcience, the poore *Tranſiluanian* is dead that laye with the little baggadge.

Boult. I, ſhee quickly poupt him, ſhe made him roaſt-meate for wormes, but Ile goe ſearche the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thouſande Checkins were as prettie a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when wee are olde?

Pand. Oh our credite comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youthes we could picke vp ſome prettie eſtate, t'were not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch't, beſides the ſore tearmes we ſtand vpon with the gods, wilbe ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come other ſorts offend as well as wee.

Pand. As well as wee, I, and better too, wee offende worſe, neither is our profeſſion any trade, It's no calling, but heere comes *Boult*.

Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maiſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgin.

Sayler. O Sir, wee doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee, if you like her ſo, if not I haue loſt my earneſt.

Bawd. Boult, has ſhee anie qualities?

Boult. Shee has a good face, ſpeakes well, and has excellent good cloathes: theres no farther neceſſitie of qualities can make her be refuz'd.

Bawd. What's her price *Boult*?

Boult.

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand peeces.

Pand. Well,follow me my maiſters,you ſhall haue your money preſenly, wife take her in,inſtruct her what ſhe has to doe, that ſhe may not be rawe in her entertainment.

Bawd. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire,complexion,height, her age, with warrantof her virginitie,and crie;He that wil giue moſt ſhal haue her firſt, ſuch a maydenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as they haue beene:get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was ſo ſlacke,ſo ſlow,he ſhould haue ſtrooke, not ſpoke,or that theſe Pirates, not enough barbarous,had not oreboord throwne me,for to ſeeke my mother.

Bawd. Why lament you prettie one?

Mar. That I am prettie.

Bawd. Come,the Gods haue done their part in you.

Mar. I accuſe them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands,where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to ſcape his handes, where I was to die.

Bawd. I,and you ſhall liue in peaſure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed ſhall you,and taſte Gentlemen of all faſhions,you ſhall fare well, you ſhall haue the difference of all complexions,what doe you ſtop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you haue mee be,and I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honeſt woman,or not a woman.

Bawd. Marie whip the Goſſeling, I thinke I ſhall haue ſomething to doe with you,come you'r a young fooliſh ſapling,and muſt be bowed as I would haue you.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bawd.

Baud. If it pleaſe the Gods to defend you by men, then men muſt comfort you,men muſt feed you, men ſtir you vp: *Boults* returnd. Now ſir, haſt thou cride her through the Market?

Boult. I haue cryde her almoſt to the number of her haires,I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Baud. And I prethee tell me,how doſt thou find the inclination of the people,eſpecially of the yonger ſort?

Boult. Faith they liſtened to mee, as they would haue harkened to their fathers teſtament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred,and he went to bed to her verie deſcription.

Baud. We ſhall haue him here to morrow with his beſt ruffe on.

Boult. To night, to night, but Miſtreſſe doe you knowe the French knight, that cowres ethe hams?

Baud. Who, *Mounſieur Verollus*?

Boult. I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation,but he made a groane at it,and ſwore he would ſee her to morrow.

Baud. Well,well,as for him,hee brought his diſeaſe hither,here he does but repaire it, I knowe hee will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boult. Well,if we had of euerie Nation a traueller, wee ſhould lodge them with this ſigne.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vppon you, marke mee, you muſt ſeeme to doe that fearefully,which you commit willingly, deſpiſe profite, where you haue moſt gaine, to weepe that you liue as yee doe, makes pittie in your Louers ſeldome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mari. I vnderſtand you not.

Boult. O take her home Miſtreſſe, take her home, theſe bluſhes of hers muſt bee quencht with ſome preſent practiſe.

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Mari. Thou ſayeſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome doe, and ſome doe not, but Miſtreſſe if I haue bargaind for the ioynt.

Baud. Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Baud. Who ſhould denie it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changd yet.

Baud. Boult, ſpend thou that in the towne: report what a ſojourner we haue, youle looſe nothing by cuſtome. When Nature framde this peece, ſhee meant thee a good turne, therefore ſay what a parragon ſhe is, and thou haſt the harueſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beautie ſtirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Baud. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mart. If fires be hote, kniues ſharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I ſtill my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana ayde my purpoſe.

Baud. What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with vs?

Exit.

Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.

Dion. Why ere you fooliſh, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dioniza*, ſuch a peece of ſlaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke youle turne a chidle agen.

Cle.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this ſpacious world, Ide giue it to vndo the deede. O Ladie much leſſe in bloud then vertue, yet a Princes to equall any ſingle Crowne ath earth ith Iuſtice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou haſt poiſned too, if thou hadſt drunke to him tad beene a kindneſſe becomming well thy face, what canſt thou ſay when noble *Pericles* ſhall demaund his child?

Dion. That ſhee is dead. Nurſes are not the fates to foſter it, not euer to preſerue, ſhe dide at night, Ile ſay ſo, who can croſſe it vnleſſe you play the impious Innocent, and for an honeſt attribute, crie out ſhee dyde by foule play.

Cle. O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods doe like this worſt.

Dion. Be one of thoſe that thinkes the pettie wrens of *Tharſus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do ſhame to thinke of what a noble ſtraine you are, and of how coward a ſpirit.

Cle. To ſuch proceeding who euer but his approbation added, though not his prince conſent, he did not flow from honourable courſes.

Dion. Be it ſo then, yet none does knowe but you how ſhee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being gone. Shee did diſdaine my childe, and ſtoode betweene her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but caſt their gazes on *Marianas* face, whileſt ours was blurted at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day. It pierſt me thorow, and though you call my courſe vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindneſſe performd to your ſole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what ſhould hee ſay, we wept after her hearſe, & yet we mourne, her monument is almoſt finiſhed, & her epitaphs in glittring golde characters expres

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a generrall prayſe to her, and care in vs at whoſe expence
tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doeſt with thine Angells face ceaze with
thine Eagles talents.

Dion. Yere like one that ſuperſticiouſly,
Doe ſweare too'th Gods, that Winter kills
The Flies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I aduiſe.

Gower. Thus time we waſte, & long leagues make ſhort,
Saile ſeas in Cockles, haue and wiſh but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To vſe one language, in each ſeuerall clime,
Where our ſceanes ſeemes to liue,
I doe beſeech you
To learne of me who ſtand with gappes
To teach you.
The ſtages of our ſtorie *Pericles*
Is now againe thwarting thy wayward ſeas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To ſee his daughter all his liues delight.
Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.
Old *Eſcenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduancde in time to great and hie eſtate.
Well ſayling ſhips, and bounteous winds
Haue brought
This king to *Tharſus*, thinke this Pilat thought
So with his ſterage, ſhall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who firſt is gone
Like moats and ſhadowes, ſee them
Moue a while,
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

Enter

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his trayne, Cleon and Dioniza at the other. Cleon ſhewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on ſacke-cloth, and in a mighty paſſion departs.

Gowr. See how beleefe may ſuffer by fowle ſhowe,
This borrowed paſſion ſtands for true olde woe:
And *Pericles* in ſorrowe all deuour'd,
With ſighes ſhot through, and biggeſt teares ore-ſhowr'd.
Leaues *Tharſus*, and againe imbarques, hee ſweares
Neuer to waſh his face, nor cut his hayres:
Hee put on ſack-cloth, and to Sea he beares,
A Tempeſt which his mortall veſſell teares.
And yet hee rydes it out, Nowe pleaſe you wit:
The Epitaph is for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dioniza*.

The faireſt, ſweeteſt, and beſt lyes heere,
Who withered in her ſpring of yeare:
She was of Tyrus the Kings daughter,
On whom fowle death hath made this ſlaughter.
Marina was ſhee call'd, and at her byrth,
Thetis being prowd, ſwallowed ſome part ath'earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis byrth-childe on the heauens beſtowed.
Wherefore ſhe does and ſweares ſheele neuer ſtint,
Make raging Battery vpon ſhores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villanie,
So well as ſoft and tender flatterie:
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courſes to be ordered;
By Lady *Fortune*, while our Steare muſt play,
His daughters woe and heauie welladay.
In her vnholie ſeruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Mittelin*.

Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

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2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer shall doe in such a place as this, shee beeing once gone.

1. But to haue diuinitie preach't there, did you euer dreame of such a thing?

2. No,no,come, I am for no more bawdie houses, shall's goe heare the Vestalls sing?

1. Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

Enter Bawdes 3.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her shee had nere come heere.

Bawd. Fye, fye, vpon her, shee's able to freze the god *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we must either get her rauished, or be rid of her, when she should doe for Clyents her fitment, and doe mee the kindenesse of our profession, shee has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees, that shee would make a *Puritaine* of the diuell, if hee should cheapen a kisse of her.

Boult. Faith I must rauish her, or shee'le disfurnish vs of all our Caualeree, and make our swearers priests.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene sickenes for mee.

Bawd. Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lysimachus* disguised.

Boult. Wee should haue both Lorde and Lowne, if the peeuish baggadge would but giue way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lysim. How now, how a douzen of virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods to blesse your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Li. You may, so t'is the better for you that your resorters stand vpon sound legges, how now? wholsome iniquitie haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgion?

Bawd. Wee haue heere one Sir, if shee would, but there

there neuer came her like in *Mitelene*. (say.

Li. If shee'd doe the deedes of darknes thou wouldst

Bawd. Your Honor knows what t'is to say wel enough.

Li. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and bloud Sir, white and red, you shall see a rose, and shee were a rose indeed, if shee had but.

Li. What prithi?

Boult. O Sir, I can be modest.

Li. That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no lesse then it giues a good report to a number to be chaste.

Bawd. Heere comes that which growes to the stalke, Neuer pluckt yet I can assure you.
Is shee not a faire creature?

Ly. Faith shee would serue after a long voyage at Sea. Well theres for you, leaue vs.

Bawd. I beseeche your Honor giue me leaue a word, And Ile haue done presently.

Li. I beseech you doe.

Bawd. First, I would haue you note, this is an Honorable man. (note him.

Mar. I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie

Bawd. Next hees the Gouernor of this countrey, and a man whom I am bound too.

Ma. If he gouerne the countrey you are bound to him indeed, but how honorable hee is in that, I knowe not.

Bawd. Pray you without anie more virginall fencing, will you vse him kindly? he will lyne your apron with gold.

Ma. What hee will doe gratiously, I will thankfully receiue.

Li. Ha you done?

Bawd. My Lord shees not pac'ste yet, you must take some paines to worke her to your mannage, come wee will leaue his Honor, and her together, goe thy wayes. (trade?

Li. Now prittie one, how long haue you beene at this

Ma. What trade Sir?

Li. Why

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Li. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend. (name it.

Ma. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to

Li. How long haue you bene of this profession?

Ma. Ere since I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't so young, were you a gamester at fiue, or at seuen?

Ma. Earlyer too Sir, if now I bee one.

Ly. Why? the house you dwell in proclaimes you to be a Creature of sale.

Ma. Doe you knowe this house to be a place of such resort, and will come intoo't? I heare say you're of honourable parts, and are the Gouernour of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you who I am?

Ma. Who is my principall?

Li. Why, your hearbe-woman, she that sets seeds and rootes of shame and iniquitie.

O you haue heard something of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee prettie one, my authoritie shall not see thee, or else looke friendly vpon thee, come bring me to some priuate place: Come, come.

Ma. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you worthie of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though most vngentle Fortune haue plac't mee in this Stie, where since I came, diseases haue beene solde deerer then Phisicke, that the gods would set me free from this vnhalowed place, though they did chaunge mee to the meaneſt byrd that flyes i'th purer ayre.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well, nere dremp't thou could'st, had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy speeche had altered it, holde, heeres golde,

golde for thee, perseuer in that cleare way thou goest and the gods strengthen thee.

Ma. The good Gods preserue you.

Li. For me be you thoughten, that I came with no ill intent, for to me the very dores and windows sauor vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for thee, a curse vpon him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of thy goodnes, if thou doest heare from me it shalbe for thy good.

Boult. I beseeche your Honor one peece for me.

Li. Auaunt thou damned dore-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doeth prop it, would sincke and ouerwhelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? wee must take another course with you? if your peeuish chastitie, which is not worth a breakefast in the cheapest countrey vnder the coap, shall vndoe a whole houshold, let me be gelded like a spaniel, come your

Ma. Whither would you haue mee? (wayes.

Boult. I must haue your mayden-head taken off, or the cõmon hãg-man shal execute it, come your way, weele haue no more Gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I say.

Enter Bawdes.

Bawd. How now, whats the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse mistris, shee has heere spoken holie words to the Lord *Lisimachus.*

Bawd. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profession as it were to stincke afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marie hang her vp for euer.

Boult. The Noble man would haue dealt with her like a Noble man, and shee sent him away as colde as a Snowe-ball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult take her away, vse her at thy pleasure, crack the glasse of her virginitie, and make the rest maliable.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

Boult. And if shee were a thornyer peece of ground then shee is, shee shall be plowed.

Ma. Harke, harke you Gods.

Bawd. She coniures, away with her, would she had neuer come within my doores, Marrie hang you: shees borne to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of wemen-kinde? Marry come vp my dish of chastitie with rosemary & baies.

Boult. Come mistris, come your way with mee.

Ma. Whither wilt thou haue mee?

Boult. To take from you the Iewell you hold so deere.

Ma. Prithee tell mee one thing first.

Boult. Come now your one thing.

Ma. What canst thou wish thine enemie to be.

Boult. Why, I could wish him to bee my master, or rather my mistris.

Ma. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they doe better thee in their command, thou hold'st a place for which the pained'st feende of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery custerell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike fisting of euery rogue, thy eare is lyable, thy foode is such as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs.

Bo. What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you? wher a man may serue 7. yeers for the losse of a leg, & haue not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

Ma. Doe any thing but this thou doest, emptie olde receptacles, or common-shores of filthe, serue by indenture, to the common hang-man, anie of these wayes are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could he speak, would owne a name too deere, that the gods wold safely deliuer me from this place: here, heers gold for thee, if that thy master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can sing, weaue, sow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boast, and will vndertake all these to teache. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeelde manie schollers.

Boult.

Boult. But can you teache all this you speake of?

Ma. Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe, And prostitute mee to the basest groome that doeth frequent your house.

Boult. Well I will see what I can doe for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Ma. But amongst honest woman.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lies little amongst them, But since my master and mistris hath bought you, theres no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what I can, come your wayes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell scapes, and chaunces
Into an *Honest-house* our Storie sayes:
Shee sings like one immortall, and shee daunces
As Goddesse-like to her admired layes. (ses,
Deepe clearks she dumb's, and with her neele compo-
Natures owne shape, of budde, bird, branche, or berry.
That euen her art sisters the naturall Roses
Her Inckle, Silke Twine, with the rubied Cherrie,
That puples lackes she none of noble race,
Who powre their bountie on her: and her gaine
She giues the cursed Bawd, here wee her place,
And to hir Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left,
Where driuen before the windes, hee is arriu'de
Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,
Suppose him now at *Anchor:* the Citie striu'de
God *Neptunes Annuall* feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* Shippe espies,
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[5]) Octavo

And to him in his Barge with former hyes,
In your supposing once more put your sight,
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:
Where what is done in action, more if might
Shalbe discouerd, please you sit and harke. *Exit.*

Enter Helicanus, to him 2. *Saylers.*

1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Helicanus*? hee can resolue you, O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline* and in it is *Lysimachus* the Gouernour, who craues to come aboord, what is your will?

Hell. That hee haue his, call vp some Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doeth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen there is some of worth would come aboord, I pray greet him fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Say.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would resolue you.

Lys. Hayle reuerent Sir, the Gods preserue you.

Hell. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Ly. You wish mee well, being on shore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before vs, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are.

Hell. First what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouernour of this place you lie before.

Hell. Syr our vessell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not spoken to anie one, nor taken sustenance, but to prorogue his griefe.

Ly. Vpon what ground is his distemperature?

Hell Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne griefe springs fro the losse of a beloued daughter & a wife.

Li. May wee not see him?

Hell.

Hell. You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight, hee will not speake to any, yet let me obtaine my wish.

Ly. Behold him, this was a goodly person.

Hell. Till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lys. Sir King all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Ly. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet harmonie, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defend parts, which now are midway stopt, shee is all happie as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leauie shelter that abutts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing weele omit that beares recoueries name. But since your kindnesse wee haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our golde we may prouision haue, wherein we are not destitute for want, but wearie for the staylenesse.

Lys. O sir, a curtesie, which if we should denie; the most iust God for euery graffe would send a Caterpillar, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to knowe at large the cause of your kings sorrow.

Holl. Sit sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am preuented.

Lys. O hee'rs the Ladie that I sent for,
Welcome faire one, ist not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Ladie.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde
Came of a gentle kinde, and noble stocke, I do wish
No better choise, and thinke me rarely to wed,
Faire on all goodnesse that consists in beautie,
Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,

If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answere thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir I will vse my vtmost skill in his recouerie, prouided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prosperous. *The Song.*

Lys. Marke he your Musicke?

Mar. No nor lookt on vs.

Lys. See she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lorde, that ner before inuited eyes, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: She speaks my Lord, that may be, hath endured a griefe might equall yours, if both were iustly wayde, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my deriuation was from ancestors, who stood equiuolent with mightie Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and augward casualties, bound me in seruitude, I will desist, but there is something glowes vpon my cheek, and whispers in mine eare, go not till he speake.

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equall mine, was it not thus, what say you?

Mari. I sed my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me, your like something that, what Countrey women heare of these shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliuer weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and sucha one my daughter

ter might haue beene: My Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch, as wandlike-straight, as siluer voyst, her eyes as Iewell-like, and caste as richly, in pace an other *Iuno*. Who starues the eares shee feedes, and makes them hungrie, the more she giues them speech, Where doe you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a straunger; from the decke, you may discerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you these indowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my hystorie, it would seeme like lies disdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee speake, falsnesse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as iustice, & thou seemest a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in; I wil beleeue thee, & make senses credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookest like one I loued indeede: what were thy friends? didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was, when I perceiu'd thee that thou camst from good discending. *Mar.* So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst beene tost from wrong to iniurie, and that thou thoughts thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy storie, if thine considered proue the thousand part of my enduraunce, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a girle, yet thou dost looke like patience, gazing on Kings graues, and smiling extremitie out of act, what were thy friends? howe lost thou thy name, my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe beseech thee, Come sit by mee.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience

Mar. Patience good sir:or here Ile cease.
Per. Nay Ile be patient: thou little knowst howe thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.
Mar. The name was giuen mee by one that had some power, my father,and a King.
Per. How,a Kings daughter,and cald *Marina*?
Mar. You sed you would beleeue me,but not to bee a troubler of your peace,I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and bloud?
Haue you a working pulse,and are no Fairie?
Motion well,speake on,where were you borne?
And wherefore call'd *Marina*?
Mar. Call'd *Marina*,for I was borne at sea.
Per. At sea,what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King,who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Lycherida* hath oft deliuered weeping.
Per. O stop there a little,this is the rarest dreame
That ere dull'd sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter,buried; well, where were you bred? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your storie, and neuer interrupt you.
Mar. You scorne,beleeue me twere best I did giue ore.
Per. I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer; yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me:and hauing wooed a villaine,
To attempt it,whō hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline:*
But good sir whither wil you haue me?why doe you weep?
It may be you thinke mee an imposture, no good fayth: I am the dsughter to King *Pericles*,if good king *Pericles* be.

Hoe

Per. Hoe,*Hellicanus*?
Hel. Calls my Lord?
Per. Thou art a graue and noble Counseller,
Most wise;in generall,tell me if thou canst,what this mayde is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made mee weepe.
Hel. I know not,but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speakes nobly of her.
Lys. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demaunded,that she would sit still and weepe.
Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a gash,put me to present paine,least this great sea of ioyes rushing vpon me,ore-beare the shores of my mortalitie, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea,buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees,thanke the holie Gods as loud
As thunder threatens vs;this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me,but that
for truth can neuer be confirm'd inough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.
Mar. Frist sir,I pray what is your title?
Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*; but tell mee now my
Drownd Queenes name,as in the rest you sayd,
Thou hast beene God-like perfit,the heir of kingdomes,
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.
Ma. Is it no more to be your daughter,then to say,my mothers name was *Thaisa*?*Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.
Pe. Now blessing on thee,rise th'art my child.
Giue me fresh garments,mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not dead at *Tharsus* as shee should haue beene by sauage *Cleon;* she shall tell thee all,when thou shalt kneele,and iustifie in knowledge,she is thy verie Princes;who is this?

I

Hel. Sir

Hel. Sir, tis the gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholie state, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes.
I am wilde in my beholding, O heauens bless my girle,
But harke what Musicke tell, *Hellicanus* my *Marina*!
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to doat:
How, sure you are my daughter; but what musicke?

Hel My Lord I heare none.

Per. None, the Musicke of the *Spheres*, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him, giue him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord? I heare.

Per. Most heauenly Musicke.
It nips me vnto listning, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A Pillow for his head, so leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answere to my iust belicfe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Dia. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*;
Hie thee thither, and doe vppon mine Altar sacrifice;
There when my maiden priests are met together, before the people all reueale how thou at sea didst loose thy wife; to mourne thy crosses with thy daughters; call, & giue them repetition to the like; or performe my bidding, or thou liuest in woe: doo't, and happie, by my siluer bow; awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian*, Goddesse *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*. *Hell.* Sir.

Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike;
The inhospitable *Cleon*; but I am for other seruice first;
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles;
Eftsoones Ile tell thee why; shall we refresh vs sir vpon your shore, and giue you golde for such prouision as our intents will neede?

Lys. Sir,

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter, for it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*.

Exeunt.

Gower. Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone giue mee;
For such kindnesse must relieue mee:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feats, what showes,
What minstrelsie, and prettie din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*.
To greet the King, so he thriued,
That he is promisde to be wiued
To faire *Marina*; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice.
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The *Interim* pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenes sayles are filld;
And wishes fall out as they 'r wild;
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his companie.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust commaund,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*;
Who frighted from my countrey did wed at *Pentapolis*, the faire *Thaisa*; at Sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a Mayd child calld *Marina*, whom, O Goddesse wears yet thy siluer liuerey; shee at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at fourteene yeares he sought to murder, but her better stars

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brought her to *Meteline*; gainſt whoſe ſhore ryding, her Fortunes brought the mayde aboord vs, where by her owne moſt cleere remembrance, ſhee made knowne her ſelfe my Daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are, O royall *Pericles*.

Per. What meanes the mum? ſhee die's, helpe Gentlemen.

Ceri. Noble Sir, if you haue tolde *Dianaes* Altar true, this is your wife?

Per. Reuerent appearer no, I threwe her ouer-boord with theſe verie armes.

Ce. Vpon this coaſt, I warrant you.

Pe. T'is moſt certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Ladie, O ſhee's but ouer-joyde, Earlie in bluſtering morne this Ladie was throwne vpon this ſhore.

I op't the coffin, found there rich Iewells, recouered her, and plac'ſte her heere in *Dianaes* temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great Sir, they ſhalbe brought you to my houſe, whither I inuite you; looke *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Th. O let me looke if hee be none of mine; my ſanctitie will to my ſenſe bende no licentious eare, but curbe it ſpight of ſeeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles*? like him you ſpake, like him you are; did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, and death?

Per. The voyce of dead *Thaiſa*.

Th. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drownd.

Per. I, mortall *Dian*.

Th. Now I knowe you better; when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis*, the king my father gaue you ſuch a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your preſent kindenes makes my paſt miſeries ſports; you ſhall doe well that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be ſeene,

ſeene; O come, be buried a ſecond time within theſe armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers boſome.

Per. Looke who kneeles here, fleſh of thy fleſh *Thaiſa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yeelded there.

Th. Bleſt, and mine owne.

Hell. Hayle Madame, and my Queene.

Th. I knowe you not.

Per. You haue heard mee ſay when I did flie from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient ſubſtitute, can you remember what I call'd the man, I haue nam'de him oft.

Th. T'was *Helicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaiſa*. this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how poſſiblie preſerued? and who to thanke (beſides the gods) for this great miracle?

Th. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord; this man through whom the Gods haue ſhowne their power, that can from firſt to laſt reſolue you.

Per. Reuerent Sir, the gods can haue no mortall officer, more like a god then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beſeech you firſt, goe with mee to my houſe, where ſhall be ſhowne you all was found with her. How ſhee came plac'ſte heere in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* bleſſe thee for thy viſion, and will offer night oblations to thee *Thaiſa*, this Prince, the faire betrothed of your daughter, ſhall marrie her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament makes mee looke diſmall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to grace thy marridge-day, Ile beautifie.

Th. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit. Sir, my father's dead.

 Per. Heauen

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Per. Heauens make a Starre of him, yet there my Queene, wee'le celebrate their Nuptialls, and our selues will in that kingdome spend our following daies, our sonne and daughter shall in *Tyrus* raigne.

Lord *Cerimon* wee doe our longing stay,
To heare the rest vntolde, Sir lead's the way.

FINIS.

Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter you haue heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and iust reward:
In *Pericles* his Queene and Daughter seene,
Although assayl'de with *Fortune* fierce and keene.
Vertue preferd from fell destructions blast,
Lead on by heauen, and crown'd with ioy at last.
In *Helycanus* may you well descrie,
A figure of trueth, of faith, of loyaltie:
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charitie aye weares.
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame
Had spred his cursed deede, the honor'd name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Cittie turne,
That him and his they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder seemde so content,
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So on your Patience euermore attending,
New ioy wayte on you, heere our play has ending.

FINIS.

THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
CALLED,

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Hi-
story, aduentures, and fortunes of
the saide Prince.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

BIBLIOTHECA · BOD · LEIANA

Printed for *T. P.* 1619.

It is observable that the first Sheet of this play is marked with the letter R. the reason is, that it was printed at the same time with the Whole Contention of the Two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, which ends with the letter Q. That Copy of the two parts of K. Henry VI. printed by T. P. [i.e. Thomas Pavier] which has no date, is by this means ascertained to have been published in 1619.

THE HISTORY OF
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Enter Gower.

TO ſing a ſong that old was ſung,
From aſhes, ancient *Gower* is come,
Aſſuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and pleaſe your eies;
It hath beene ſung at Feſtiuals,
On Ember eues, and holy-daies
And Lords and Ladies in their liues,
Haue read it for reſtoratiues:
The purchaſe is to make men glorious.
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:
If you, borne in theſe latter times,
When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes;
And that to heare an old man ſing,
May to your wiſhes pleaſure bring:
I life would wiſh, and that I might
Waſte it for you like Taper-light.
This *Antioch*, then, *Antiochus* the great,
Built vp this City for his chiefeſt ſeate;
The faireſt in all *Syria*.
I tell you what mine Authors ſay:
This King vnto him tooke a Peere,
Who died, and left a female heire,
So buckſome, blithe, and full of face,

As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to inceſt did prouoke:
Bad childe, worſe father, to entice his owne.
To euill ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtome, what they did begin,
Was with long vſe, accounted no ſinne,
The beauty of this ſinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To ſeeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleaſures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her ſtill, and men in awe,
That who ſo askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim lookes do teſtifie.
What enſues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cauſe, who beſt can iuſtifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a ſoule emboldned
With the glory of her praiſe, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Muſicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride.
For embracements, euen of *Ioue* himſelfe;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gaue, to glad her preſence,
The Senate houſe of Planets all did ſit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where ſhe comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her ſubiects, and her thoughts the King,
Of euery vertue giues renowne to men:

Her

Her face the booke of praiſes, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleaſures, as from thence,
Sorrow were euer rackt, and teſty wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.
You Gods that made me man, and ſway in loue,
That haue enflam'd deſire in my breſt,
To taſte the fruite of yon celeſtiall tree,
(Or die in the aduenture) be my helpes,
As I am ſonne and ſeruant to your will,
To compaſſe ſuch a bondleſſe happineſſe.

Anti. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be ſonne to great *Antiochus.*

Anti. Before thee ſtands this faire *Heſperides*,
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like Dragons heere affright thee hard,
Her face like heauen, enticeth thee to view
Her countleſſe glory, which deſert muſt gaine:
And which without deſert, becauſe thine eye
Preſumes to reach, all the whole heape muſt dye,
Yon ſometimes famous Princes like thy ſelfe,
Drawne by report, aduenturous by deſire,
Tell thee with ſpeechleſſe tongues, and ſemblance pale,
That without couering, ſaue yon field of ſtarres,
Heere they ſtand martyrs, ſlaine in *Cupids* warres:
And with dead cheekes aduiſe thee to deſiſt,
For going on dearhs net, whom none reſiſt.

Per. Antiochus I thanke thee, who hath taught
My fraile mortality to know it ſelfe,
And by thoſe fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I muſt:
For death remembred, ſhould be like a Myrrour,
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to truſt it error:
Ile make my will then, and as ſicke men do,
Who know the world, ſee heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as erſt they did;
So I bequeathe a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince ſhould do:

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My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my vnspotted fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As these before, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all said yet, thou proue prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish thee happinesse.

Per. Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,
Nor aske aduice of any other thought,
But faithfulnesse and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers flesh which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindnesse in a father.
Hee's father, sonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe;
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will liue, resolue it you.

Sharpe physicke is the last; but O you powers!
That giues heauen countlesse eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to reade it,
Faire glasse of light, I lou'd you and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a faire Vyoll, and your sence the strings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull musicke,
Would draw heauen downe, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime:

Good

Good sooth, I care not for you.

Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touch not vpon thy life,
For that's an article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: your times expirde
Either expound now, or receiue your sentence.

Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the sinnes they loue to acte,
T'would braid your selfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who hath a booke of all that Monarchs do,
Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then shewne:
For vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes dust in others eies, to spread it selfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the sore eies see cleare.
To stop the aire would hurt them, the blinde Mole cast
Copt hils toward heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppression, and the poore worme doth die for't.
Kings are earths Gods: in vice their law's their will,
And if *Ioue* stray, who dares say, *Ioue* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worse to smother it.
All loue the wombe that their being bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue to loue my head.

Ant. Heauen that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your strict edict,
Your exposition mis-interpreting,
We might proceed to counsell of your daies;
Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree,
As your faire selfe, doth tune vs otherwise:
Forty daies longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be vndone,
This mercy shewes, wee'l ioy in such a sonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine shall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. *Exit.*

Manet Pericles solus.

Per. How courtesie would seeme to couer sinne,

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When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight,
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule:
VVhere now you both a father and a sonne,
By your vntimely claspings with your childe,
(VVhich pleasures fits an husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poyson breed.
Antioch farwell, for wisedome sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
VVill shew no course to keepe them from the light:
One sinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murder's as neere to lust, as flame to smoake:
Poyson and treason are the hands of sinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the shame,
Then least my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile shun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head,
He must not liue to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, *Antiochus* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner.
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie.
VVho attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highnesse call?

Anti. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your secresie; and for your faithfulnesse
VVe will aduance you *Thaliard:*

Behold,

Behold, heer's poyson and heer's gold,
VVe hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him,
It fits thee not to aske the reason why?
Because we bid it: say, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling your haste.

Mess. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt liue, flye after, and like an arrow shot from a well experient Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell it: so do thou neuer returne, vnlesse thou say, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my pistols length, Ile make him sure enough: so farwell to your highnesse.

Anti. *Thaliard* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Per. Let none disturbe vs:
VVhy should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion dull-eyde melancholy,
By me so vsde, a guest as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The toombe where griefe should sleepe, can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I feard, is at *Antioch*,
VVhose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet neither pleasures art can ioy my spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that passions of the minde,
That haue their first conception by mis-dread,
Haue after nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,

Since

Since hee's ſo great, can make his will his acte,
Will thinke me ſpeaking, though I ſweare to ſilence,
Nor bootes it me to ſay I honour,
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.
And what may make him bluſh in being knowne,
Hee'l ſtop the courſe by which it might be knowne,
With hoſtile forces hee'l ore-ſpread the land,
And with the ſtint of warre will looke ſo huge,
Amazement ſhall driue courage from the ſtate:
Our men be vanquiſht, ere they do reſiſt,
And ſubiects puniſht, that neuer thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my ſelfe,
VVho once no more but as the tops of trees,
VVhich fence the rootes they grow by, and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and ſoule to languiſh,
And puniſh that before that he would puniſh.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your ſacred breaſt.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till ye returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They do abuſe the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellowes blowes vp ſinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a ſparke,
To which that ſparke giues heart and ſtronger glowing,
Whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior ſooth here doth proclaime peace,
He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs elſe: but let your cares ore-looke
What ſhipping, and what ladings in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs: *Hellicanus* thou haſt
Moou'd vs: what feeſt thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per, If there be ſuch a dart in Princes frownes,
How durſt thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell.

Hell. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,
From whence they haue their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou knoweſt I haue power to take thy life from thee.

Hell. I haue ground the axe my ſelfe,
Do you but ſtrike the blow.

Per. Riſe, prethee riſe, ſit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heauen forbid,
That Kings ſhould let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Councellor, and ſeruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wiſedome makes a Prince thy ſeruant,
What wouldſt thou haue me do?

Hell. To beare with patience ſuch griefes,
As you your ſelfe do lay vpon your ſelfe.

Per. Thou ſpeakeſt like a Phyſition, *Hellicanus*,
That miniſters a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldſt tremble to receiue thy ſelfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou knowſt (againſt the face of death)
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beauty,
From whence an iſſue I might propigate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to Subiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (harke in thine eare) as blacke as inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found, the ſinfull father,
Seem'd not to ſtrike, but ſmoothe: But thou knowſt this,
Tis time to feare, when tyrants ſeeme to kiſſe.
Which feare ſo grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who ſeem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was paſt, what might ſucceed;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter then the yeares:
And ſhould he thinke, as no doubt he doth,
That I ſhould open to the liſtening ayre,
How many worthy Princes bloud were ſhed,
To keepe his bed of blackneſſe vnlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, hee'l fill this Land with armes,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all, of which thy ſelfe art one,
Who now reprouedſt me for it.

Hell. Alaſſe ſir.

Per. Drew ſleepe out of mine eyes, blood from my cheekes,
Muſings into my minde, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop their tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releeue them,
I thought it princely charity to greeue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, ſince you haue giuen me leaue to ſpeake,
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iuſtly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who eyther by publike warre, or priuate treaſon,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies do cut his thred of life: your Rule direct to any, if vnto me, day ſerues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hell. VVee'l mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre*, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whoſe Letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe,
The care I had and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſedomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith, not aske thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we liue ſo round and ſafe,
That time of both this truth ſhall neere conuince,
Thou ſheweſt a ſubiects ſhine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard ſolus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere muſt I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am ſure to be hanged at home: it

it is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wiſe fellow, and had good diſcretion, that being bid to aske what he would of the King, deſired hee might know none of his ſecrets. Now do I ſee hee had ſome reaſon for it: for if a King bid a man be a villaine, hee is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Huſht, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Eſcanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You ſhall not need, my fellow-Peeres of *Tyre*, further to queſtion me of your Kings departure: his ſealed Commiſſion left in truſt with me, doth ſpeake ſufficiently, hee's gone to trauell.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be ſatisfied, (why as it were vnlicenc'd of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue ſome light vnto you: Being at *Antioch*,

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* (on what cauſe I know not) took ſome diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt he iudged ſo: and doubting that hee had erred or ſinned, to ſhew his ſorrow, he would correct himſelfe; ſo puts himſelfe vnto the ſhip-mans toyle, with whom, each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. VVell, I perceiue I ſhall not bee hanged now, although I would, but ſince hee's gone, the Kings Seas muſt pleaſe: hee ſcapte the Land, to periſh at the Sea: Ile preſent my ſelfe, Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with meſſage vnto Princely *Pericles*; but ſince my landing I haue vnderſtood, your Lord hath betooke himſelfe to vnknowne trauailes, my meſſage muſt returne from whence it came.

Hell. VVe haue no reaſon to deſire it, commended to our Maſter, not to vs; yet ere you ſhall depart, this wee deſire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feaſt in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

Enter Cleon the Gouernor of Tharſus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dioniſia*, ſhall we reſt vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hils becauſe they do aſpire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to caſt vp a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, euen ſuch our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and ſeene with miſchiefes eies,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher riſe.

Cleon. O *Dionizia*,
Who wanteth food, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrowes do ſound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen ſlumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to ſpeake, helpe me with teares.

Dion. Ile do my beſt Sir.

Cleon. This *Tharſus*, ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Citty, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches ſtrewd her ſelfe euen in the ſtreetes,
Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſt the clouds,
And ſtrangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo ietted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glaſſe to trim them by:
Their tables were ſtor'd full, to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feed on as delight,
All pouerty was ſcornd, and pride ſo great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

Dion. Oh tis true.

Cleon. But ſee what heauen can do by this our change:

Theſe mouthes, who but of late, earth, ſea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and pleaſe,
Although they gaue their creatures in abundance:
As houſes are defilde for want of vſe,
They are now ſtaru'd for want of exerciſe;
Thoſe pallats, who not yet to ſauers yonger,
Muſt haue inuentions to delight the taſte,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Theſe mothers, who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eate thoſe little darlings whom they loued,
So ſharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who firſt ſhall dye to lengthen life.
Here ſtands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Heere many ſinke, yet thoſe which ſee them fall,
Haue ſcarſe ſtrength left to giue them buriall.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eies do witneſſe it.

Cleon. O let thoſe Cities that of plenties cup,
And her proſperites ſo largely taſte,
With their ſuperfluous ryots heare theſe teares,
The miſery of *Tharſus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Gouernor?

Cleon. Here, ſpeake out thy ſorrowes, which thou bring'ſt in haſte, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

Lord. We haue deſcried vpon our neighbouring ſhore,
A portly ſayle of ſhips make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrow neuer comes but brings an heyre,
That may ſucceed as his inheritour:
And ſo in ours; ſome neighbouring Nation,
Taking aduantage of our miſery,
That ſtuft the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beate vs downe, the which are downe already,
And make a conqueſt of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to ouercome.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

Lord. That's the least feare,
For by the semblance of their white flags displaid, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.
Cleon. Thou speak'st like hymmes vttuter'd to repeat,
VVho makes the fairest shew, meanes most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
VVhat need we feare, the ground's the lowest,
And we are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall we attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, & what he craues.
Lord. I goe my Lord.
Cleon. VVelcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If warres, we are vnable to resist.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernor, for so we heare you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,
VVe haue heard your miseries as farre as *Tyre*,
And seene the desolation of your streetes,
Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares,
But to release them of their heauy load,
And these our ships you happily may thinke,
Are like the Troian horse, was stuft within
VVith bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are stor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger staru'd halfe dead.
Omnes. The Gods of Greece protect you,
And wee'l pray for you.
Per. Arise I pray you, arise; we doe not looke for reuerence,
but for loue, and harborage for our selfe, our ships, and men.
Cleon. The which when any shall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankfulnesse in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children, or our selues,
The curse of heauen and men succeed their euils:
Till when, the which (I hope) shall nere be seene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Per.

Per. VVhich welcome wee'l accept, feast here a while,
Vntill our Stars that frowne, lend vs a smile. *Exeunt*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Here haue you seene a mighty King,
His childe Iwis to incest bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will proue awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath past necessity:
Ile shew you those in troubles raigne,
Losing a myte, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in conuersation,
To whom I giue my benizon,
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tydings to the contrary,
Are brought t'your eyes, what need speake I.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter at one doore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the Traine with thē: Enter at another doore, a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shewes the letter to Cleon, Pericles giues the Messenger a reward, and Knights him.

Exit Pericles at one doore, and Cleon at another.

Good *Hellican* that staid at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he striue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his Princes desire,
Sau'd one of all that haps in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliard* came full bent with sinne,
And had intent to murder him;
And that in *Tharsis* was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest:

He

He doing ſo, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſildome eaſe,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch vnquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wrackt and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) hauing all loſt,
By waues, from coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes; what ſhall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceaſſe your ire, your angry Stars of heauen,
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alaſſe, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rockes,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſſe of your powers,
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'l craue.

Enter three Fiſhermen.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you, Maſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away, or ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Maſter, I am thinking of the poore men
That were caſt away before vs, euen now.

1. Alaſſe,

1. Alaſſe poore ſoules, it greeued my heart to heare
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could ſcarſely helpe our ſelues.
3. Nay Maſter, ſaid not I as much,
When I ſaw the Porpas, how he bounſt and tumbled?
They ſay, they are halfe fiſh, halfe fleſh:
A plague on them, they nere come but I look to be waſht.
Maſter, I maruell how the fiſhes liue in the Sea?
1. Why as men do a Land,
The great ones eate vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Miſers, to nothing ſo fitly
As to a Whale; he plaies and tumbles,
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at laſt deuoure them all at a mouthfull.
Such Whales haue I heard on a'th land,
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they ſwallowed
The whole Pariſh, Church, Steeple, Bels and all.
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Maſter, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would haue bene that day in the Belfrey.
2. Why man?
3. Becauſe he ſhould haue ſwallowed me too,
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would haue kept ſuch a iangling of the bels,
That he ſhould neuer haue left,
Till he caſt Bels, Steeple, Church and Pariſh vp againe:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde,
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge the Land of theſe Drones,
That rob the Bee of her honny.
Per. How from the fenny ſubiect of the ſea,
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approue, or men detect,
Peace be at your labour, honeſt fiſhermen.
2. Honeſt, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

Per. May see the sea hath cast vpon your coast.

2. What a drunken knaue was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vaste Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreates you pitty him:
He askes of you, that neuer vsde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heeres them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can do with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I neuer practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure; for heere's nothing to be got now-adaies, vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I haue bene, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throngd vp with cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life, then may suffice
To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I haue a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'l haue flesh for all day, fish for fasting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-iacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you, my friend, You said you could not beg.

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue? then ile turne crauer too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle. But Master, Ile go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you sir, do you know where ye are?

Per.

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserues so to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernment.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaines from
His Subiects, the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marry sir, halfe a daies iourney: and Ile tell you, hee hath a faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Iust & Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wiues soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe, Master, helpe, heere's a fish hangs in the Net, like a poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out. Ha bots on't, tis come at last, and tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

Per. An Armour, friends, I pray you let me see it.
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
Thou giuest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this strict charge, euen as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a shield
Twixt me and death; and pointed to this Brayse:
For that it saued me; keepe it in like necessity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearely loued it,
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath giuen't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I haue here my fathers gift in's will.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

1. What meane you sir?

Per. To beg of you (kinde friends) this coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King,
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraigns Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then rest your debter.

1. VVhy, wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why take it, and the gods giue thee good an't.

2. But hearke you my friend, t'was we that made vp this garment through the rough seames of the waters: there are certain condolements, certaine vailes; I hope sir, if you thriue, you'l remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeue it I will:
By your furtherance I am cloathd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe.
Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the gazer ioy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a payre of Bases.

2. Wee'l sure prouide, thou shalt haue
My best gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Liege, and stay your comming,
To present themselues.

King. Returne them, we are ready, and our daughter heere,
In honour of whose birth, these triumphs are,
Sits here like beauties childe, whom Nature gat,

For

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall father) to expresse
My commendations great, whose merits lesse.

King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are
A modell which heauen makes like it selfe:
As Iewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes, if not respected:
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thai. Which to preserue mine honour, Ile performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. VVho is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne;
The word; *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loues you well, that holds his life of you.

The second Knight.

VVho is the second, that presents himselfe?

Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall Father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady.
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per doleera kee per forsa.*

The third Knight.

King And what's the third?

Thai. The third of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreathe of Chiualry: the word, *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

The fourth Knight.

King. VVhat is the fourth?

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word; *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

King. VVhich shewes that beauty hath his power and will,
VVhich can as well enflame, as it can kill.

The fift Knight.

Thai. The fift, an hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone tride:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

The Motto thus: *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

The ſixt Knight.

King. And what's the ſixt and laſt, the which the Knight himſelfe with ſuch a gracefull courteſie deliuered?

Thai. He ſeemes to be a ſtranger: but his Preſent is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe viuo.*

King. A pretty morrall; from the deiected ſtate wherein hee is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward ſhew can any way ſpeake in his iuſt commend: For by his ruſty out-ſide, he appeares to haue practiſed more the Whipſtocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honord triumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Vntill this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs ſcan
The outward habite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great ſhoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to ſay you'r welcome, were ſuperfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes;
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are Princes, and my gueſts.

Thai. But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this wreathe of victory I giue,
And crowne you King of this daies happineſſe.

Per. Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that enuies it:

In

In framing an Artiſt, Art hath thus decreed,
To make ſome good, but others to exceed,
And you her laboured ſcholler: come Queene of th'feaſt,
For (daughter) ſo you are, here take your place:
Martiall the reſt, as they deſerue their grace.

Knights. VVe are honoured much by good *Symonides.*

King. Your preſence glads our daies, honour we loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

Marſh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not ſir, for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuie the great, nor do the low deſpiſe.
You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not thought vpon.

Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Marriage)
All Viands that I eate do ſeeme vnſauory,
Wiſhing him my meate: ſure hee's a gallant gentleman.

King. Hee's but a country gentleman: has done no more
Then other Knights haue done, has broken a ſtaffe,
Or ſo; let it paſſe.

Thai. To me he ſeemes Diamond to Glaſſe.

Per. Yon King's to me, like to my fathers picture,
VVhich tels me in that glory once he was,
And Princes ſat like ſtars about his Throne,
And he the Sunne, for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacy;
VVhere now his ſonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath fire in darkneſſe, none in light:
VVhereby I ſee that time's the King of men,
For hee's their Parents, and he is their graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.

King. VVhat, are you merry, Knights?

Knights. VVho can be other in this royall preſence?

King.

King. Heere, with a cup that's stur'd vnto the brim,
As you do loue, fill to your Mistresse lips,
VVe drinke this health to you.
Knights. VVe thanke your Grace.
King. Yet pause a while; yon Knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our Court,
Had not a shew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaisa*?
Thai. VVhat is't to me my father?
King. O, attend my daughter,
Princes in this, should liue like Gods aboue,
VVho freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
VVhich make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his enterance more sweet,
Heere, say we drinke this standing boule of wine to him.
Thai. Alasse my father, it befits not me,
Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence.
King. How? do as I bid you, or you'l moue me else.
Thai. Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.
King. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and Parentage.
Thai. The King my father (sir) hath drunke to you.
Per. I thanke him.
Thai. VVishing it so much blood vnto your life.
Per. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Artes and Armes.
VVho looking for aduentures in the world,
VVas by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after ship-wracke, driuen vpon this shore.
Thai. He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,
A gentleman of *Tyre*, who onely by misfortune of the seas,

Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.
King. Now by the Gods, I pitty his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which lookes for other reuels.
Euen in your armours as you are addrest,
Will well become a Souldiers dance:
I will not haue excuse, with saying that
Lowd musicke is too harsh for Ladies heads,
Since they loue men in Armes, as well as beds.
They dance.
So, this was well asked, t'was so well performde,
Come sir, heere's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them, they are (my Lord.)
King. Oh that's as much, as you would be denied
Of your faire courtesie: vnclaspe, vnclaspe.
They dance.
Thankes gentlemen to all; all haue done well,
But you the best: Pages and Lights, to conduct
These Knights vnto their seuerall Lodgings:
Yours sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.
Per. I am at your Graces pleasure.
King. Princes, it is too late to talke of loue,
And that's the marke I know you leuell at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To morrow, all for speeding do their best.

Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.

Hell. No *Escanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liued not free:
For which, the most high Gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in store, due to this haynous
Capitall offence; euen in the height and pride

Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heauen came and shriueld
Vp those bodies euen to loathing, for they so stunke,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.

Escanes. It was very strange.

Hell. And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no guard to barre heauens shaft.
By sinne had his reward.

Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer greeue without reproofe.

3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you loue.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he liue, wee'l seeke him out:
If in his graue he rest, wee'l finde him there,
And be resolu'd, he liues to gouerne vs:
Or dead, giue's cause to mourne his Funerall,
And leaue vs to our free Election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best knowes how to rule and how to raigne.
We thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.

Omnes.

Omnes. Liue noble *Hellican.*

Hell. Try honours cause; forbeare your suffrages:
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Where's howrely trouble, for a minutes ease)
A twelue-month longer, let me entreate you
To forbeare the absence of your King;
If in which time expirde, he not returne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this loue,
Goe search like Nobles, like noble Subiects,
And in your search, spend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you finde, and winne vnto returne,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

2. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole that will not yeeld,
And since Lord *Hellican* enioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeauor.

Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, and wee'l claspe hands,
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands.

Exit.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, at one doore, and the Knights meete him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides.*

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, shee'l not vndertake
A married life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get accesse to her (my Lord)

King. Faith by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that tis impossible:
One twelue Moones more shee'l weare *Dianas* liuery:
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake.

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farwell, we take our leaues. *Exit.*

King. So, they are well dispatcht,
Now to my daughters Letter; she tels me heere,
Shee'l wed the stranger Knight,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
Tis well Mistris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyse, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
King. Sir, you are Musicks master.
Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)
King. Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most vertuous Princesse.
King. And shee's faire too, is she not?
Per. As a faire day in Summer: wondrous faire.
King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Per. I am vnworthy to be her schoole-master.
King. She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. What's heere, a letter, that she loues the Knight of *Tyre*?
Tis the Kings subtilty to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That neuer aimde so hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.
Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought

Of mine leuy offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.
King. Traitor, thou lyest.
Per. Traitor?
King. I, traitor.
Per. Euen in his throate, vnlesse it be a King,
That cals me traitor, I returne the lye.
King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer relisht of a base discent:
I came vnto your Court for honours cause,
And not to be a Rebell to her state:
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prooue, hee's honours enemie.
King. No? here comes my daughter, she can witnesse it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made loue to you?
Thai. Why sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?
King. Yea mistris, are you so peremptoy?
I am glad of it with all my heart, *Aside.*
Ile tame you, Ile bring you in subiection.
Will you, not hauing my consent,
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a stranger? who for ought I know, *Aside.*
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)
As great in blood as I my selfe.
Therefore heare you mistresse, eyther frame
Your will to mine; and you sir, heare you,
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you——
Man and wife; nay, come your hands
And lips must seale it too: and being ioynd,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

Ile thus your hopes deſtroy, and for further griefe,
God giue you ioy; what, are you both pleaſed?
Thai. Yes, if you loue me ſir.
Per. Euen as my life, or blood that foſters it.
King. What, are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes, if it pleaſe your Maieſty.
King. It pleaſeth me ſo well, that I will ſee you wed,
And then with what haſte you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now ysleepe ſlaked hath the rout,
No din but ſnores about the houſe,
Made lowder by the ore-fe beaſt,
Of this moſt pompous marriage feaſt:
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now coutches from the Mouſes hole;
And Cricket ſing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the loſſe of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in ſhew, Ile plaine with ſpeech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore with attendants, a meſſenger meetes them, kneeles, and giues Pericles a letter, Pericles ſhewes it Symonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thayſa with childe, with Lychorida a Nurſe, the King ſhewes her the Letter, ſhe reioyces: ſhe and Pericles take leaue of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painfull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull ſearch,
By the foure oppoſing Crignes,
Which the world together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horſe and ſaile, and high expence,
Can ſteed the queſt at laſt from *Tyre*,

Fame anſwering the moſt ſtrange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are letters brought, the tenour theſe:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Hellicanus* would ſet on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutany, he there haſtes t'oppreſſe,
Sayes to them, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice ſix Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the ſum of this
Brought hither to *Penlapolis*,
Irony ſhed the Regions round,
And euery one with claps can ſound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of ſuch a thing?
Briefe, he muſt hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with childe, makes her deſire,
VVhich who ſhall croſſe along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her Nurſe ſhe takes,
And ſo to ſea; then veſſell ſhakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune moou'd
Varies againe, the griſlee North
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That as a Ducke for life that driues,
So vp and downe the poore ſhip diues:
The Lady ſhreekes, and well-a-neere,
Doth fall in trauaile with her feare:
And what enſues in this ſelfe ſtorme,
Shall for it ſelfe, it ſelfe performe:
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the reſt conuay;
VVhich might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:

This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke,
The Seas toſt *Pericles*, appeares to ſpeake.

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges
Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou that haſt
Vpon the windes command, binde them in Braſſe,
Hauing cald them from the deepe, O ſtill
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes: O how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the Seamans whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Lucina*, oh!
Diuineſt patroneſſe, and my wife, gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, conuey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make ſwift the pangs
Of my Queenes trauailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would dye, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

Per. How? how *Lychorida*?

Lychor. Patience good ſir, do not aſſiſt the ſtorme,
Heere's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A little Daughter, for the ſake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away?
We heere below, recall not what we giue,
And therein may vſe honour with you.

Lychor. Patience good ſir, euen for this charge.

Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou art the rudeſt welcome to this world,

That euer was Princes childe: happy what followes,
Thou haſt as chiding a Natiuity,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harold thee from the wombe:
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canſt finde heere:
Now the good Gods throw their beſt eyes vpon it.

Enter two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* What courage ſir? God ſaue you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt: yet for the loue
Of this poore infant, this freſh new ſea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and ſplit thy ſelfe.

2. *Sayl.* But ſea-roome, and the brine and clowdy billow kiſſe the Moone, I care not.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, your Queene muſt ouer board,
The ſea workes hie, the winde is lowd,
And will not lye till the ſhip be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your ſuperſtition.

1. Pardon vs ſir; with vs at Sea it hath bin ſtill obſerued,
And we are ſtrong in eaſterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.

Per. As you thinke meete, for ſhe muſt ore board ſtraight,
Moſt wretched Queene.

Lychor. Heere ſhe lies ſir.

Per. A terrible child-bed haſt thou had (my deare)
No light, no fire, the vnfriendly Elements
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue, but ſtraight
Muſt caſt thee ſcarſely coffind, in oare,
Where for a Monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remaining lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming water muſt ore-whelme thy corpes,
Lying with ſimple ſhels: Oh *Lychorida*,
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Incke and Paper,
My Casket and my Iewels, and bid *Nicander*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

Bring me the Sattin Coffin; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farwell to her: sodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Chest beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?
2. We are neere *Tharsus*.
Per. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for *Tyre*: when canst thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the winde cease.
Per. O make for *Tharsus*,
There will I visite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nursing: goe the wayes good Mariner,
Ile bring the body presently. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Cerymon with a seruant.

Cer. *Phylemon*, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meate for these poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and stormy night.
Ser. I haue beene in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.
Cer. Your Master will be dead ere you returne,
There's nothing can be ministred to nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stirre so earely?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea,
Shooke as if the earth did quake:
The very principles did seeme to rend and all to topple,
Pure surprize and feare, made me to leaue the house.

2. *Gent.*

2. *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early,
Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O you say well.
1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordship
Hauing rich attire about you, should at these early houres
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; tis most strange,
Nature should be so conuersant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning.
Were endowments greater, then Nobleneſſe and Riches,
Careleſſe heyres may the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a God:
Tis knowne, I euer haue studied Physicke,
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authority,
I haue together with my practise, made familiar
To me and to my aide, the best infusions that dwels
In Vegitiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can speake of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
Which doth giue me a more content in course of true delight
Then to be thirsty after tottering Honour,
Or tye my pleasure vp in silken Bags,
To please the Foole and Death.
2. *Gent.* Your honour hath through *Ephesus*,
Poured foorth your charity, and hundreds call themselues
Your Creatures; who by you haue beene restored,
And not your knowledge, your personall paine,
But euen your purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such strong renowne, as neuer shall decay.

Enter two or three with a Chest.

Ser. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that?
Ser. Sir, euen now did the sea tosse vp vpon our shore
This Chest; tis of some wracke.
Cer. Set it downe, let vs looke vpon it.
2. *Gent.* Tis like a Coffin, sir.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heauy;
Wrench it open straight:
If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.
2. Gent. Tis so, my Lord.
Cer. How close tis caulkt and bottomd, did the sea cast it vp?
Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as toss it vpon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open; it smels most sweetly in my sence.
2. Gent. A delicate Odour.
Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.
Oh you most potent Gods! what's heere, a Coarse?
2. Gen. Most strange.
Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balmd and entreasured
With full bags of spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Heere I giue to vnderstand,
If ere this Coffin driue a land;
I King Pericles haue lost
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
Who finds her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charitie.

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart
That euen crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.
2. Gent. Most likely sir.
Cer. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she lookes,
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hether all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on Nature many houres,
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits.
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres bene dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes.

The rough and wofull musicke that we haue,
Cause it to sound I beseech you:
The Viall once more; how thou stirrest thou blocke?
The musicke there: I pray you giue her ayre;
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her;
She hath not bene entranc'st aboue fiue houres,
See how she gins to blow into lifes flower againe.
1. Gen. The heauens through you, encrease our wonder,
And sets vp your fame for euer.
Cer. She is aliue, behold her eye-lids,
Cases to those heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a most praised water doth appeare,
To make the world twice rich, liue, and make vs weepe,
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to be.

She moues.

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
What world is this?
2. Gent. Is not this strange?
1. Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber beare her, get linnen;
Now this matter must be looke too, for the relapse
Is mortall: come, come, and *Esculapius* guide vs.

They carrie her away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with Cleon and Dionizia.

Per. Most honourd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone,
My twelue months are expirde, and *Tyre* stands
In a peace: you and your Lady take from my heart
All thankfulnesse, The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.
Cleon. Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you
Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on vs.
Dion. O your sweete Queene! that the strict fates had pleasd
You had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.
Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;

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Could I rage and rore as doth the ſea ſhe lies in,
Yet the end muſt be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for ſhe was borne at Sea) I haue named ſo,
Heere, I charge your charity withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beſeeching you to giue her
Princely training, that ſhe may be mannerd as ſhe is borne.
Cleon. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall vpon you, muſt in your childe
Be thought on, if neglect ſhould therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my duty: but if to that,
My nature need a ſpurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the ende of generarion.
Per. I beleeue you, your honour and your goodneſſe,
Teach me toot without your vowes, till ſhe be married,
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnſiſterd ſhall this heyre of mine remaine,
Though I ſhew will in't; ſo I take my leaue:
Good Madame, make me bleſſed, in your care
In bringing vp my childe.
Dion. I haue one my ſelfe, who ſhall not be more deere to my reſpect then yours, my Lord.
Per. Madame, my thanks and prayers.
Cleon. Wee'l bring your Grace to the edge of the ſhore, then giue you vp to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentleſt windes of heauen.
Per. I will embrace your offer, come deereſt Madame,
O no teares *Lychorida*, no teares, looke to your little Miſtris, on whoſe grace you may depend heereafter: come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thayſa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and ſome certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command:
Know you the Character?
Thai. It is my Lords, that I was ſhipt at ſea, I well remember,
euen on my learning time: but whether there deliuered, by the holy

holy Gods, I cannot rightly ſay: but ſince King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere ſhall ſee againe, a vaſtall liuery will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.
Cler. Madame, if this you purpoſe as ye ſpeake,
Dianaes Temple is not diſtant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you pleaſe, a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.
Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift ſmall. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and ſetled to his owne deſire;
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Epheſus*,
Vnto *Diana* there's a Votariſſe.
Now to *Marina* bend your minde,
Whom our faſt growing ſcene muſt finde
At *Tharſus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In muſickes letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monſter Enuy oft the wracke
Of earned praiſe, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treaſons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for marriage fight: this Maid
Hight *Philoten*: and it is ſaid
For certaine in our ſtory, ſhe
Would euer with *Marina* be,
Beet when they weaude the ſleded ſilke,
VVith fingers long, ſmall, white as milke,
Or when ſhe would with ſharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which ſhe made more ſound
By hurting it, or when too'th Lute
She ſung, and made the night bed mute,

That

That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With abſolute *Marina:* ſo
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes, which are paide as debts,
And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all graceſull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with enuy rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dionizia* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I ſo conuay,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dionizia doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dionizia and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which neuer ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profite, let not conſcience which is but cold, inflaming thy loue boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſoldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her,
Heere ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou

Thou art reſolu'd?

Leon. I am reſolu'd.

Enter Marina with a basket of Flowers.

Mar. No: I will robbe *Tellus* of her weede, to ſtrew thy greene with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang vppon thy graue, while Summer dayes doth laſt. Aye me poore maide, borne in a tempeſt, when my mother dyde: this world to mee is like a laſting ſtorme, hurrying me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina?* why de'ye weepe alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Doe not conſume your blood with ſorrowing,
You haue a nurſe of me. Lord how your fauour's
Chang'd, with this vnprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers, ere the ſea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it pierces and ſharpens the ſtomacke;
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereaue you of your ſeruant.

Dion. Come, come, I loue the King your father, and your ſelfe, with more then forraine heart; we euery day expect him heere, when he ſhall come and finde our Paragon, to all reports thus blaſted. He will repent the breadth of his great Voyage, blame both my Lord and mee, that wee haue taken no care to your beſt courſes. Go I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe; reſerue that excellent complexion, which did ſteale the eyes of yong and old,
Care not for me, I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I haue no deſire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you:
Walke halfe an houre *Leonine*, at the leaſt.
Remember what I haue ſaide.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweet Lady, for a while: pray walke ſoftly, doe not heate your blood; What, I muſt haue a care of you.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

Mar. My thanks ſweet Madame. Is the winde Weſterly that blowes?

Leon. South-weſt.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mar, My father, as Nurſe ſaith, did neuer feare, but cryed good ſea-men to the ſaylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leen. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canuas clymer, ha, ſaith one, wilt out? and with a dropping induſtry they skip from ſterne to ſterne: the Boat-ſwaine whiſtles, and the Maſter calles and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I grant it, pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to do my worke with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would ſhe haue me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any liuing creature: beleeue me now, I neuer kild a Mouſe, nor hurt a Flie: I trod vpon a worme once againſt my will, but I wept for it. How haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes fore-ſhew you haue a very gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-ſooth it ſhewd well in you, do ſo now, your Lady ſeekes my life, come you betweene, and ſaue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne, and will diſpatch.

Enter

Enter Pirates.

Pirat 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue her aboard ſodainly. *Exit.*

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe roguing theeues ſerue the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they haue ſeized *Marina*, let her goe, there's no hope ſhee will returne: Ile ſweare ſhee's dead, and throwne into the ſea, but Ile ſee further, perhaps they will but pleaſe themſelues vpon her, not carry her aboard, if ſhe remaine,
Whom they haue rauiſht, muſt by me be ſlaine. *Exit*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, we loſt too much money this mart, by being too wenchleſſe.

Baud. We were neuer ſo much out of creatures, we haue but poore three, and they can do no more then they can do, & they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue freſh ones what ere wee pay for them, if there be not a conſcience to be vſde in euery trade, wee ſhall neuer proſper.

Baud. Thou ſaiſt true, tis not our bringing vp of poore baſtards, as I thinke, I haue brought ſome eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe,
But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Baud. What elſe man? the ſtuffe we haue, a ſtrong winde will blow it to peeces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Pander. Thou ſaiſt true, there's two vnwholeſome in conſcience, the poore *Tranſiluanian* is dead that lay with the little baggedge.

Boult. I, ſhe quickly poupt him, ſhee made him roaſt-meate

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for wormes, but Ile go search the market. *Exit.*

Pand. Three or foure thousand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to liue quietly, and so giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could picke vp some pretty estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch'd; besides, the sore termes wee stand vpon with the gods, will be strong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As wel as we, I, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our profession any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirates, and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my masters, you say shee's a virgin?

Sayl. O sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I haue gone through for this peece you see, If you like her, so; if not, I haue lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, ha's she any qualities?

Boult, Shee ha's a good face, speakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: ther's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refusd.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my masters, you shal haue your money presently: wife, take her in, instruct her what she has to do that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

Baud. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will giue most, shal haue her first. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they haue bene: Get this done as I command you. *Exit.*

Boult. Performance shall follow.

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow: He should haue strucke, not spoke;

Or

Or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not ore-boord throwne me, for to seeke my mother.

Baud. Why weepe you pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods haue done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Baud. You are light into my hands,
Where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his hands,
Where I was like to dye.

Baud. I, and you shall liue in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes indeede shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall haue the difference of all complexions: what, de'ye stop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you haue me to bee, if I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Baud. Marry whip thee Gosling: I thinke I shall something to do with you. Come, y'are a yong foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue ye.

Mar. The gods defend me.

Baud. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feede you, men must stir you vp: *Boults* return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?

Boult. I haue cride her almost to the number of her haires, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Baud. And prethee tell me, how dost thou finde the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

Boult. Faith they listned to me, as they would haue hearkned to their fathers Testament. There was a Spaniardes mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Baud. Wee shall haue him heere to morrow with his best ruffe on.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse, doe you know the French Knight that cowres i'th hams?

Baud. VVho, *Mounsier Verollus*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. VVell, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the sunne.

Boult. VVell, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, makes pitty in your louers sildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistresse, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Baud. VVho should deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult, spend thou that in the Towne, report what a sojourner we haue, you'l lose nothing by custome. VVhen Nature framed this peece, she meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, & thou hast the haruest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, stirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Baud.

Baud. Come your waies, follow me.

Mari. If fiers be hot, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana aide my purpose.

Baud. VVhat haue we to do with *Diana*? pray you goe with vs.

Exit.

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. VVhy are you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, such a peece of slaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a childe againe.

Cleon. VVere I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, Ide giue it to vndo the deed. O Lady, much lesse in blood then vertue, yet a Princesse to equall any single Crowne of the earth, in the iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poisoned too, if thou hadst drunke to him, it had beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say, when Noble *Pericles* shall demand his childe?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates to foster it, nor euer to preserue, she dide at night, Ile say so, who can crosse it, vnlesse you play the Innocent, and for an honest attributte, cry out she dyde by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods do like this worst.

Dionizia. Be one of those that thinkes the pretty wrens of *Tharsus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to thinke of what a Noble straine you are, and of how coward a spirit.

Cleon. To such proceeding, who euer but his approbation added, though not his whole consent, he did not flow from honourable courses.

Dionizia. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how she came dead, nor none can know *Leonine* being gone. Shee

did

did disdaine my childe, and stoode betweene her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well loving, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindnesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? wee wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden charracters, expres a generall praise to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'th gods, that vvinter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'l do as I aduise. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockels, haue and wish but fort:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, Region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To vse one Language, in each seuerall clime,
VVhere our scenes seeme to liue. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe thwarting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his liues delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behinde,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduanc'd in time to great and high estate.

VVell

Well sayling ships, and bounteous windes haue brought
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them moue a while.
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile,

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dinozia at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the toombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sacke-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:
And *Pericles* in sorrow all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showrd,
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks, he sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his haires;
He put on sackcloth and to sea he beares,
A tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, writ by *Dionizia*.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies heere,
Who withered in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tyrus the Kings Daughter,
On whom foule death hath made this slaughter:
Marina was she cald, and at her birth,
That is being proud, swallowed some part of th'earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis birth-childe on the heauens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares shee'l neuer stint,
Make raging Battrie vpon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery:
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courses to be ordered

Z By

By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſteare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heauy wel-aday.
In her vnholy ſeruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*. *Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to haue diuinity preacht there, did you euer dream of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, ſhe had nere come heere.

Baud. Fie, fie vpon her, ſhe is able to frieze the God *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we muſt eyther get her rauiſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhe would make a puritane of the diuell, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith I muſt rauiſh her, or ſhee'l diſfurniſh vs of all our Caualeers, and make our ſwearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Baud. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boul. We ſhould haue both Lord and Lowne, if the peeuiſh baggedge would but giue way to cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Baud. Now the Gods to bleſſe your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the better for you, that your reſorters ſtand vpon ſound legs, how now? wholeſome impunity haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgeon?

Baud. We haue one heere ſir, if ſhe would——
But there neuer came her like in *Metaline*.

Lyſ. If ſhee'd do the deeds of darknes, thou wouldſt ſay.

Baud. Your honour knowes what tis to ſay well enough.

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For fleſh and blood ſir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe indeed, if ſhe had but——

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O ſir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the renowne of a Baud, no leſſe then it giues a good report to a number to be chaſt.

Enter Marina.

Baud. Heere comes that which growes to the ſtalke,
Neuer pluckt yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a faire creature?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerue after a long voyage at ſea,
Well, there's for you, leaue vs.

Baud. I beſeech your honour giue me leaue a word,
And Ile haue done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Baud. Firſt, I would haue you note, this is an honorable man.

Mar. I deſire to find him ſo, that I may worthily note him.

Baud. Next, hee's the Gouernor of this Country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he gouerne the Country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Baud. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, will you vſe him kindly? he will line your Apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciouſly, I will thankfully receiue.

Lyſ. Haue you done?

Baud. My Lord, ſhee's not pac'ſte yet, you muſt take ſome paines to worke her to your mannage, come, wee will leaue his Honour and her together.

Exit Baud.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

Li. Now pritty one, how long haue you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade Sir?

Li. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to name it.

Li. How long haue you bene of this profession?

Mar. Ere since I can remember.

Li. Did you go too't so young, were you a gamester at fiue, or at seauen?

Mar. Earlier too sir, if now I be one.

Li. Why the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Doe you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I heare say you are of honourable parts, and the Gouernor of this place.

Li. Why, hath your Principall made knowne vnto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Li. Why your hearbe woman, she that sets seeds and rootes of shame and iniquity. O you haue heard some-thing of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly vpon thee; come bring me to some priuate place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though most vngentle Fortune haue plac'd mee in this Stie, where since I came, diseases haue bene solde deerer then Physicke, O that the gods would set me free from this vnhallowd place, though they did change me to the meanest bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well, I nere dreampt thou couldst; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy speech had altered it, hold, heere's gold for thee, perseuer in that cleare way thou goest, and the gods strengthen thee.

Mar.

Mar. The good Gods preserue you.

Li. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me the verie doores and windowes sauour vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy training hath bin Noble, hold, heere's more gold for thee, a curse vpon him, dye hee like a theefe, that robs thee of thy goodnesse, if thou dost heare from me, it shall be for thy good.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one peece for me.

Li. Auant thou damned doore-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doth prop it, would sinke and ouer-whelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we must take another course with you? if your peeuish chastity, which is not worth a breake-fast in the cheapest Country vnder the coape, shall vndoe a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniell, come your waies.

Mar. Whither would you haue me?

Boult. I must haue your mayden-head taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it, come your way, we'l haue no more gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I say.

Enter Bauds.

Baud. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse Mistris, she hath heere spoken holy words to the Lord *Lysimachus.*

Baud. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profession as it were to stinke before the face of the Gods.

Baud. Marry hang her vp for euer.

Boult. The Nobleman would haue dealt with her like a Nobleman, and she sent him away as colde as a Snow-ball, saying his prayers too.

Baud. *Boult* take her away, vse her at thy pleasure, crack the glasse of her virginity, & make the rest male-able.

Boult. And if she were a thornier peece of ground then shee is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you Gods.

Baud. She coniures, away with her, would she had neuer come

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

within my doores, Marry hang you, shee's borne to vndo vs, will you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my dish of chastity, with rosemary and bayse. *Exit.*

Boult. Come mistris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the iewell you hold so deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command; thou holdst a place, for which the painedst fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cusherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fisting of euery rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is such as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Bou. What would you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you, where a man may serue 7. yeares for the losse of a leg, and haue not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost, empty olde receptacles, or common-shores of filth; serue by Indenture to the common hangman, any of these waies are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could hee speake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the Gods would safely deliuer me from this place: heere, heere's gold for thee, if that thy Master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can sing, weaue, sowe, and dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boast, and will vndertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeeld many schollers.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Proue that I cannot, take me home againe, and prostitute me to the basest groome that doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult.

Boult. Faith my acquaintaince lyes little among them; but since my master and mistris hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what I can, come your waies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story saies;
She sings like one immortall, and she dances
As Goddesse-like to her admired laies:
Deepe Clearks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Natures owne shape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That euen her art, sisters the naturall Roses,
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That puples lackes she none of noble race,
Who poure their bounty on her, and her gaine
She giues the cursed-Baud. Leaue we her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where we left him at sea, tumbled and tost,
And driuen before the winde, he is arriude
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this Coast,
Suppose him now at Anchor: the Citty striude
God *Neptune* annuall feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* ship espies,
His banners sable, trimd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with feruour hyes.
In your supposing, once more put your sight
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke,
Where what is done in action (more if might
Shall be discouered, please you sit and harke. *Exit.*

Enter Hellicanus; to him two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus*? he can resolue you. O here he is sir, there is a Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lysimachus* the Gouernor, who craues to come aboard, what is your will?

Hell.

Hell. That he haue his, call vp some gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord cals,

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth wold come aboard, I pray greete them fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, resolue you.

Lys. Haile reuerent sir, the Gods preserue you.

Hell. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lys. You wish me well; being on shore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the Gouernor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lys. Vpon what ground is this distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe springs from the losse of a beloued daughter, and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootlesse is your sight, he will not speake to any.

Lys. Let me obtaine my wish.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly person, till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweete harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure & make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are mid-way stopt,

stopt, she is all happy, as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leuie shelter that abutts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing wee'l omit that beares recoueries name. But since your kindnesse we haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our gold we may haue prouision, wherein wee are not destitute for want, but weary for the staleness.

Lys. O sir, a courtesie, which if we should deny, the most iust God for euery graffe would send a Caterpiller, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee entreate to know at large the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sit sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am preuented.

Enter Marina.

Lys. O heere's the Lady that I sent for.
Welcome faire one: Ist not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde,
Came of a gentle kinde and noble stocke,
Ide wish no better choise, and thinke me rarely wed,
Faire & all goodnesse that consists in beauty,
Expect euen heere, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy properous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will vse my vttermost skill in his recouery, prouided, that none but I and my companion maide bee suffered to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prosperous. *The Song.*

Lys. Markt he your musicke?

Mar. No, nor lookt on vs.

Lys. See, she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord, lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before inuited eies, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: shee speakes my Lord, that

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

may be,hath endured a griefe might equall yours,if both were iuſtly weighed,though wayward fortune did maligne my ſtate, my deriuation was from anceſtors who ſtood equiuolent with mighty Kings,but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and aukward caſualties, bound me in ſeruitude,I wil deſiſt,but there is ſomething glowes vpon my cheek, and whiſpers in mine eare,Goe not till he ſpeake,

*Per.*My fortunes,parentage,good parentage to equall mine; was it not thus, what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaide, my Lord,if you did know my parentage,you would not do me violence.

*Per.*I do thinke ſo,pray you turne your eyes vpon me, y'are like ſome-thing that, what Country-women heare of theſe ſhewes?

Mar. No,nor of any ſhewes, yet I was mortally brought foorth,and am no other then I appeare.

*Per.*I am great with woe,and ſhall deliuer weeping: my dearеſt wife was like this maide,and ſuch a one my daughter might haue beene: my Queenes ſquare browes,her ſtature to an inch, as wand-like ſtraite,as ſiluer voyc'ſt,her eyes as iewell-like,and caſt as richly, in pace another *Iuno.* Who ſtarues the eares ſhe feedes,& makes them hungry, the more ſhe giues them ſpeech; where do you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger from the decke, you may diſcerne the place.

*Per.*Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you theſe endowments which you make more rich to owe?

*Mar.*If I ſhould tell my hiſtory, it would ſeeme like lies diſdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethree ſpeake,falſeneſſe cannot come from thee, for thou lookeſt modeſt as iuſtice,and thou ſeemſt a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in,I will beleeue thee, and make my ſences credite thy relation,to points that ſeem impoſſible, for thou lookſt like one I loued indeed; what were thy friends? Didſt thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee backe, which was when I perceiud thee that thou cam'ſt from good diſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per.

Per. Report thy parentage, I thinke thou ſaidſt thou hadſt beene toſt from wrong to iniury, and that thou thoughts thy griefes might equall mine,if both were opened.

*Mar.*Some ſuch thing I ſaid, and ſaid no more,but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtory, if thine conſidered prooue the thouſand part of my endurance,thou art a man, and I haue ſuffered like a gyrle,yet thou doſt look like patience,gazing on Kings graues, and ſmiling extremity out of acte, what were thy friends? how loſt thou thy name,my moſt kinde virgin? recount I do beſeech thee,Come ſit by me.

*Mar.*My name is *Marina.*

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by ſome inſenced God ſent hither to make the world to laugh me.

*Mar.*Patience good ſir,or heere ile ceaſe.

Per. Nay ile bee patient, thou little knowſt how thou doeſt ſtartle me to call thy ſelfe *Marina.*

*Mar.*The name was giuen me by one that had ſome power, my father and a King.

*Per.*How,a Kings daughter,and cald *Marina?*

Mar. You ſaid you would beleeue me, but not to be a trouble of your peace,I will end here.

*Per.*But are you fleſh and bloud?
Haue you a working pulſe,and are no Fairy?
Motion well ſpeake on,where were you borne?
And wherefore cald *Marina?*

*Mar.*Cald *Marina*,for I was borne at ſea.

*Per.*At ſea! who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the Daughter of a King,who dyed the minute I was borne, as my good Nurſe *Lychorida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

*Per.*O ſtop there a little,this is the rareſt dreame
That ere dull ſleepe did mocke ſad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter,buried,wel,where were you bred?
Ile heare you more to the bottome of your ſtory, and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You ſcorne,beleeue me twere beſt I did giue ore.

 Per.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

Per. I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.
But good sir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made we weepe?

Hell. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vppon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortality, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea againe: O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holy Gods, as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And

And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my Mothers name was *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my mother, who did ende the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my childe.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should haue bene by sauage *Cleon*, shee shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princes; who is this?

Hell. Sir, tis the Gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholy, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes;
I am wilde in my beholding. Oh heauen blesse my gyrle.
But harke, what Musicks this *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to dote,
How sure you are my daughter; but where's this musicke?

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None? the Musicke of the spheares, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him, giue him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord, I heare.

Per. Most heauenly musicke,
It nips me vnto listening, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A pillow for his head, so leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answer to my iust beliefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Diana. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thither, and do vpon mine Altar sacrifice. There when my maiden priests are met together, before all the people reueale how thou at sea didst lose thy wife, to mourne thy crosses with thy daughters call, and giue them repitition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou liuest in woe: doo't, and happy by my siluer bow; awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian*, Goddesse *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*.

Hell. Sir.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[6]) Octavo

Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſeruice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſayles,
Eftſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore,
and giue you gold for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede.

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I haue another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall preuaile, were it to wooe my daughter, for
it ſeemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone giue me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releeue me:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What pageantry, what feates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; ſo he thriued,
That he is promiſed to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe ſayles are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as thei'r wild.
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iuſt command,
I here confeſſe my ſelfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaiſa*, at ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought foorth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddeſſe weares yet thy
ſiluer liuery, ſhe at *Tharſus* was nurſt with *Cleon*, who at foure-
teene yeares he ſought to murder, but her better ſtars brought
her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her fortunes broght
the maid aboord to vs, where by her owne moſt cleare remem-
brance, ſhe made knowne her ſelfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are O royall *Pericles*.

Pe. What means the woman? ſhe dyes, helpe Gentlemen.

Cer. Sir, if you haue told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your wife.

Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I threw her ouer-boord with
theſe very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coaſt, I warrant you.

Per. Tis moſt certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O ſhee's but ouerioyde,
Earely in bluſtring morne, this Lady was throwne vpon this
ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found theſe rich iewels, recouered
her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes* Temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall be brought you to my houſe, whe-
ther I inuite you, looke, *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my ſanctity will
to my ſence bend no licentious eare, but curbe it ſpight of ſee-
ing: O my Lord, are you not *Pericles?* like him you ſpeake,
like him you are: did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, & death?

Per. The voice of dead *Thaiſa*.

Thai. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drownd.

Per. Immortal *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted
Pentapolis, the King my Father gaue you ſuch a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you Gods, your preſent kindneſſe
makes my paſt miſeries ſport, you ſhall do well, that on the tou-
ching of her lips I may melt, and no more be ſeene; O come,
be buried a ſecond time within theſe armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers boſome.

Per. Looke who kneeles heere, fleſh of thy fleſh, *Thaiſa*, thy
burden at the ſea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yeelded there.

Thai. Bleſt, and mine owne.

Hell.

Hell. Haile Madame, and my Queene.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You haue heard me say when I did flye from *Tyre*, I left behinde an ancient substitute; can you remember what I cald the man, I haue namde him oft.

Th. T was *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him deere *Thaisa*, this is he, now do I long to heare how you were found? how possibly preserued? and who to thank (besides the Gods) for this great miracle?

Thai. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods shewne their power, that can from first to last resolue you.

Per. Reuerent Sir, the gods can haue no mortall officer more like a God then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first goe with me vnto my house, where shall be shewne you all was found with her; how she came plac'st here in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee; *Thaisa* this Prince, the faire bethrothed of your daughter, shall marry her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament that makes me looke dismall, will I clip to forme, & what this fourteene years no razor toucht, to grace thy marriage day, Ile beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credite, Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heauens make a Star of him, yet there my Queene, wee'l celebrate their Nuptials, and our selues will in that kingdome spend our following dayes; our sonne and daughter shall in *Tyrus* raigne.

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing stay,
To heare the rest vntolde, Sir, lead's the way.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter, you haue heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and iust reward:

In

In *Pericles*, his Queene and daughter seene,
Although assaylde with Fortune fierce and keene.
Vertue preferd from fell destructions blast,
Led on by heauen, and crownd with ioy at last.
In *Hellicanus* may you well descry,
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charity aye weares.
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame
Had spread their cursed deed, the honord name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Citty turne,
That him and his, they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder seemed so content,
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience euermore attending,
New ioy waite on you, heere our play hath ending.

FINIS.

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A YORKSHIRE Tragedy.

Not so New as Lamentable
and true.

Acted by his Maieſties Players at
the *Globe*.

Written by VV. Shakſpeare.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

AT LONDON
Printed by *R. B.* for *Thomas Pauier* and are to bee ſold at his ſhop on Cornhill, neere to the exchange.
1608.

ALL'S ONE,
OR,
One of the foure Plaies in one, called
a *York-shire* Tragedy: as it was plaid
by the Kings Maiesties Plaiers.

(.*.)

Enter Oliuer *and* Ralph, *two seruingmen.*

Oliu. SIrrah *Raph*, my yong Mistrisse is in such a pittifull passionate humor for the long absence of her loue,

Raph, Why can you blame her, why, apples hanging longer on the tree then when they are ripe, makes so many fallings. viz Madde wenches because they are not gathered in time, are faine to drop of them selues, and then tis Common you know for euery man to take em vp.

Oliu, Mass thou saiest true, Tis common indeede, but sirah, is neither our young maister returned, nor our fellow Sam come from London?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the Puritan bawde saies.

Slidd I heare *Sam*, *Sam's* come, her's Tarry, come, yfaith now my nose itches for news

Oliue, and so doe's mine elbowe,

Sam calls within, *where are you there?*

Sam. Boy look you walk my horſe with diſcretion, I haue rid him ſimply, I warrand his skin ſticks to his back with very heate, if a ſhould catch cold & get the Cough of the Lunges I were well ſerued, were I not? What Raph and Oliuer.

Am. Honeſt fellow *Sam* welcome yfaith, what tricks haſt thou brought from London.

Furniſht with things from London.

Sa. You ſee I am hangd after the trueſt faſhion, three hats, and two glaſſes, bobbing vpon em, two rebato wyers vpon my breſt, a capcaſe by my ſide, a bruſh at my back, an Almanack in my pocket, & three ballats in my Codpeece, naie I am the true picture of a Common ſeruingman.

Oliuer Ile ſweare thou art, Thou maiſt ſet vp when thou wilt, Ther's many a one begins with leſſe I can tel thee that proues a rich man ere he dyes, but whats the news from London *Sam.*

Ralph. I thats well ſed, whats the newes from London Sirrah.

My young miſtreſſe keeps ſuch a puling for hir loue.

Sam. Why? the more foole ſhee, I, the more ninny hammer ſhee.

Oli. Why *Sam* why?

Sam. Why hees married to another Long agoe?

Ambo. Ifaith ye left.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? why, hees married, beates his wife, and has two or three children by her: for you muſt note that any woman beares the more when ſhe is beaten.

Raph. I thats true for ſhee beares the blowes.

Oliuer

Oliu. Sirrah Sam, I would not for two years wages, my yong miſtres knew ſo much, ſheed run vpon the leſte hand of her wit, and nere be here owne woman agen.

Sam. And I think ſhe was bleſt in her Cradle, that he neuer came in her bed, why hee has conſumed al, pawnd his lands, and made his vniuerſitie brother ſtand in waxe for him, Thers a fine phraſe for a ſcriuener, puh he owes more then his skins worth.

Oli. Is't poſſible.

Sa. Nay Ile tell you moreouer he calls his wife whore as familiarly as one would cal *Mal* & *Dol*, and his children baſtards as naturally as can bee, but what haue we heere, I thought twas ſomwhat puld downe my breeches: I quite forgot my two potingſticks, theſe came from London, now any thing is good heer that comes from London.

Oli. I, farre fetcht you know?

Sam. But ſpeak in your conſcience yfaith, haue not we as good potingſticks ith Cuntry as need to be put ith fire, The mind of a thing is all, The mind of a thing's all, and as thou ſaidſt eene now, farre fetcht is the beſt thinges for Ladies.

Oliu. I, and for waiting gentle women to.

Sam. But Ralph, what, is our beer ſower this thunder?

Oli. No no it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, Ile teach you the fineſt humor to be drunk in, I learnd it at London laſt week.

Am: I faith lets heare it, lets heare it.

Sam. The braueſt humor, twold do a man good to

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hee drunck in't, they call it knighting in London, when they drink vpon their knees.

Am. Faith that's excellent.

Come follow me, Ile giue you all the degrees ont in order. *Exeunt.*

Enter wife.

Wife. What will become of vs? all will awaie, my husband neuer ceaſes in expence, Both to conſume his credit and his houſe? And tis ſet downe by heauens iuſt decree, That Ryotts child muſt needs be beggery, Are theſe the vertues that his youth did promiſe, Dice, and voluptuous meetings, midnight Reuels, Taking his bed with ſurfetts. Ill beſeeming The auncient honor of his howſe and name: And this not all: but that which killes me moſt, When he recounts his Loſſes and falſe fortunes, The weaknes of his ſtate ſoe much deiected, Not as a man repentant but halfe madd: His fortunes cannot anſwere his expence: He ſits and ſullenly lockes vp his Armes, (him Forgetting heauen looks downward, which makes Appeare ſoe dreadfull, that he frights my heart, Walks heauyly, as if his ſoule were earth: Not penitent for thoſe his ſinnes are paſt: But vext, his mony cannot make them laſt. A fearefull melancholie vngodly ſorrow. Oh yonder he comes, now in deſpight of ills Ile ſpeake to him, and I will heare him ſpeake, And do my beſt to driue it from his heart.

Enter

Enter Husband.

Hus Poxe oth Laſt throw, it made Fiue hundred Angels vaniſh from my ſight, Ime damnd, Ime damnd: the Angels haue forſook me Nay tis certainely true: for he that has no coyne Is damnd in this world: hee's gon, hee's gon.

Wi. Deere huſband.

Huſ. Oh! moſt puniſhment of all I haue a wife,

Wi. I doe intreat you as you loue your ſoule, Tell me the cauſe of this your diſcontent.

Huſ. A vengeance ſtrip thee naked, thou art cauſe, Effect, quality, property, thou, thou, thou. *Exit.*

Wife. Bad, turnd to worſe? both beggery of the ſoule, as of the bodie. And ſo much vnlike him ſelfe at firſt, As if ſome vexed ſpirit Had got his form vpon him. *Enter Husband* He comes agen: *againe.* He ſaies I am the cauſe, I never yet Spoke leſſe then wordes of duty, and of loue.

Huſ. If mariage be honourable, then Cuckolds are honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage.

Foole: what meant I to m arry to get beggars? now muſt my eldeſt ſonne be a knaue or nothing, he cannot liue vppot'h foole, for he wil haue no land to maintaine him: tha t morgage ſits like a ſnaffle vpon mine inheritance, and makes me chaw vpon Iron. My ſecond ſonne muſt be a promooter, and my third a theefe, or an vnderputter, a ſlaue pander.

Oh

Oh beggery, beggery, to what base vses dost thou put a man.
I think the Deuill scornes to be a bawde.
He beares himselfe more proudly, has more care on's credit.
Base slauish abiect filthie pouertie.
Wi. Good sir, by all our vowes I doe beseech you,
Show me the true cause of your discontent?
Hus. Mony, mony, mony, and thou must supply me.
Wi. Alas, I am the lest cause of your discontent,
Yet what is mine, either in rings or Iewels
Vse to your own desire, but I beseech you,
As y'are a gentleman by many bloods,
Though I my selfe be out of your respect
Thinke on the state of these three louely boies
You haue bin father to.
Hu. Puh Bastards, bastards, bastards, begot in tricks, begot in tricks.
Wi. Heauen knowes how those words wrong me? but I maie,
Endure these griefes among a thousand more.
Oh, call to mind your lands already morgadge,
Your selfe woond into debts, your hopefull brother,
At the vniuersitie in bonds for you
Like to be ceasd vpon. And
Hu. Ha done thou harlot,
Whome though for fashion sake I married,
I neuer could abide: thinkst thou thy wordes
Shall kill my pleasures, fal of to thy friends,
Thou and thy bastards begg: I will not bate

A whit in humor? midnight still I loue you,
And reuel in your Company; Curbd in,
Shall it be said in all societies,
That I broke custome, that I flagd in monie,
No, those thy iewels, I will play as freely
As when my state was fullest.
Wi. Be it so.
Hus. Nay I protest, and take that for an earnest, *spurns her*
I will for euer hould thee in contempt,
And neuer touch the sheets that couer thee,
But be diuorst in bed till thou consent,
Thy dowry shall be sold to giue new life
Vnto those pleasures which I most affect
Wi. Sir doe but turne a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall giue me leaue to do
You shall command.
Hu. Look it be done, shal I want dust & like a slaue
weare nothing in my pockets but my hands
To fil them vp with nailes. *holding his hands in his pockets.*
Oh much against my blood, let it be done,
I was neuer made to be a looker on:
A bawde to dice? Ile shake the drabbs my selfe
And make em yeeld, I saie look it be done.
Wi. I take my leaue it shall. *Exit.*
Hu. Speedily, speedily, I hate the very howre I chose a wife a trouble trouble, three children like three euils hang vpon me, fie, fie, fie, strumpet, & bastards, strumpet and bastards.

Enter three Gentlemen heering him.

1 Gent. Still doe those loathsome thoughts Iare on

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your tongue.
Your ſelfe to ſtaine the honour of your wife,
Nobly diſcended, thoſe whom men call mad
Endanger others; but hee's more then mad
That wounds himſelfe, whoſe owne wordes do proclaym
Scandalls vniuſt, to ſoile his better name:
It is not fit I pray forſake it.

2 Gen. Good ſir, let modeſtie reproue you.

3. Gen. Let honeſt kindnes ſway ſo much with you,

Hu. God den, I thanke you ſir, how do you, adeiue,
Ime glad to ſee you, farewel Inſtructions, Admonitions.

Exeun Gent,

Enter a ſeruant.

Hu. How now ſirra what wud you,

Ser. Only to certifie you ſir, that my miſtris was met by the way, by thē who were ſent for her vp to Londō by her honorable vnkle, your worſhips late gardian.

Huſ. So ſir, then ſhe is gon and ſo may you be:
But let her looke that the thing be done ſhe wots of:
or hel wil ſtand more pleaſāt thē her houſe at home.

Enter a Gentle man.

Gen. Well or ill met I care not.

Hus. No nor I.

Gen. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Hu. Who me? chide me? doo't finely then: let it not moue me, for if thou chidſt me angry I ſhall ſtrike.

Gen. Strike thine owne follie, for it is they
Deſerue to be wel beaten, we are now in priuate,
Ther's none but thou and I? thou'rt fond & peeuiſh,
An vncleane ryoter, thy landes and Credit

Lie

Lie now both ſick of a conſumption
I am ſorry for thee: that man ſpends with ſhame
That with his ritches does conſume his name:
And ſuch art thou.

Huſ. Peace.

Gent. No thou ſhalt heare me further:
Thy fathers and forefathers worthy honors,
Which were our country monuments: our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface:
The ſpring time of thy youth did fairely promiſe
ſuch a moſt fruitfull ſummer to thy friends
It ſcarce can enter into mens beliefes,
Such dearth ſhould hang on thee, wee that ſee it,
Are ſorry to beleeue it: in thy change,
This voice into all places wil be hurld:
thou and the deuill has deceaued the world.

Huſ. Ile not indure thee.

Gent. but of all the worſt:
Thy vertuous wife right honourably allied
Thou haſt proclaimed a ſtrumpet.

Huſ. Nay then I know thee,
Thou art her champion thou, her priuat friend,
The partie you wot on.

Gent. Oh ignoble thought.
I am paſt my patient bloode, ſhall I ſtand idle
and ſee my reputation toucht to death.

Hu. Ta's galde you this, has it.

Gent. No monſter, I will proue
My thoughts did only tend to vertuous loue,
Loue of her vertues? there it goes:

 Gent

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Gent. Base spirit,
To laie thy hate vpon the fruitfull *They fight and the*
Honor of thine own bed. *Husbands hurt.*
Hu. Oh,
Ge. Woult thou yeeld it yet?
Hu. Sir, Sir, I haue not done with you,
Gent. I hope nor nere shall doe. *Fight agen.*
Hu. Haue you got tricks are you in cunning with me.
Gent. No plaine and right.
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.
Husband falls downe.
Hu. Hard fortune, am I leueld with the ground?
Gent. Now sir you lie at mercy,
Hu. I you slaue.
Ge. Alas that hate should bring vs to our graue:
You see my sword's not thirsty for your life,
I am sorrier for your woonde then your selfe,
Y'are of a vertuous house, show vertuous deeds
Tis not your honour, tis your folly bleedes,
Much good has bin expected in your life,
Cancell not all mens hopes, you haue a wife
Kind and obedient: heape not wrongfull shame
On her your posterity, let only sin be sore,
And by this fall, rise neuer to fall more.
And so I leaue you. *Exit.*
Hu. Has the dogg left me then
After his tooth hath left me? oh my hart
Would faine leape after him, reuenge I saye,
Ime mad to be reueng'd, my strumpet wife:

It is thy quarrel that rips thus my flesh,
And makes my brest spit blood, but thou shalt bleed:
Vanquisht? got downe? vnable eene to speak?
Surely tis want of mony makes men weake,
I?twas that orethrew me, Id'e nere bin downe els. *Exi*
Enter wife in a riding suite with a seruingman.
Seru. Faith mistris If it might not bee presumtion
In me to tell you so, for his excuse
You had smal reason, knowing his abuse,
Wi. I grant I had, but alasse,
Whie should our faults at home be spred abroad:
Tis griefe enough within dores: At first sight
Myne Vncle could run ore his prodigall life
As perfectly, as if his serious eye
Had nombred all his follies:
Knew of his morgadg'd lands, his friends in bonds,
himselfe withered with debts: And in that minute
Had I added his vsage and vnkindnes,
Twould haue confounded euery thought of good:
Where now, fathering his ryots one his youth,
Which time and tame experience will shake off,
gessing his kindnes to me (as I smoothd him
With all the skill I had) though his deserts
Are in forme vglier then an vnshapte Bear.
Hee's reddy to prefer him to some office
And place at Court, A good and sure reliefe
To al his stooping fortunes twil be a meanes I hope,
To make new league between vs, and redeeme
His vertues with his landes.
Ser I should think so mistris If he should not now

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be kinde to you and loue you, and cheriſh you vp, I ſhould thinke the deuill himſelfe kept open houſe in him.

Wi. I doubt not but he will now, pre the lea ue me, I think I heare him commin g.

Ser. I am gone. *Exit.*

Wife. By this good meanes I ſhal preſerue my lāds, And free my huſband out of vſerers hands: Now ther is no neede of ſale, my Vncle's kind I hope, if ought, this will content his minde, Here comes my huſband. *Enter Husband.*

Hu. Now, are you come, wher's the mony, lets ſee the mony, is the rubbiſh ſold, thoſe wiſeakers your lands, why when, the mony, where iſt, powr't down, down with it, downe with it, I ſay powr't oth ground lets ſee't, lets ſee't.

Wi. Good ſir, keep but in patience and I hope My words ſhall like you well, I bring you better Comfort then the ſale of my Dowrie.

Hu. Hah what's that?

Wi. Pray do not fright me ſir, but vouchſafe me hearing, my Vncle glad of your kindnes to mee & milde vſage, for ſoe I made it to him, has in pitty of your declining fortunes, proui ded A place for you at Court of worth & credit, which ſo much ouerioyd me

Hu. Out on thee filth, ouer and ouerioyd, *ſpurns her* When Ime in torments? Thou pollitick whore, ſubtiller then nine Deuils, was this thy iourney to Nuncke, to ſet downe the hiſtorie of

of me, of my ſtate and fortunes: Shall I that Dedicated my ſelfe to pleaſure, be nowe confind in ſeruice to crouch and ſtand like an old man ith hams, my hat off, I that neuer could abide to vncover my head ith Church, baſe ſlut, this fruite beares thy complaints.

Wife. Oh heauen knowes, That my complaintes were praiſes, and beſt wordes of you, and your eſtate: onely my friends, Knew of your morgagde Landes, and were poſſeſt Of euery accident before I came. If thou ſuſpect it but a plot in me To keepe my dowrie, or for mine owne good or my poore childrens: (though it ſutes a mother To ſhow a naturall care in their reliefs, Yet ile forget my ſelfe to calme your blood: Conſume it, as your pleaſure counſels you, And all I wiſhe, eene Clemency affoords: giue mee but comely looks and modeſt wordes.

Hu. Money whore, money, or Ile-

Enters a ſeruant very haſtily.

What the deuel? how now? thy haſty news? *to his man*

Se. Maie it pleaſe you ſir. *Seruant in a feare*

Hu. What? maie I not looke vpon my dagger? Speake villaine, or I will execute the pointe on thee: quick, ſhort.

Ser. Why ſir a gentlemā from the Vniuerſity ſtaies below to ſpeake with you.

Hu. From the Vniuerſity? ſo, Vniuerſity That long word ru ns through mee. *Exeunt.*

Was

Wi. Was euer wife ſo wretchedlie beſet, *Wif. alone*
Had not this newes ſtept in between, the point
Had offered violence to my breſt.
That which ſome women call greate miſery
Would ſhow but little heere: would ſcarce be ſeene
Amongſt my miſeries: I maie Compare
For wretched fortunes with all wiues that are,
Nothing will pleaſe him; vntill all be nothi ng.
He calls it ſlauery to be preferd.
A place of credit, a baſe ſeruitude.
What ſhall become of me, and my poore children,
Two here, and one at nurſe, my prettie beggers,
I ſee how ruine with a palſie hand
Begins to ſhake the auncient ſeat to duſt:
the heauy weight of ſorrow, drawes my liddes
Ouer my dankiſhe eies: I can ſcarce ſee,
Thus griefe will laſte, it wakes and ſleeps with mee.

Enter the Husband with the maſter of the Colledge.

Hu. Pleaſe you draw neer ſir, y'are exceeding welcome.

Ma. Thats my doubt, I fear, I come not to be welcome.

Huſ. yes howſoeuer.

Ma. Tis not my faſhion Sir to dwell in long circũſtance, but to be plain, and effectuali, therefore to the purpoſe.

The cauſe of my ſetting forth was pittious and lamentable, that hopefull young gentleman your brother, whoſe vertues we all loue deerelie through your default

default, and vnnaturall negligence lies in bond executed for your debt, a priſoner ali, his ſtudies amazed his hope ſtrook dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in theis dark clowds of oppreſſion.

Hus. Hum, vm vm.

Mr. Oh, you haue kild the towardeſt hope of all our vniueſitie: wherefore without repentance and amends, expect pandorus and ſuddain Iudgements to fall grieuoſly vpon you, your brother a man who profited in his diuine Imployments mighte haue made ten thouſand ſoules fit for heauen, now by your careleſſe courſes caſte in priſon which you muſt anſwere for, and aſſure your ſpirit it wil come home at length.

Hu. Oh god oh.

Mr. Wiſemen think ill of you, others ſpeake ill of you, no man loues you, nay euen thoſe whome honeſty condemnes, condemne you: and take this from the vertuous affection I beare your brother, neuer looke for proſperous hower, good thought, quiet ſleepes, contented walkes, nor any thing that makes man perfect til you redeem him, what is your anſwer how will yov beſtow him, vpon deſperate miſerye, or better hopes? I ſuffer, till I heare your anſwer.

Hu. Sir you haue much wrought with mee, I feele you in my ſoule, you are your artes maſter.
I neuer had ſence til now; your ſillables haue cleft me
Both for your words and pains I thank you: I cannot but acknowledge grieuous wronges done to my brother, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs.
Within there,

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Enter a ſeruingman.

Sir *Hu.* Fil me a bowle of wine. Alas poore brother,
Bruſ'd with an execution for my ſake, *Exit ſeruant*
Mr. A bruſe indeed makes many a mortall *for wine.*
Sore till the graue cure em

Enter with wine.

Hu. Sir I begin to you, y'aue chid your welcome:
Mr. I could haue wiſht it better for your ſake
I pledge you ſir, to the kind man in priſon.
Hu. Let it be ſoe?
Now Sir if you ſo pleaſe *Drink both.*
To ſpend but a fewe minuts in a walke
about my grounds below, my man heere ſhall attend
you, I doubt not but by that time to be furniſht of a
ſufficient auſwere, and therein my brother fully ſatiſ-
fied.

Mr. Good ſir in that, the Angells would be pleaſd,
And the worlds murmures calmd, and I ſhould ſaye
I ſet forth then vpon a lucky daie. *Exit.*

Hu. Oh thou confuſed man: thy pleaſant ſins haue
vndone thee thy damnation has beggerd thee: that
heauen ſhould ſay we muſt not ſin, and yet made wo-
men: giues our ſences waie to finde pleaſure, which
being found confounds vs, why ſhold we know thoſe
things ſo much miſuſe vs--oh would vertue had been
forbidden wee ſhould then haue prooued all vertu-
ous, for tis our bloude to loue what were forbidden,
had not drunkennes byn forbidden what man wold
haue

haue been foole to a beaſt, and Zany to a ſwine to
ſhow tricks in the mire, what is there in three
dice to make a man draw thrice three thouſand acres
into the compaſſe of a round little table, & with the
gentlemans palſy in the hand ſhake out his poſte-
ritie thieues or beggars tis done I ha dont yfaith
terrible horrible miſery.——————how well
was I left, very well, very wel.
My Lands ſhewed like a full moone about mee, but
nowe the moon's ith laſt quarter, wayning, waining,
And I am mad to think that moone was mine.
Mine and my fathers, and my forefathers generati-
ons, generations: downe goes the howſe of vs, down,
downe it ſincks: Now is the name a beggar, begs in
me that name which hundreds of yeeres has made
this ſhiere famous: in me, and my poſterity runs out.
In my ſeede fiue are made miſerable beſides my
ſelfe, my ryot is now my brothers iaylor, my wiues
ſighing, my three boyes penurie, and mine own con-
fuſion: *Teares his haire.*
Why ſit my haires vpon my curſed head?
Will not this poyſon ſcatter them? oh my brother's
In execution among deuells that ſtretch him: & make
him giue. And I in want, not able for to lyue.
Nor to redeeme him,
Diuines and dying men may talke of hell,
But in my heart her ſeuerall torments dwell,
Slauery and myſery.
Who in this caſe would not take vp mony vpon his
ſoule, pawn his ſaluation, liue at intereſt:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *A Yorkshire Tragedy* LONDON, 1608 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[7]) Octavo

I that did euer in aboundance dwell,
for me to want, exceeds the throwes of hel.

Enters his little sonne with a top and a scourge.

Son. What aile you father, are you not well, I can=
not scourge my top as long as you stand so: you take
vp all the roome with your wide legs, puh you can=
not make mee afeard with this, I feare no vizards, nor
bugbeares.

Husb, takes vp the childe by the skirts of his long coate in one hand and drawes his dag=ger with th'other.

Hu. Vp sir, for heer thou hast no inheritance left.

Sonne. Oh what will you do father, I am your white boie.

Hu. Thou shalt be my red boie, take that. *strikes him*

Son: Oh you hurt me father.

Hu. My eldest beggar: thou shalt not liue to aske an vsurer bread, to crie at a great mans gate, or followe good your honour by a Couch, no, nor your brother tis charity to braine you.

Son. How shall I learne now my heads broke?

Hu. Bleed bleed rather then beg beg? *stabs him.*
be not thy names disgrace:
Spurne thou thy fortunes first if they be base:
Come view thy second brother: fates,
My childrens bloud shall spin into your faces,
you shall see.
How Confidently we scorne beggery?

Exit with his Sonne. *En=*

Enter a maide with a child in her armes, the mo=ther by her a sleepe.

M. Sleep sweet babe sorrow makes thy mother sleep,
It boades small good when heauines falls so deepe,
Hush prettie boy thy hopes might haue been better,
Tis lost at Dice what ancient honour won,
Hard when the father plaies awaie the Sonne:
No thing but misery serues in this house.
ruine and desolation oh

Enter husband with the boie bleeding.

Hu: Whore, giue me that boy, *Strines with her for the*
M. Oh help, help, out alas, murder murder, *child.*
Hus. Are you gossiping, prating sturdy queane, Ile
breake your clamor with your neck down staires:
Tumble, tumble, headlong, *Throws her down.*
So, the surest waie to charme a womans tongue
Is break hir neck, a politician did it.
Son Mother, mother, I am kild mother,
Ha, whose that cride oh me my children: *W. wakes*
both, both, both; bloudy, bloudy. *catches vp the yongest.*
Hu. Strumpet let go the boy, let go the beggar.
Wi. Oh my sweet husband,
Hus. Filth, harlot.
Wi. Oh what will you doe deare husband,
Hus. Gine me the bastard,
Wi. Your owne sweet boy,
Hu. There are too many beggars.
Wi. Good my hus-band,
Hu. Doest thou preuent me still?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *A Yorkshire Tragedy* LONDON, 1608 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[7]) Octavo

Wi. Oh god·, *Stabs at the child in*
Huſ. Haue at his hart *hir armes.*
Wi. Oh my deare boy, *gets it from hir.*
Hu. Brat thou ſhalt not liue to ſhame thy howſe,
Wi. Oh heauen *ſhee's hurt and ſinks downe.*
Hu. And periſh now begon,
Thers whores enow, and want wold make thee one.

Enter a luſty ſeruant.

Ser. Oh Sir what deeds are theſe?
Huſ. Baſe ſlaue my vaſſail?
Comſt thou between my fury to queſtion me
Ser. Were you the Deuil I would hold you ſir,
Hu. Hould me? preſumption, Ile vndoe thee for't,
Ser. Sbloud you haue vndone vs all ſir,
Hu. Tug at thy maſter'
Ser. Tug at a Monſter.
Hus. Haue I no power, ſhall my ſlaue fetter me,
Ser. Nay then the Deuil wraſtles, I am thowne,
Hu. Oh villane now Ile tug thee *ouercomes him.*
now Ile teare thee,
ſet quick ſpurres to my vaſſaile, bruize him,
trample him, ſo, I think thou wilt not folow me in haſt
My horſe ſtands reddy ſadled, away, away,
Now to my brat at nurſſe, my ſucking begger
Fates, Ile not leaue you one to trample one.

The Maſter meets him.

Ma. How iſt with you ſir me thinks you looke of a
diſtracted colour.
Hu. Who I ſir, tis but your fancie,
Pleaſe you walke in Sir, and Ile ſoone reſolue you,
I want

I want one ſmall parte to make vp the ſom,
And then my brother ſhall reſt ſatiſfied,
Mr. I ſhall be glad to ſee it, ſir Ile attend you. *Exeu.*
Ser. Oh I am ſcarce able lo heaue vp my ſelfe:
Ha's ſo bruizd me with his diueliſh waight,
And torne my fleſh with his bloud-haſty ſpurre
A man before of eaſie conſtitution
Till now hells power ſupplied; to his ſoules wrong,
Oh how damnation can make weake men ſtrong.

Enter Maſter, and two ſeruants.

Ser. Oh the moſt pitteous deed ſir ſince you came.
Mr. A deadly greeting: has he ſomde vp theis
To ſatiſſie his brother? heer's an other:
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.
Wi. Oh oh.
Mr. Surgeons, Surgeons, ſhe recouers life
One of his men al faint and bloudied.
1. Seru. Follow, our murderous maſter has took horſe
To kill his child at nurſe, oh follow quickly.
Mr. I am the readieſt, it ſhal be my charge
To raiſe the towne vpon him *Exit Mr and ſeruants.*
1 Ser. Good ſir do follow him.
Wi. Oh my children.
1. Ser. How is it with my moſt afflicted Miſtris?
Wi. Why, do I now recouer? why half liue?
To ſee my children bleede before mine eies.
A ſight able to kill a mothers breſt
Without an executioner, what art thou mangled too
1. Ser. I thinking to preuent what his quicke miſ-
chiefes had ſo ſoone acted; came and ruſht vpon him
Wee

We ſtrugled,but a fowler ſtrength then his
Ore threw me with his armes ,then did he bruize me
And rent my fleſh,and robd me of my haire
Like a man mad in execution
Made me vnfit to riſe and follow him.
Wi. What is it has beguild him of all grace?
And ſtole awaie humanity from his breſt?
To ſlaie his children,purpoſ'd to kill his wife,
And ſpoile his ſaruants.

Enters two ſeruants.

Ambo ſir, Pleaſe you leaue this moſt accurſed place,
a ſurgeon waites within.
Wi. Willing to leaue it,
Tis guiltie of ſweete bloud ,innocent bloud,
Murder has tooke this chamber with ful hands,
And wil nere out as long as the honſe ſtands. *Exeunt.*

Enter Husband as being thrown off his horſe, And falls.

Hu. Oh ſtumbling Iade the ſpauin ouertake thee,
the fiſtie diſeaſes ſtop thee,
Oh,I am ſorely bruiſde, plague founder thee,
Thou runſt at eaſe and pleaſure,hart,of chance
to Throw me now within a flight oth Towne,
In ſuch plaine euen ground, ſfot,a man may dice vpon't,and throw awaie the Medowes ,filthy beaſt.
Crie within Follow,follow,follow.
Huſ. Ha? I hear ſounds of men; like hew and crie:
vp ,vp,and ſtruggle to thy horſe,make on

dil-

Diſpatch that little begger and all's done.
Kni. Heere, this waie,this waye:
Huſ. At my backe? oh,
What fate haue I,my limbes deny mee go,
My will is bated, beggery claimes a parte.
Oh could I here reach to the infants heart.

Enter M. of the Colledge, 3. Gentlemen, and others with Holberds.

Finde him.

All. Heere,heere, yonder,yonder.
Mr. Vnnaturall, flintie, more then barbarous:
The Scithians in their marble hearted fates,
Could not haue acted more remorſeleſſe deeds
In their relentleſſe natures,then theſe of thine:
Was this the anſwear I long waited on,
The ſatisfaction for thy priſoned brother?
Huſ. Why,he can haue no more on's then our skins,
And ſome of em want but fleaing.
1. *Gen.* Great ſinnes haue made him impudent:
Mr. H'as ſhed ſo much bloud that he cannot bluſh:
2. *Ge.* Away with him,bear him a long to the Iuſtices:
A gentleman of woorſhip dwels at hand,
There ſhall his deeds be blazd:
Huſ. Why all the better,
My glory tis to haue my action knowne,
I grieue for nothing,but I miſt of one:
Mr. Ther's little of a father in that griefe:
Beare him away.

Exeunt.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *A Yorkshire Tragedy* LONDON, 1608 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.41[7]) Octavo

Enters a knight with two or three Gentlemen.

Knig. Endangered so his wife? murdered his children?

4. *Gen.* So the Cry comes.

Kni, I am sorry I ere knew him,
That euer he took life and naturall being
From such an honoured stock, and fair discent;
Til this black minut without staine or blemish:

4 *Gent.* Here come the men.

Enter the master of the colledge and the rest, with the prisoner.

Kni. The serpent of his house? Ime sorry for this time that I am in place of iustice.

Mr. Please you Sir.

Kni. Doe not repeate it twice I know too muche, would it had nere byn thought on;
Sir I bleede for you.

4 *Gent.* Your fathers sorrows are aliue in me:
What made you shew such monstrous crueltie?

Hu. In a worde Sir,
I hane consumd all, plaid awaie long acre,
And I thought it the charitablest deed I could doe
To cussen beggery: and knock my house oth head.

Kni. Oh in a cooler bloud you will repent it.

Hus. I repent now, that ones left vnkild,
My brat at nurse. Oh I would ful fain haue weand him

Knigh. Well, I doe not think but in to morrowes iudgement.
The terror will sit closer to your soule,

When

When the dread thought of death remembers you
to further which, take this sad voice from me:
Neuer was act plaid more vnnaturally.

Hus. I thank you Sir.

Kni. Goe leade him to the Iayle,
Where iustice claimes all, there must pitty faile.

Hus. Come come, awaie with me. *Exit prisoner.*

Mr. Sir, you deserue the worship of your place,
Would all did so; in you the law is grace,

Kni It is my wish it should be so,
Ruinous man, the desolation of his howse, the blot
Vpon his predecessors honord name:
That man is neerest shame that is past shame. *Exit.*

Enter Husband with the officers, The Maister and gentlemen as going by his house.

Hu. I am right against my howse, seat of my Ancestors: Iheare my wif's aliue; but much endangered:
Let me intreat to speak with her
before the prison gripe me.

Enter his wife brought in a chaire.

Gent. See heer she comes of her selfe,

Wi. Oh my sweete Hus-band, my deere distressed husband, now in the hands of vnrelenting lawes,
My greatest sorrow, my extremest bleeding,
Now my soule bleeds,

Hu. How now? kind to me? did I not wound thee, left thee for dead.

Wife. Tut farre greater wounds did my brest feele,
Vnkindnes strikes a deeper wound then steele,

You

You haue been ſtill vnkinde to mee:
Huſ. Faith, and ſo I thinke I haue:
I did my murthers roughly out of hand,
Deſperate and ſuddaine, but thou haſt deuiz'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou haſt ginen mine eies
Seauen woonds a peece; now glides the deuill from
mee, departes at euery ioynt, heaues vp my nailes:
Oh catch him new torments, that were near inuẽted,
Binde him one thouſand more you bleſſed Angells
In that pit bottomleſſe, let him not riſe
To make men act vnnaturall tragedies
To ſpred into a father, and in furie,
Make him his childrens executioners:
Murder his wife, his ſeruants, and who not?
For that man's darke, where heauen is quite forgot.
Wi. Oh my repentant husband.
Huſ. My deere ſoull, whom I too much haue wrongd,
For death I die, and for this haue I longd.
Wi. Thou ſholdſt not (be affurde) for theſe faults die,
If the law cold forgiue aſſoone as I.
Huſ. What fight is yonder? *Children laid out.*
Wi. Oh our two bleeding boyes laid forth vpon
the threſholde. (crack
Hu. Heer's weight enough to make a heart-ſtring
Oh were it lawfull that your prettie ſoules
Might looke from heauen into your fathers eyes,
Then ſhould you ſee the penitent glaſſes melt,
And both your murthers ſhoote vpon my cheekes,
But you are playing in the Angells lappes,
And will not looke on me,

Who

Who void of grace, kild you in beggery.
Oh that I might my wiſhes now attaine,
I ſhould then wiſh you liuing were againe:
Though I did begge with you, which thing I feard,
Oh twas the enemy my eyes ſo bleard.
Oh would you could pray heauen me to forgine,
That will vnto my end repentant liue.
Wi. It makes me eene forget all other ſorrowes
and leaue parte with this. Come will you goe,
Huſ. Ile kiſſe the bloud I ſpilt and then I goe:
my ſoull is bloudied, well may my lippes be ſo.
Farewell deere wife, now thou and I muſt parte,
I of thy wrongs repeut me with my harte.
Wi. Oh ſtaye thou ſhalt not goe:
Huſ. That's but in vaine, you ſee it muſt be ſo.
Farewell ye bloudie aſhes of my boyes,
My puniſhments are their eternall ioyes.
Let euery father looke into my deedes,
And then their heirs may proſper while mine bleeds.
Wi. More wretched am I now in this diſtreſſe, *Exeunt*
then former ſorrows made me. *Husband with holberds*
Mr. Oh kinde wife be comforted,
One ioy is yet vnmurdered:
You haue a boy at nurſſe your ioy's in him.
Wi: Dearer then all is my poore husbands life:
Heauen giue my body ſtrength, which yet is faint
With much expence of bloud, and I will kneele,
Sue for his life, nomber vp all my friends,
To plead for pardon my deare husbands life.
Mr: Was it in man to woond ſo kinde a creature?

Ile

I le euer praiſe a woman for thy ſake,
I muſt returne with griefe my anſwer's ſet:
I ſhall bring newes weies heauier then the debt:
Two brothers: one in bond lies ouerthrowne
This, on a deadlier execution.

FINIS.

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